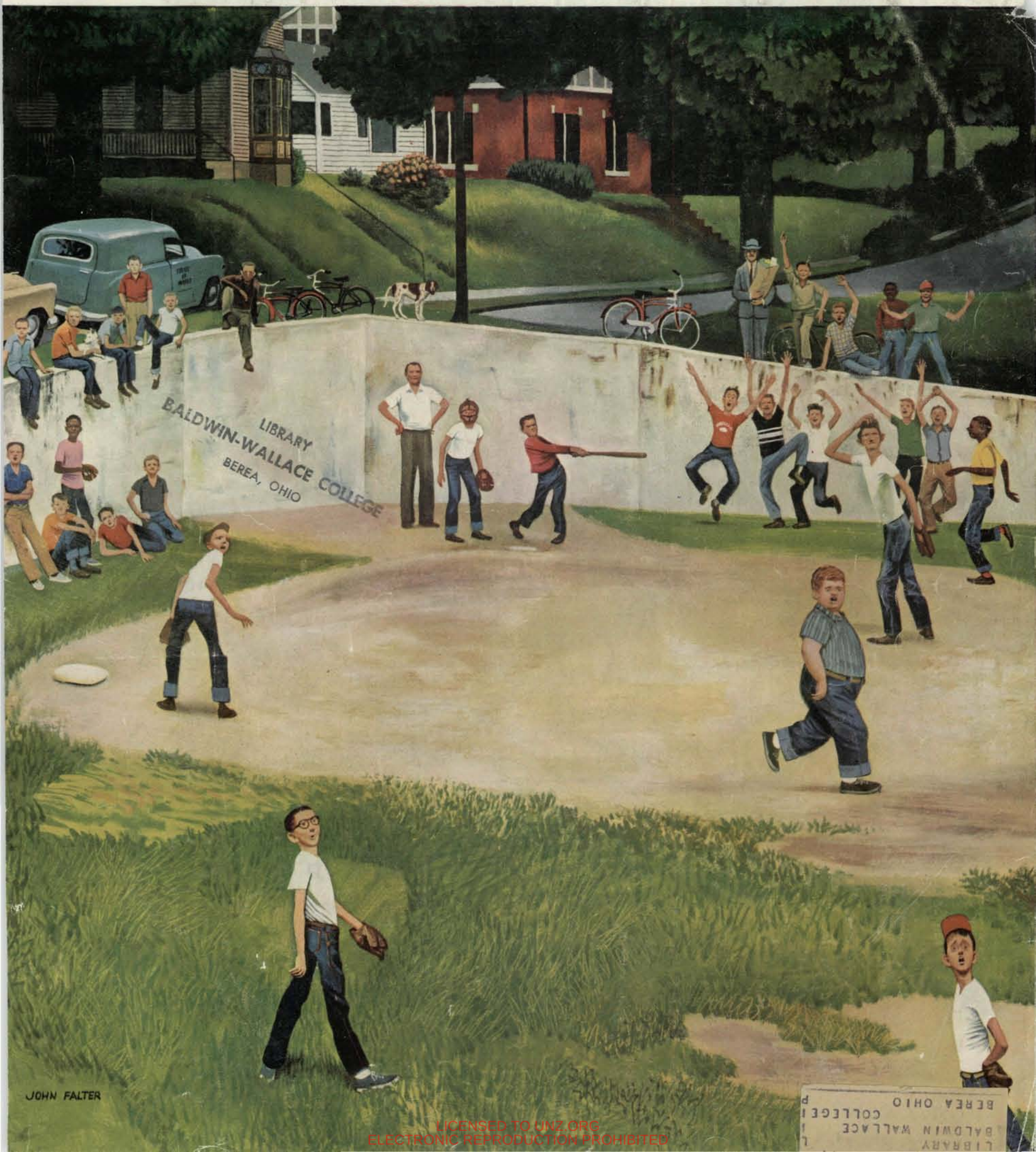
JUL 1 '57

The Saturday Evening
POST
July 6, 1957 – 15¢

THE UNKNOWN SLEUTH WHO TRAPPED DAVE BECK

I CALL ON JACKIE GLEASON
By PETE MARTIN



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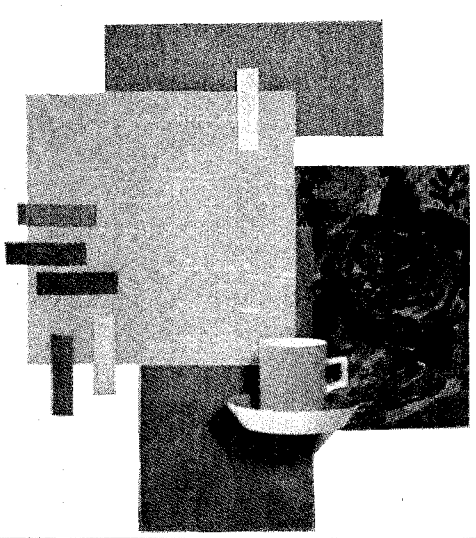
Plastic floor is Armstrong Excelon Tile — Style 762 with multi-color insets. This floor can be put down over your old floor or on the concrete slab of a basementless house.



A LITTLE IMAGINATION GAVE THIS HOME

an exciting new look in a living room floor

It's not surprising that resilient floors are gaining popularity over ordinary floors in today's fine homes. They're so wonderfully practical, and you can do such exciting things with them when you're decorating.

In this lovely modern home, the floor is Armstrong vinyl-asbestos Excelon Tile with a colorful mosaic design inlaid in a gentle beige background. Here's a delightful change from the drabness of conventional living room floors that have so little individuality. With Armstrong Excelon Tile, you can create any number of imaginative floor designs to give your home a touch of personality. When you build or remodel, use fashionable Armstrong Floors in every room for a truly distinctive look.

SEND FOR FREE BOOK, "New Beauty for Basements and Basementless Houses." Included are a description of this "courtyard living area" and a list of furnishings. Write Armstrong Cork Company, 5707 Madison Street, Lancaster, Pa.

Armstrong

THE MODERN FASHION IN

FLOORS

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Photograph by Harold Halma

Troubled Lady... There's a tear on her pretty cheek but it will soon be gone. For troubles are forgotten quickly when one is very young.... Many a grown-up trouble also has a way of disappearing when there are friendly voices to help and reassure.... Just reaching for the telephone and talking to someone can bring sunshine into a dark or worried day.... For whatever the need or the hour, you are never alone with a telephone.... **BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM**

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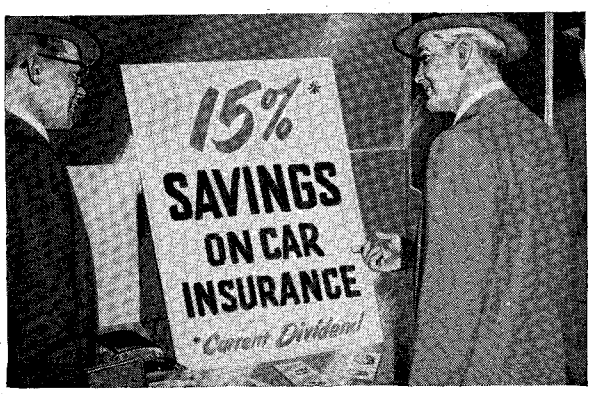

IT'S GRAND TO GET SAVINGS! Hundreds of thousands of car owners all over the U.S.A. have enjoyed receiving their Liberty Mutual dividend at the end of the policy year. This saving (*currently 15%**) is real evidence of the way Liberty Mutual's efficient operation has benefited policyholders.

*Except on Massachusetts Compulsory Coverage and Assigned Risks.

IT'S EASY TO SWITCH to Liberty Mutual and get the famous direct service that gives you such excellent protection. 70% of Liberty's policyholders have switched to Liberty Mutual from other companies. Just phone the Liberty number (*or write*) and say when we may call. Liberty Mutual will take care of the rest.

IT SCARES YOU to find yourself in trouble far from home. You drive carefully but another car crashes into yours. The other driver argues about local laws and regulations. He confuses you completely but you've got a company that stands by you — Liberty Mutual. You phone their local office and get help quickly. Nobody can push you around after that. The Liberty claimsman knows exactly how to protect you from financial loss.

If you're a Liberty policyholder, you're never a stranger, never friendless, wherever you drive in the U. S., Canada and Hawaii. There's a Liberty office within telephone reach at any hour, day or night. This fine protection is thrifty, too. Savings (*through dividends*) are currently 15% in most states.

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LIBERTY MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY
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Insurance for: *Automobiles, Liability, Group Accident and Health, Fire, Workmen's Compensation, Marine, Crim*

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THE COVER

It looks from here, high up in the right-field upper deck of the stadium, as if a baseball has been propelled beyond the flagpole into the middle of next week. If John Falter will get busy and switch the TV camera onto the ball—ah, yes, it's well tagged, fans; it could be trouble, fans; it—it—it's a HOME RUN! Conceivably there may now be heard the musical tinkle of falling glass, for Falter has painted a neighborhood in Atchison, Kansas, which contains many vulnerable windowpanes. One day in John's youth, when he was striving to hit a home run, the pitcher heaved an exceedingly fast ball which thumped him right on the head. The victim, when he could think, quit baseball immediately, but he kept on with football, which features helmets—and a limper ball.

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Published weekly by The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pa. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

The names of characters used in all Post fiction and semi-fiction articles are fictitious. Any resemblance to a living person is a coincidence.

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How to read expiration dates from your address label on the cover: The first number shows the expiration issue; the second the year. Post Number 1 is the first issue in July (*the number of this issue appears on this page*). A few examples: 22–57 or November 30, 1957; 48–58 or May 31, 1958.

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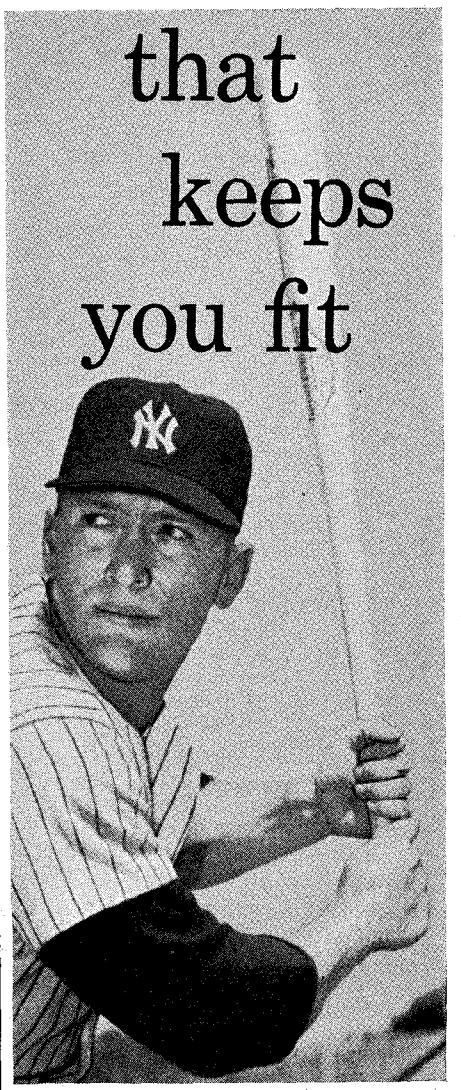
the orange hit that keeps you fit



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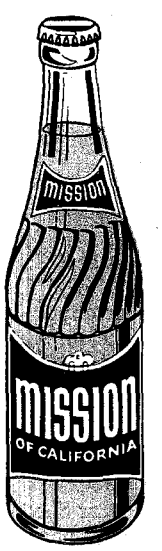
Rich and sunny-flavored Mission orange scores with young and old. Made from ripe, juicy Valencia oranges, Mission is the country's leading orange drink. Try this big-league thirst-quencher today. It's the orange hit that keeps you fit!



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Letters

Jayne Mansfield

Dear Sirs:

I wish to thank you for your timely article SHE WILL DO ANYTHING FOR PUBLICITY [by Richard Donovan, June 1].

Being a reader and heeder of the majority of your printed matter, I have taken the bit in my teeth, to wit:

1. My seven-year-old dyed Laskan mouton coat has been sent to be mended and cleaned.

2. To further awe-inspire, I have started a series of deep-breathing exercises.

My "goal"? I hope to be president of the P.T.A. come fall elections.

MRS. CHARLES E. HARDY
Findlay, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

I would like to express my thanks for your excellent article. . . . It was not a pretty story, but then, stories based on real life rarely are. I predict Miss Mansfield will be a top star before her five-year plan is completed. With her many talents and beauty she just can't miss.

GEORGIE MOIR
Evansville, Ind.

Dear Sirs:

In reading your little biography of Jayne Mansfield, I noted that the young lady is attempting to increase her bust measurement of some 40″ by thrusting her thoracic cage outward in a deep inspiratory position, à la West Point.

I think that the young lady should be warned of the potential danger to her physical well being in later life by this physiologically unsound practice. She is laying the ground work for the development of a lung condition called emphysema. This disease is characterized by a diminution in the natural elasticity of the lungs because of sustained overdistention over a long period of time. One of the causes of this overdistention is maintaining the chest in a position of partial inspiration, thereby keeping the lungs semi-inflated.

DR. C. C. KALLET
Syracuse, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

I would like to congratulate author Richard Donovan on his article about Jayne Mansfield. He has written the best piece on present-day sin, worldliness, low morality and utter disregard for common decency that I have ever seen.

MRS. GERALD ROGERS
Ft. Walton Beach, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

"ANYTHING for publicity" is an apt description of this revolting female. Her measurements are about as phony as a thirteen-dollar bill, especially the 18 inch waist and 115 pounds. Now just who's kidding who?

RICHARD C. MAIN
Ithaca, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Your magazine has sunk to an all-time low when it has to resort to burlesque poses of Jayne Mansfield to sell copies.

MRS. JANICE SCHMITZ
Milwaukee, Wis.

Dear Sirs:

As the mother of a teen-age daughter and four sons who will soon be in that age group, I am wondering if continuation of our Post subscription is worthwhile.

MRS. ROBERT M. DREW
San Diego, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

Your perceptive article on the Jayne Mansfield boom makes one wonder how much farther toward success many other women and men could go if they gave free rein to their latent drive and talent.

GEORGE TILLMAN
Manlius, N.Y.

Hearing Aids

Dear Sirs:

As a successful user of a hearing aid for many years, may I say thank you for MY FIRST TEN YEARS WITH A HEARING AID by J. C. Furnas [June 1]. Such articles will help a great deal to educate the hard of hearing to the use of aids, just as we had to be educated to the use of eyeglasses a few years ago.

One important area of help for hard-of-hearing people that Mr. Furnas failed to mention is the fact that amplified telephones are available at a very nominal cost.

MRS. L. H. KIRBY
Lubbock, Texas

Unfair to Inventors?

Dear Sirs:

Richard Spencer's editorial LET'S GIVE THE INVENTOR A BREAK ON HIS PATENTS, May 25th, admirably summarizes the plight of American inventors for which Congress has never given any relief.

Our annual patent production has already dropped to nearly one half of its 1930 rate because of the attitude of our courts against patents, the unjust treatment of patent income by the Revenue Department, the extreme twisting of the antitrust laws by the Justice Department.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN MIESSNER
President, Patent Equity Association
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Your editorial . . . was fine.

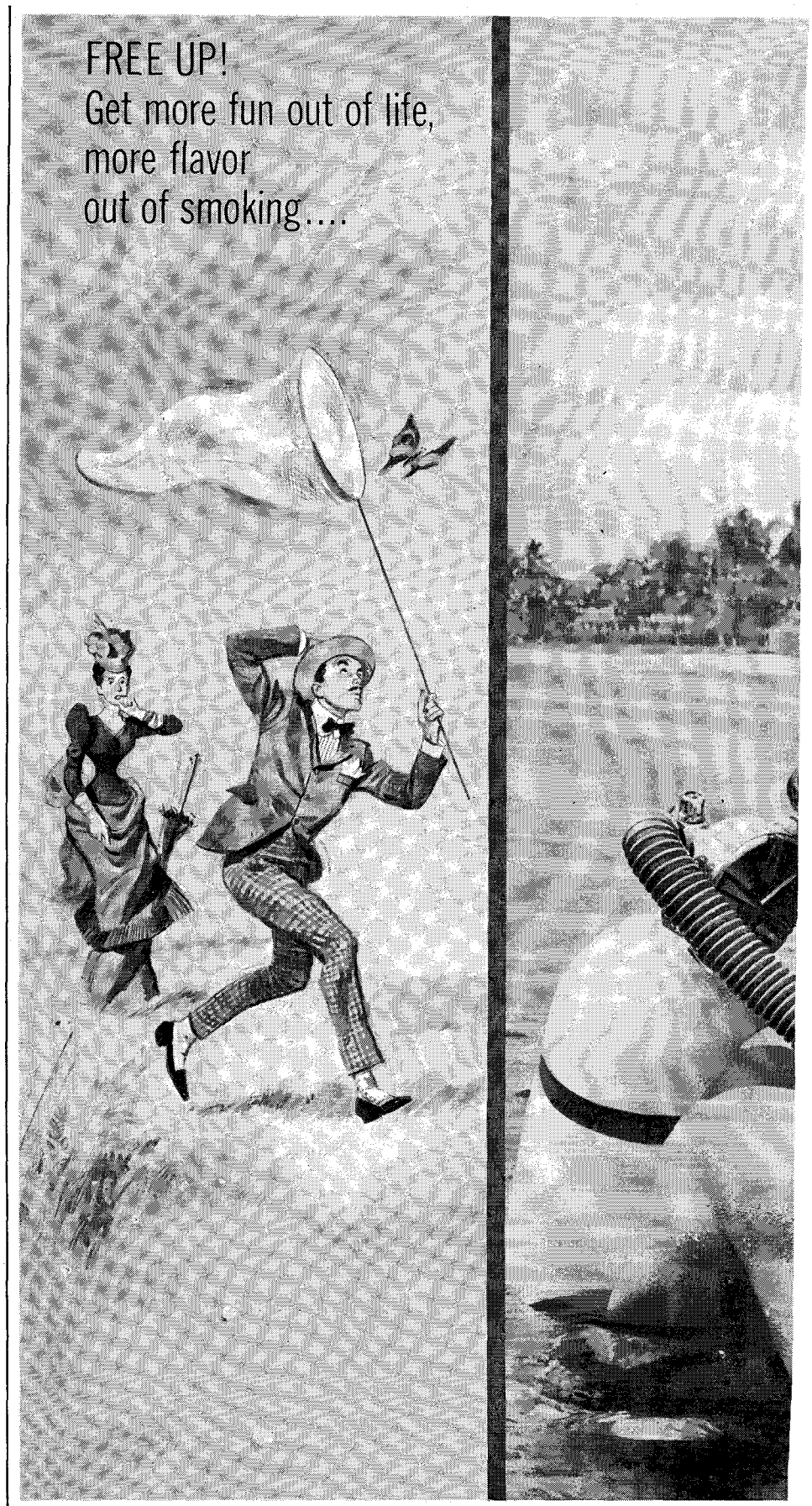
Now, how about writing one, "Let's Give the Inventor His Patent." Anyone who has sweated out years of waiting for action will know what I mean. Why it should take so long baffles me.

C. FRANK AYLESWORTH
Garden Grove, Cal.

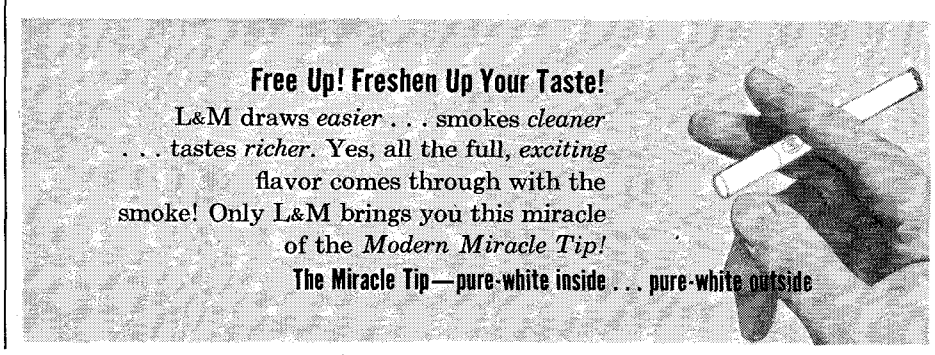
Fabulous Millionaire

Dear Sirs:

As founder of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Adjectives, Adverbs and Verbs, it is a source of amazement and amusement to me to note that the conservative Saturday Evening Post is following the example of the "slick" magazines in the use (or rather, abuse) of the word *fabulous*. [THE FABULOUS JOCK WHITNEY, by Richard Thruelsen, May 18–June 1]. The definition of fabulous is "belonging to fable; fictitious; mythical. Passing the limits of belief; incredible." (Continued on Page 6)



Live Modern... pick th


Free Up! Freshen Up Your Taste!
L&M draws *easier* . . . smokes *cleaner*
. . . tastes *richer*. Yes, all the full, *exciting*
flavor comes through with the
smoke! Only L&M brings you this miracle
of the *Modern Miracle Tip!*
The Miracle Tip—pure-white inside . . . pure-white outside

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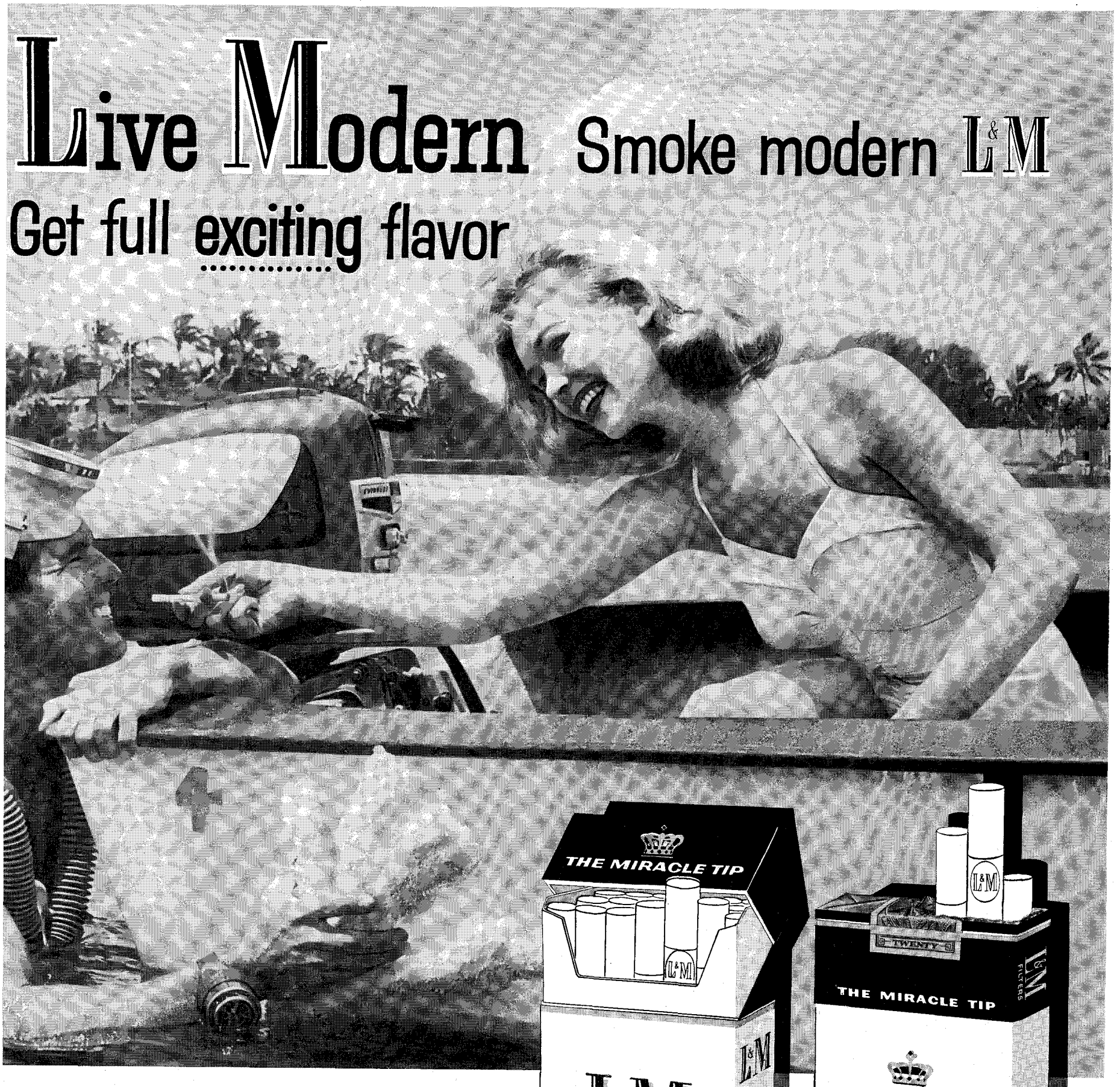
Get full exciting flavor



ack that suits you best...

You are free to choose ... only when you smoke modern L&M. And only L&M gives you the flavor... the full, exciting flavor that makes L&M America's fastest-growing cigarette.

NEW CRUSH-PROOF BOX
... all the flavor stays in... everything else stays out. It's the newest, modern box ... costs no more.

HANDY L&M PACKS
Yes, America's fastest-growing cigarette is also available in handy King and Regular packs.

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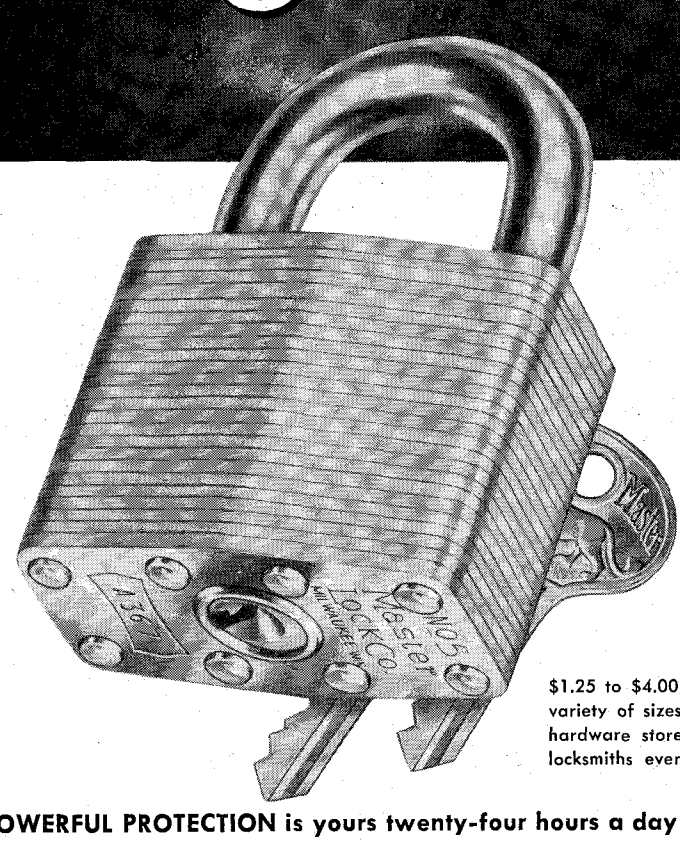

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Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

I wonder how Mr. Whitney feels about being out of this world, like a unicorn or a dragon? . . .

JEAN BAMFORD KELEHER
New Brunswick, N.J.

P.S.: After reading Mr. Thrucisen's articles, I can only agree that Mr. Whitney is simply fabulous.

● *A Webster synonym for "fabulous" is "astonishing"—which is probably the word we should have used in the title, anyway.* —*ED.*

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Whitney seems "fabulous" to all the high-school teachers in this country who have been selected as John Hay Fellows since 1951. . . .

I am a John Hay Fellow at Columbia this year. Through the generosity of the "Fabulous Jock Whitney," I have been enjoying opportunities for intellectual and spiritual replenishment that have rarely been made available for secondary-school instructors.

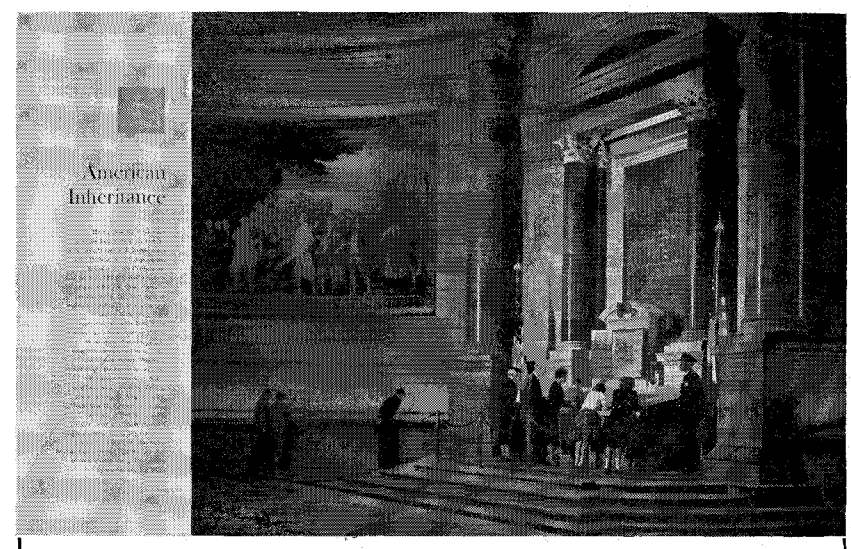
EDGAR LOGAN
Ft. Lee, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

On page 30 of your issue dated June 1st, you show a picture which you describe as "Ambassador John Hay Whitney on the steps of the U. S. Embassy in Regents Park, London." No doubt by now others will have drawn your attention to your error, as this is the entrance to the U.S. Embassy at 1 Grosvenor Square, London, W.1.

WERNER H. M. SAID-RUETE
Los Angeles, Cal.

● *We had it right in the text, wrong in the caption. Sorry.—ED.*



Dear Sirs:

The Saturday Evening Post is to be commended for the beautiful Face of America picture [by George and Jim Burns, May 25] of the display of the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution and the Bill of Rights. Every true American thrills with pride and patriotism at the mere thought of these hallowed and living documents of the American heritage.

Yet I wonder how many of us are doing all we can to make these ideals of Americanism a full reality for all of our people now.

Everyone knows of the persistence of slavery, and of how it was ended only by a bloody and costly civil war, the hatreds and prejudices of which are still with us. Everyone knows, or should know, that the vestigial remains of slavery linger on, depriving millions of Americans of the most fundamental rights and privileges of first-class citizenship. . . .

It is good for all of us, as Americans, to refresh our spirits at the wellsprings of American history and freedom, but it is even better to dedicate our thoughts, our prayers, our actions to practical realization of American ideals.

PALMER VAN GUNDY
Torrance, Cal.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

6–George and Jim Burns. • 17–Gene Lester, two by Dr. Seuss. • 18–Gene Lester, Dr. Seuss. • 19–Dr. Seuss. • 20, 21–Harold Von Schmidt. • 22–Ivan Dmitri, two by Elliot Clark, Ivan Dmitri. • 23–Ivan Dmitri. • 24–Morgan Kane. • 25–Ollie Atkins, National Parks Service. • 26–Ollie Atkins. • 27–United Press, International, Wide World, two from International. • 28, 29–Coby Whitmore. • 30–Wide World, Bill Shrout. • 31–Perry Peterson. • 32, 33–William Rapp. • 34, 35–Amos Sewell. • 36–Larry Fried. • 37–Larry Fried, three from International. • 41–Robert Meyers. • 63–Ollie Atkins. 66–Ivan Dmitri. • 88–Ollie Atkins, anonymous, Woodfin Camp, anonymous, George Burns.

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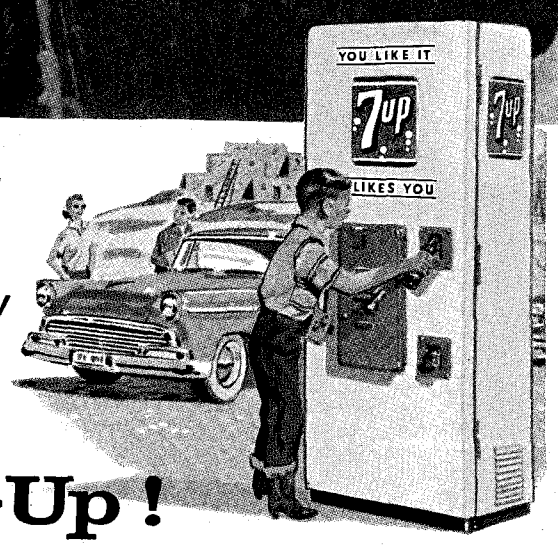
Wherever <u>your</u> tribe travels...it's the

real thirst-quencher !

Copyright 1957 by The Seven-Up Company

When you hit the vacation trail, keep an eye peeled for those bright 7-Up signs! They lead to the lively, clean-tasting drink that really puts the "Indian sign" on a traveler's thirst. After a chilled bottle of 7-Up, your thirst is gone—no sticky taste or come-back dryness. That's because 7-Up stimulates the natural flow of moisture in your mouth . . . removes the very cause of thirst. Have a pleasant trip—have 7-Up all along the way.

"Fresh up" with Seven-Up!



Nothing does it like Seven-Up !

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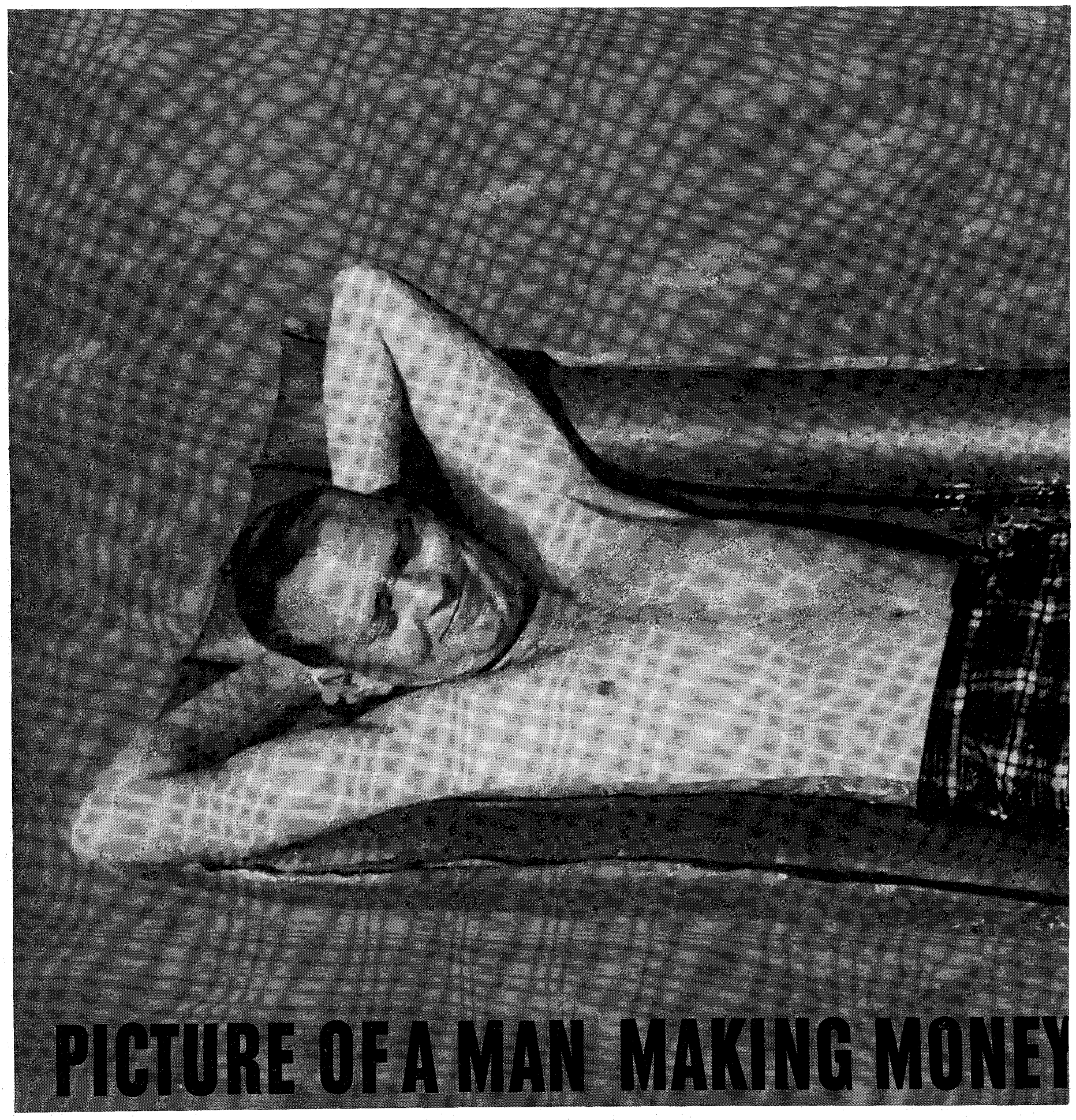

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have aggregate assets of 41 billion dollars. Savings grov

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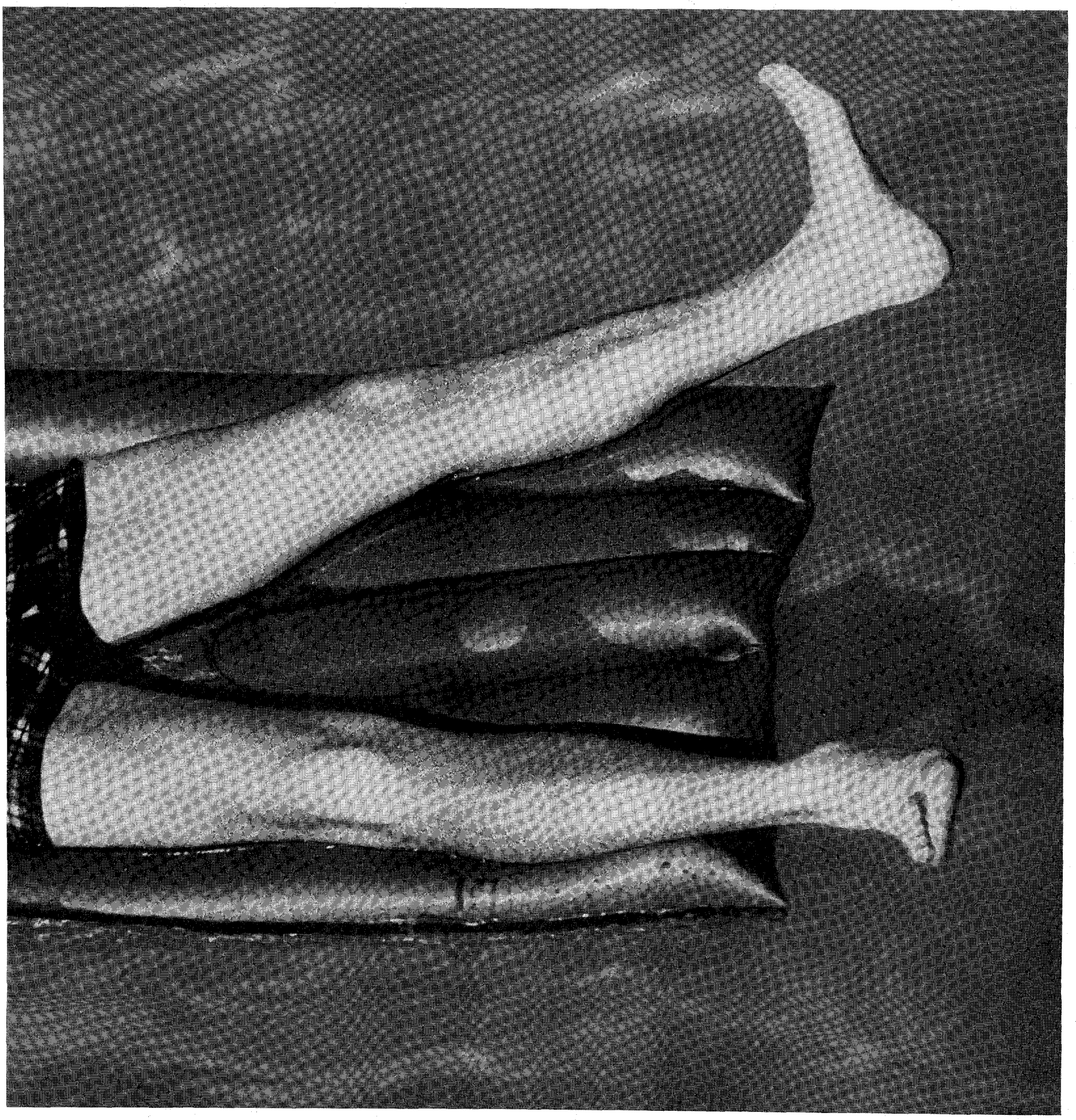

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Editorials

The Reds Want Us Out of Europe, and Everywhere!

The "Yankee Go Home" movement is in full swing all over the world, and it must be conceded that the Communists have been doing very well with it. In Formosa, they parlayed the normal dislike for foreign troops into a first-class anti-American riot. This, of course, has been taken up by Red propaganda everywhere as evidence that the hated Americans are regarded as oppressors by the people in Chiang Kai-shek's domain. To the Formosans it looked as if the American court-martial which tried an American sergeant for shooting an alleged Chinese Peeping Tom may have acted to acquit the accused man a little more eagerly than it would have done if the victim had been an American.

In Japan, on the other hand, resentment caused by the accidental killing of a Japanese woman by an American soldier under orders and acting on an American reservation was cleverly pushed up to the crisis stage so that the American authorities agreed to turn the soldier over to the Japanese for trial. Surely "friendly relations" do not demand that the "status of forces" agreement, which precipitated this regrettable schmozzle, be twisted so as to deprive American servicemen abroad of all their rights. The U.S.A. could do with a little "face" too.

However, the most important phase of the Yankee Go Home movement is yet to come to full fruition. Furthermore it cannot flourish without American co-operation. The reference, of course, is to the disarmament negotiations from which Mr. Harold Stassen characteristically expects so much good to come. As Mr. Khrushchev made clear in his televised free shot at the American public, neither the "open-skies" inspection plan, nor an agreement to reduce nuclear weapons, nor the scrapping of various categories of arms, nor reduction of personnel is of any importance to the Kremlin compared to the withdrawal of American forces from their bases in Europe and Asia. Unless we go along with the Yankee Go Home program, there will be no serious progress toward disarmament.

In short, the Soviet objective remains what it has been since the beginning—namely, to destroy Western, and especially American, influence and power in Europe and Asia, and to move into the vacuum itself. Circumstances conspire to make this objective easier than it ought to be. Thus the mere existence of Israel as a "sovereign state," with important financial and political support from the West, is a soft touch for anti-West propaganda in the Middle East. The to-be-expected frictions between our well-paid troops and the less-well-heeled natives can be souped up into critical situations by astute Communist agents. The eagerness of British traders to make a fast pound by dealing with the Chinese Reds leads easily to the charge that America's refusal to go along is evidence of a stiff-necked, dog-in-the-manger attitude.

All these factors remain, but, if Soviet diplomacy expects to use the disarmament negotiations to ease us out of Europe, the recent joint statement by President Eisenhower and Chancellor Adenauer of Germany should give the Kremlin cause to review the bidding. That joint statement made it plain that the United States will not hand over its indispensable weapons prior to some sort of agreement on the unification of Germany, that we have no intention of running out on NATO and that we intend to keep troops in our European bases "as long as the threat to the area exists." Mr. Dulles has suggested, however, that perhaps we have too many Americans in some places.

Despite the propaganda and the howling of pressure groups, there is no reason to expect a triumph by the Reds, who are in real trouble from Warsaw to Peiping—unless we are determined to beat ourselves.

Science Can Provide the Basic Training That Latin Once Gave

Young people are being cajoled and almost browbeaten into training themselves to become engineers, technicians or researchers. Why? The usual answer is to win the arms race against the Communists, to help devise new products and processes.

All these are good reasons for taking courses in physics, chemistry or biology. But perhaps there are some young men who would respond more enthusiastically to another line of persuasion which one seldom sees stated—namely, that scientific training, even for non-scientists, provides mental discipline which is too often lacking in today's educational curricula.

Dean George Russell Harrison, of the School of Science at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, summarized this idea in his recently published book, What Man May Be (Morrow). Writes Dean Harrison: "Teachers tend less and less to insist that their students learn to focus their attention on trains of thought which etch sharp patterns in the brain, instead of producing a chaotic opening and closing of mental switches at random, governed by the emotions of the moment. Disciplinary studies of the past, such as Latin and Greek, gave all sorts of little mental hooks on which associations could be hung. Science gives equally good associative hooks, and proper study of the humanities gives additional ones."

It is those "hooks" which are so often lacking, particularly in schools where learning anything by rote—like the multiplication table, the conjugation of a Latin verb, or a list of key historical dates—is frowned upon. The classics provided many of these convenient pegs.

Now comes Dean Harrison to point out that study of science can do much to bring back some of these habit patterns which are so necessary in the development of orderly methods of thought. Since the classics have largely been forgotten, perhaps it is to science that we must look for mental discipline. And with an increase in the number of people scientifically trained, there may come a decrease in those described by Dean Harrison as "men who tinker today with the complex operations of society, men who would not dare take a watch or even a lawn mower apart [but who] do not hesitate to remove gears and governors from the intricate mechanisms of a complex modern state."

Despite the Trend, the U.S. Has a Lot of Independence Left

Appropriate Fourth of July celebrations are taking place this year from Maine to California. But some thoughtful Americans may wonder why this great American holiday is officially termed "Independence Day." Actually our nation is more "dependent" in many ways than ever before. The oceans and time itself have shrunk.

We are strong beyond any possible imagining of the Founding Fathers, but we are nevertheless far more dependent on our allies abroad than we were in the days when Washington could safely and reasonably warn against "entangling alliances." We are dependent on friendly foreign states for bases and other military assistance in our effort to guarantee our peace and security. We are dependent on dictators, fanatics and nationalistic adventurers; and in spite of our strength, we are frequently in a poor position, considering the contradictions of world opinion, to deal independently even with modern pirates.

At home we are dependent for very survival on a relatively small group of physicists and other scientists who design fantastic weapons wholly beyond the comprehension of the average citizen. We are dependent on a largely unpredictable set of economic factors to keep our nation industrially, financially and educationally strong enough to meet the baleful threat of alien systems.

It is also true, however, that we are dependent on the continuing spirit of the Americans who made the first Independence Day possible: their willingness to sacrifice all that they owned and life itself, if necessary, to achieve the freedom we have inherited; their innate decency, tolerance and belief in their fellow Americans and those who would come after.

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gowns by Scaasi • coachcraft by Fleetwood

Without a Word Being Spoken...

. . . a new Cadillac car states the case for its owner with remarkable clarity and eloquence. For people everywhere have come to know and accept the "car of cars" as the dwelling place of America's front-rank citizens—and wherever highways lead, the man who sits at its wheel is accorded the courtesy that goes with respect. The genesis of this rests, of course, in the character of the car itself. For almost three generations, the Cadillac name on a motor car has stood as the hallmark of all that is good and desirable in an automobile. And certainly no motor car has borne this distinguished name more proudly than the Cadillac car for 1957. It is, in every respect, the greatest achievement of Cadillac's quest for quality. If you have yet to drive this newest Standard of the World, we invite you to visit your authorized Cadillac dealer soon for the most revealing journey of your life. He will be happy to welcome you at any time.

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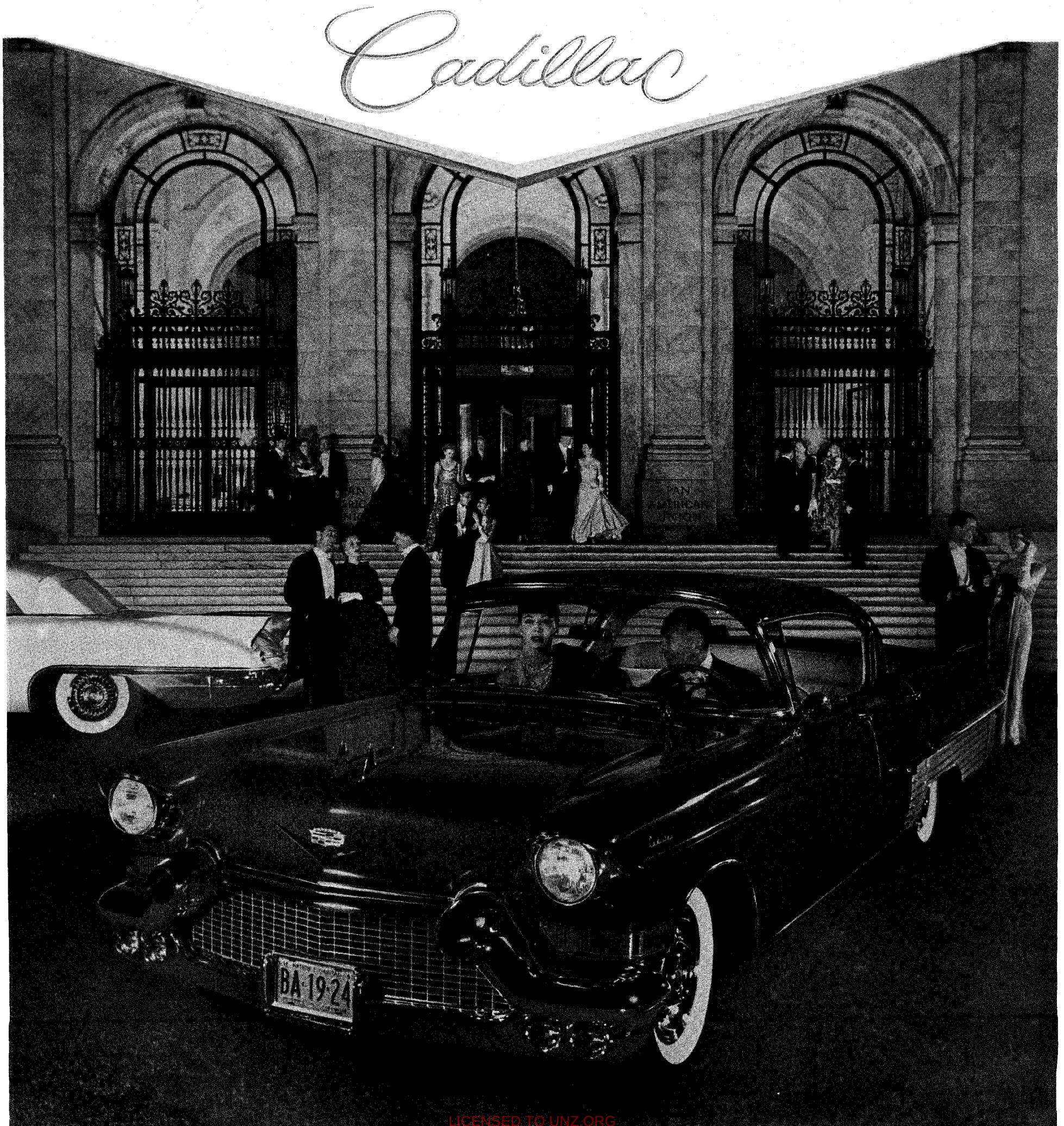

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7 Straight at Indianapolis for Mobiloil!

Sam Hanks breaks record in Belond Exhaust Special!

WINNER SAM HANKS
—and Jim Rathmann and Jimmy Bryan who placed 2nd and 3rd respectively—all used *Mobiloil!*

Racers know what a terrific beating their engines—*and motor oil*—take in the grueling Indianapolis "500". Reason enough the last seven winners—like so many other racing champs—used *Mobiloil*, the same oil available at your friendly Mobil dealer's. ★ Mobiloil coats all critical engine parts with an amazingly tough oil film that resists furnace-hot heat and high pressures—holds frictional and corrosive wear to an absolute minimum. It's a heavy-duty motor oil that is highly detergent to keep your engine *clean*—free of power-robbing deposits. It helps make your engine run smoother, show more pep, stretch every gallon of gasoline. ★ Try it in *your* car—Mobiloil—*world's largest seller.*

SOCONY MOBIL OIL COMPANY, INC., and Affiliates: MAGNOLIA PETROLEUM COMPANY, GENERAL PETROLEUM CORPORATION

Mobiloil—world's largest-selling motor oil

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phone ahead and relax

Wherever you go, you'll find a trusted friend... the telephone.
To call ahead for reservations...
arrange visits en route... clean up loose ends of business...
report home that you arrived safely.

You've spent a lot of time planning your vacation.
Spend a few minutes more... on the telephone...
and make sure you enjoy it.

VACATION MEMO ... *A Telephone Credit Card is a real "traveler's aid". Call from anywhere and charge it. Want one? Call your Telephone Company Business Office.*

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Light refreshment
and lovely figures

LOOK around this summer and see what sensible diet has done to help make the American figure both trimmer and slimmer.

This modern trend toward lighter, less-filling food and drink is clearly reflected in Pepsi-Cola, too. Reduced in calories, today's Pepsi-Cola is the modern, the *light* refreshment. Always say "Pepsi, please"—and refresh without filling.

Pepsi-Cola
refreshes without filling

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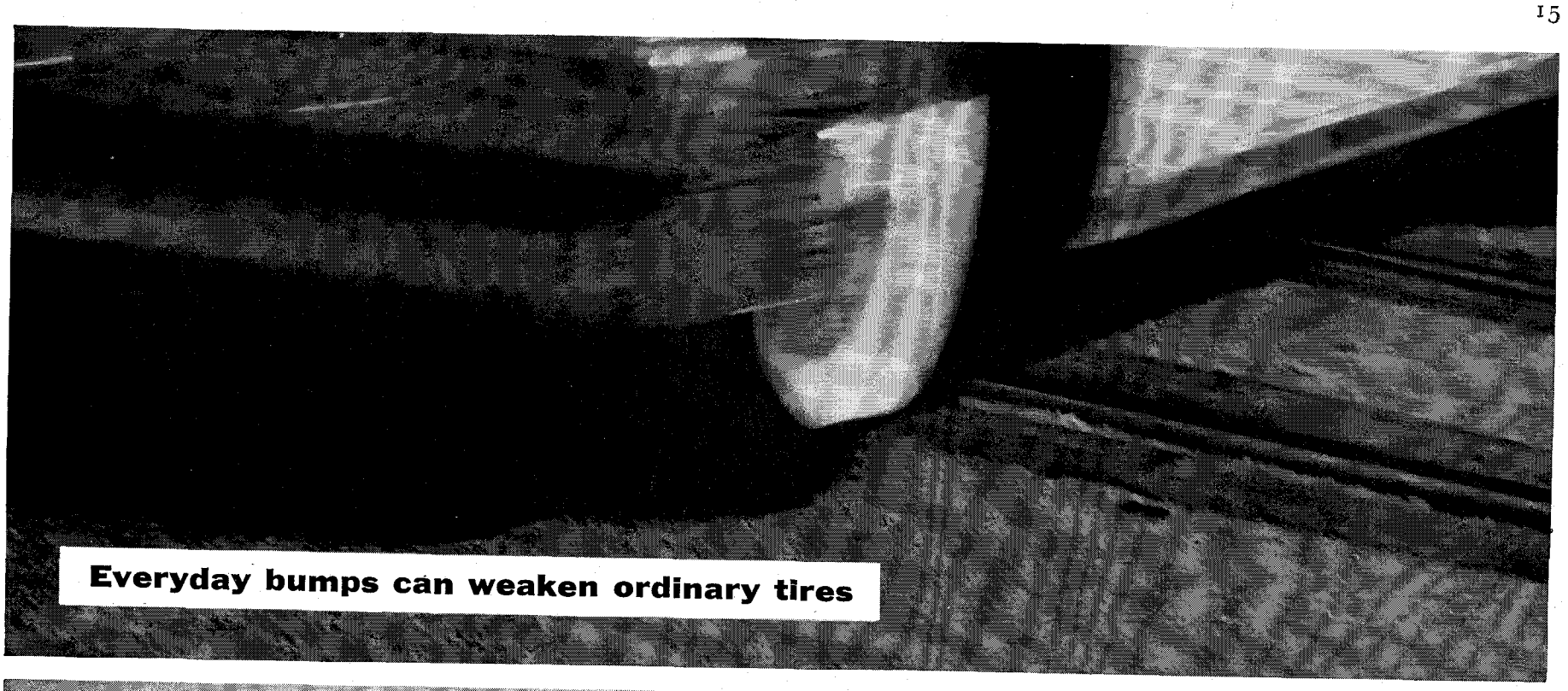
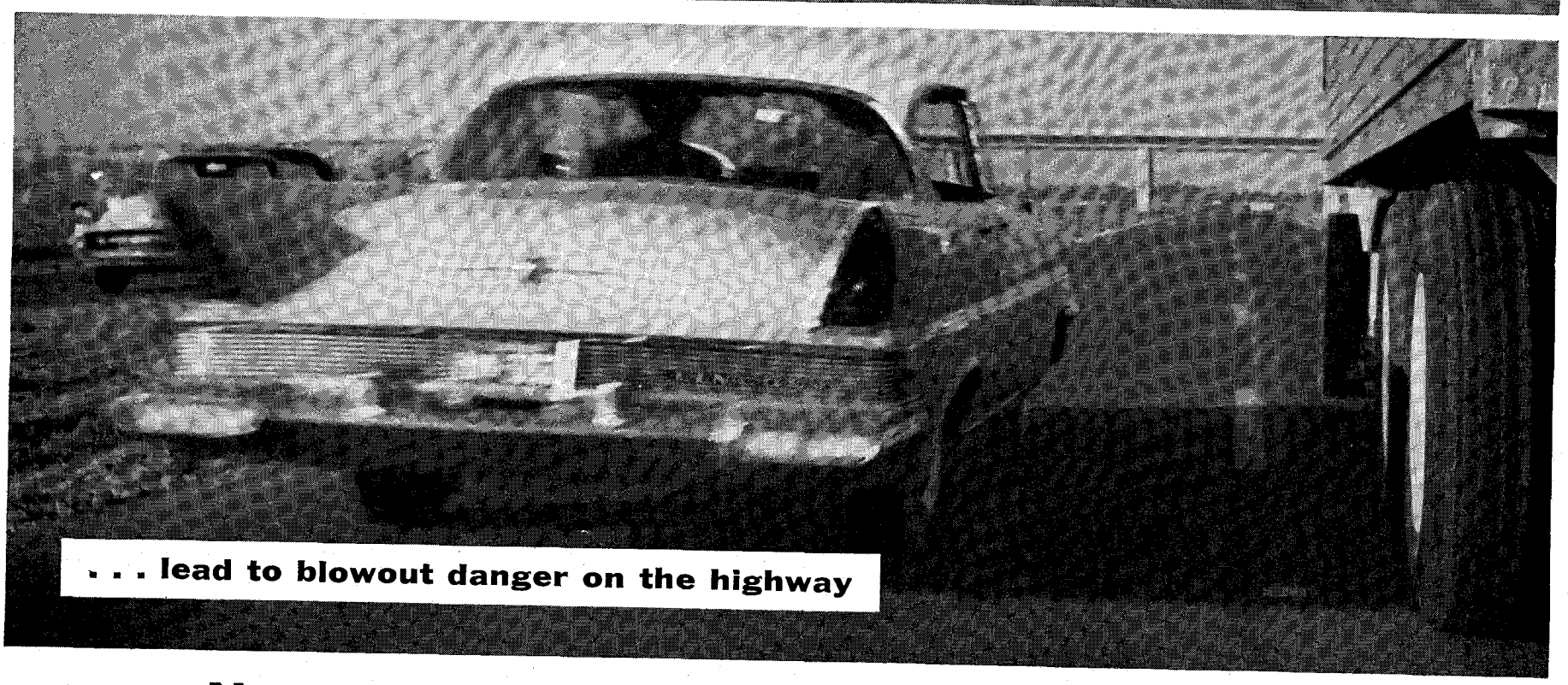


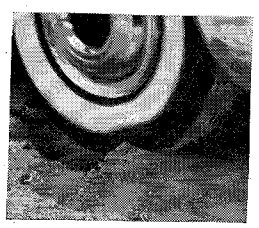


Now nylon cord gives tires lasting strength, means new freedom from fear of blowouts

Nylon's shock-absorbing toughness shrugs off the everyday road shocks that can cause unseen damage to ordinary tire cord, lead to blowouts under the stress of highway driving. For today's heavier, more powerful cars, for the sustained speeds permitted on today's highways, nylon cord tires give you a priceless extra margin of safety. The *lasting* strength and protection of nylon cord tires have been proved in billions of miles of use by truckers.

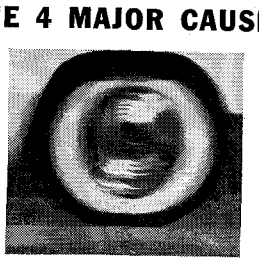
All tire companies make nylon cord tires. Whether you choose premium or standard nylon tires, they offer you greater protection than comparable tires made with ordinary cord. Look for the identification on the sidewall. Insist on nylon when buying new tires—change to nylon when buying a new car.

NYLON CORD PROTECTS AGAINST THE 4 MAJOR CAUSES OF BLOWOUTS

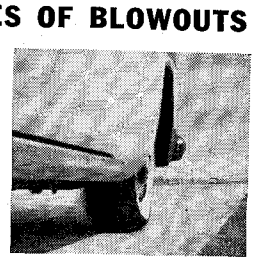


1. BRUISE DAMAGE. Nylon's shock-absorbing toughness protects against impact damage caused by hitting a bump, hole or rock.

2. MOISTURE DAMAGE. Water can't rot nylon cord. Nylon ends blowouts due to moisture seeping *in through* cracks or cuts in tires.



3. FLEX FATIGUE. Nylon's resilience gives lasting protection against the strength-sapping flex strain that occurs every time a tire turns.



4. HEAT DAMAGE. Nylon gives two-way protection. It not only has greater heat resistance, but also makes cooler-running tires.

DU PONT
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

The safest, strongest tires are made with nylon cord

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General Electric Thinline Air Conditioner has no unsightly overhang—inside or out

No matter what kind of windows, wiring, color scheme or budget you have, you can have the cool comfort of a modern General Electric Thinline.

Here's why the ideal air conditioner for your home is the General Electric *Thinline:*

It fits anywhere. So compact (only 16½ inches thin) that it fits almost any kind of window. Flush with inside wall, no unsightly overhang outside, takes up ⅓ less space than previous, old-style models.

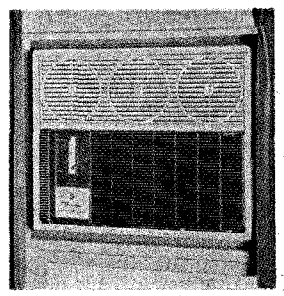
It fits any wiring. Some *Thinlines* work on so little current that there's one to fit the electrical service you already have.

It fits any color scheme. Six cheerful spray-on colors blend your Custom *Thinline* models with any décor.

It fits any budget. Both the Custom *Thinline* (shown at bottom) and the even lower-priced De luxe model (left) are temptingly priced. So *now* there's really no reason to do without cool comfort. They come in ½, ¾, 1 and 1½-horsepower models, range from 5500 BTU's* to 13,350 BTU's.* Accessories include a *permanent* electronic filter (at extra cost).

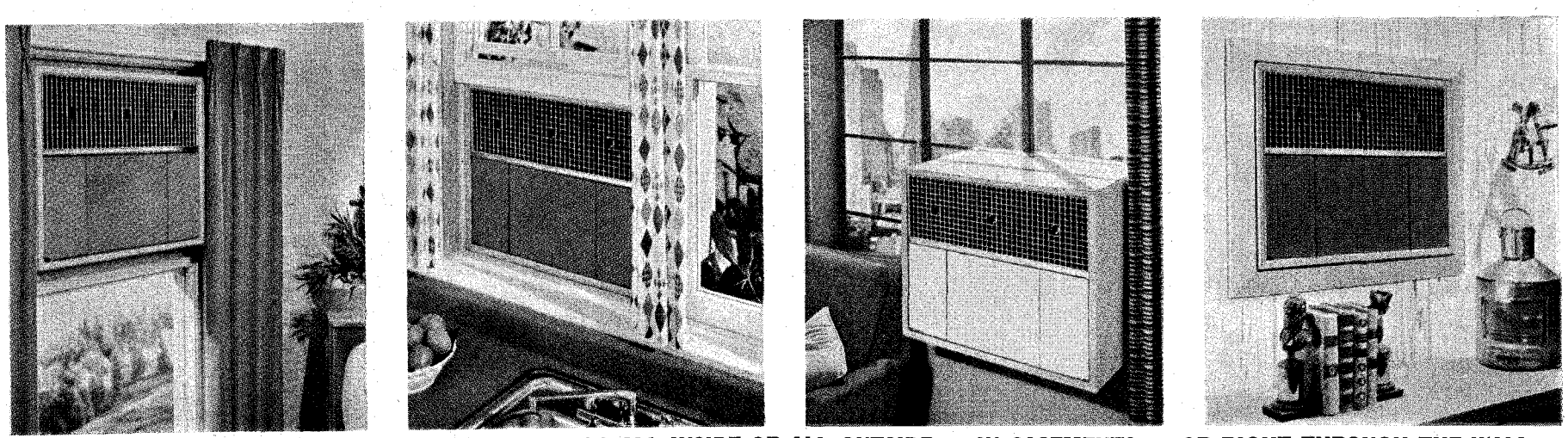
See your General Electric dealer now. General Electric Company, Room Air Conditioner Dept., Louisville 1, Ky.

New 115-volt, 1-HP Thinline packs a 9,000 BTU* cooling capacity. Another *Thinline* works on 7.5 amperes, has a rating of 6600 BTU's.* Both are De luxe models, at hard-to-resist prices.



***Cooling capacities** are tested and rated in compliance with ARI (Air Conditioning and Refrigeration Institute) Standard 110-56 and are stated in BTU's (British Thermal Units).

Only 16½ inches thin—takes up ⅓ less space, fits almost anywhere



FITS IN UPPER HALF . . . OR LOWER HALF . . . CAN GO ALL INSIDE OR ALL OUTSIDE . . . IN CASEMENTS . . . OR RIGHT THROUGH THE WALL

There are two General Electric *Thinline* styles—Custom and De luxe. Custom models, shown in four typical installations above, give you a choice of colors.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY

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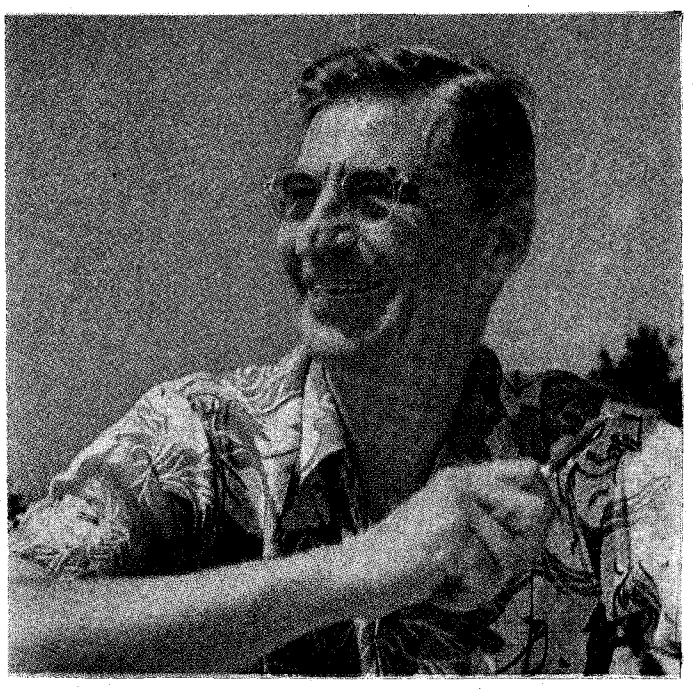
The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY

The Wonderful World of Dr. Seuss



Dr. Seuss: One of his books, written for six-year-olds to read to themselves, is limited to a vocabulary of just 220 different words.

By ROBERT CAHN

Theodor Geisel, alias Dr. Seuss, has captured the imagination of millions of children with his fanciful spoofs: Gerald McBoing-Boing, the Drum-Tummied Snumm and other creatures from a world of happy nonsense.

For a man whose mind is inhabited by such creatures as a Mop-Noodled Finch, a Salamagoox or a Bustard—"who only eats custard with sauce made of mustard"—Theodor S. Geisel looks disarmingly rational. As the renowned Dr. Seuss, (rhymes with "goose"), he is not, as a few children have pictured him, a wizened old man with flowing white beard. He is whiskerless, has the standard number of arms and legs, and lives quietly with his wife and dog on a hill overlooking La Jolla, California.

Yet for the past thirty years, under the protective alias of Dr. Seuss, Ted Geisel has been an apostle of joyous nonsense. He has fathered a whole modern

Left: Self-portrait, by Dr. Seuss.

Right: "THE CAT IN THE HAT"

"Look at me!
Look at me!
Look at me NOW!
It is fun to have fun
But you have to know how.
I can hold up the cup
And the milk and the cake!
I can hold up these books!
And the fish on a rake!
I can hold the toy ship
And a little toy man!
And look! With my tail
I can hold a red fan! . . .
I can fan with the fan
As I hop on the ball!
But that is not all.
Oh, no.
That is not all. . . ."

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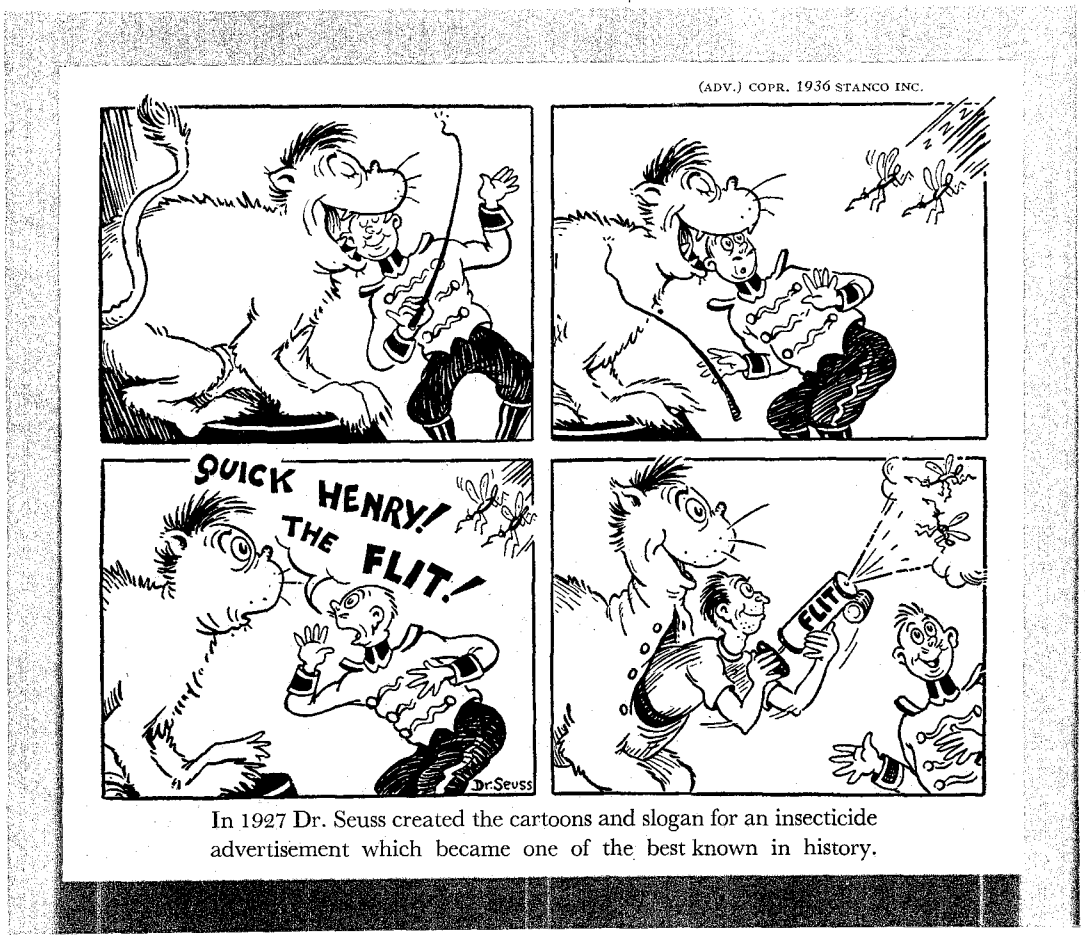
Ted and Helen Geisel, married for 29 years, live on the highest hilltop in La Jolla, Cal. Although childless, they have an imaginary daughter named Chrysanthemum-Pearl.



In 1927 Dr. Seuss created the cartoons and slogan for an insecticide advertisement which became one of the best known in history.

mythology of bizarre creatures like the Remarkable Foon, "who eats sizzling hot pebbles that fall off the moon," or the Drum-Tummied Snumm, "who can drum any tune that you might care to hum—doesn't hurt him a bit 'cause his drum-tummy's numb." He has created young Gerald McBoing-Boing, the little boy who cannot speak, but makes sound effects instead. And he is still remembered for the impertinent bugs he concocted along with his famous advertising slogan: Quick, Henry, the Flit!

His annual output of picture books, like Horton Hatches the Egg, Thidwick the Big-Hearted Moose and On Beyond Zebra, have become a part of the basic children's literature of the country. They are in constant use at the overseas libraries of the United States Information Agency and have been translated into several foreign languages, including Japanese.

In suburban La Jolla, however, Geisel's madcap alter ego is completely obscured. Here Theodor Seuss Geisel—Seuss is his mother's family name—is considered a paragon of propriety. He is a director of the town council, and a trustee of the neighboring San Diego Fine Arts Gallery. His hair is cut regularly, his shoes are always shined, and he gives up his chair when ladies are standing.

The first impression of conservatism is emphasized by his polite attentiveness, not unlike

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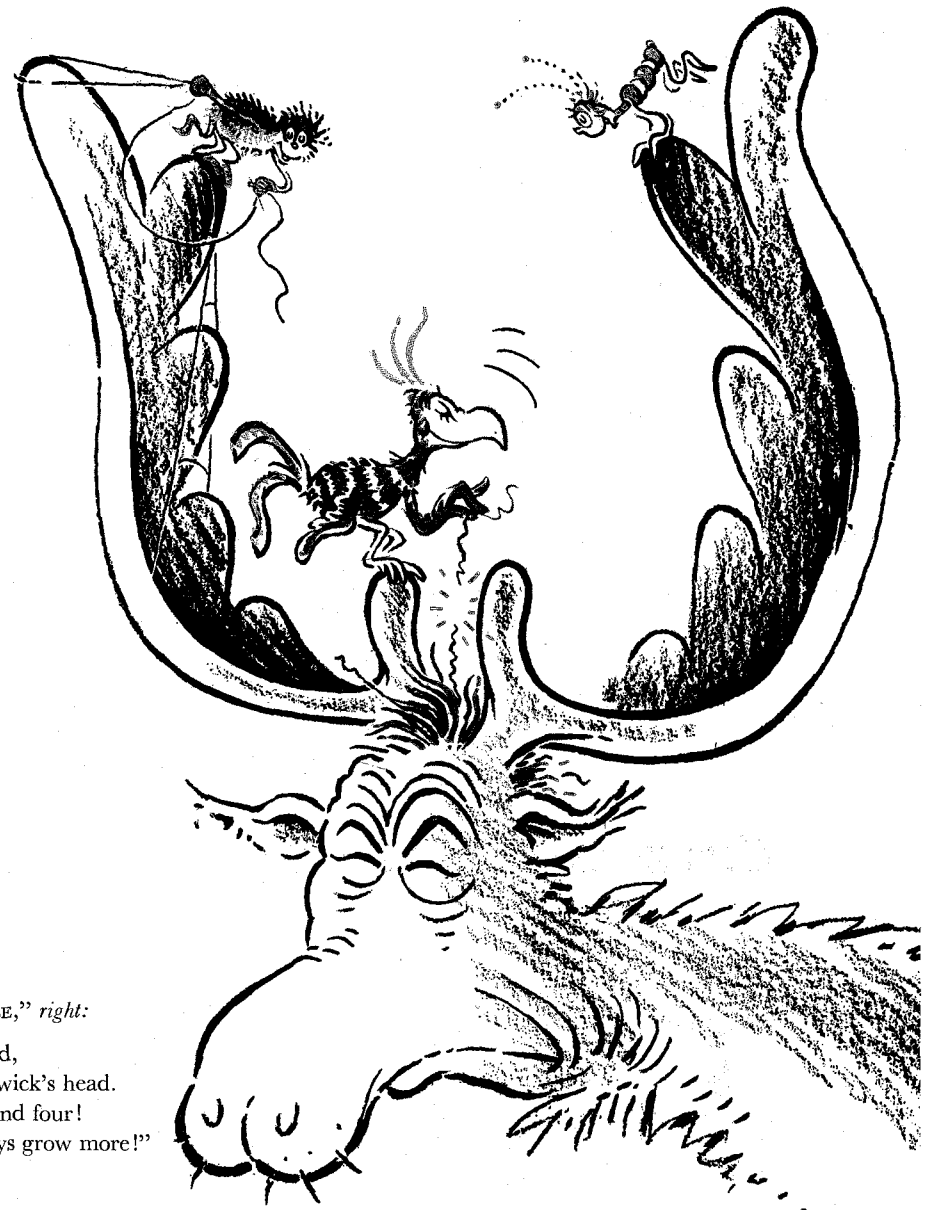
"IF I RAN THE ZOO," *below:*

A *four*-footed lion's not much of a beast.
The one in my zoo will have *ten* feet, at least!
Five legs on the left and five more on the right.
Then people will stare and they'll say, "What a sight!
This Zoo Keeper, New Keeper Gerald's quite keen.
That's the gol-darndest lion I ever have seen!"



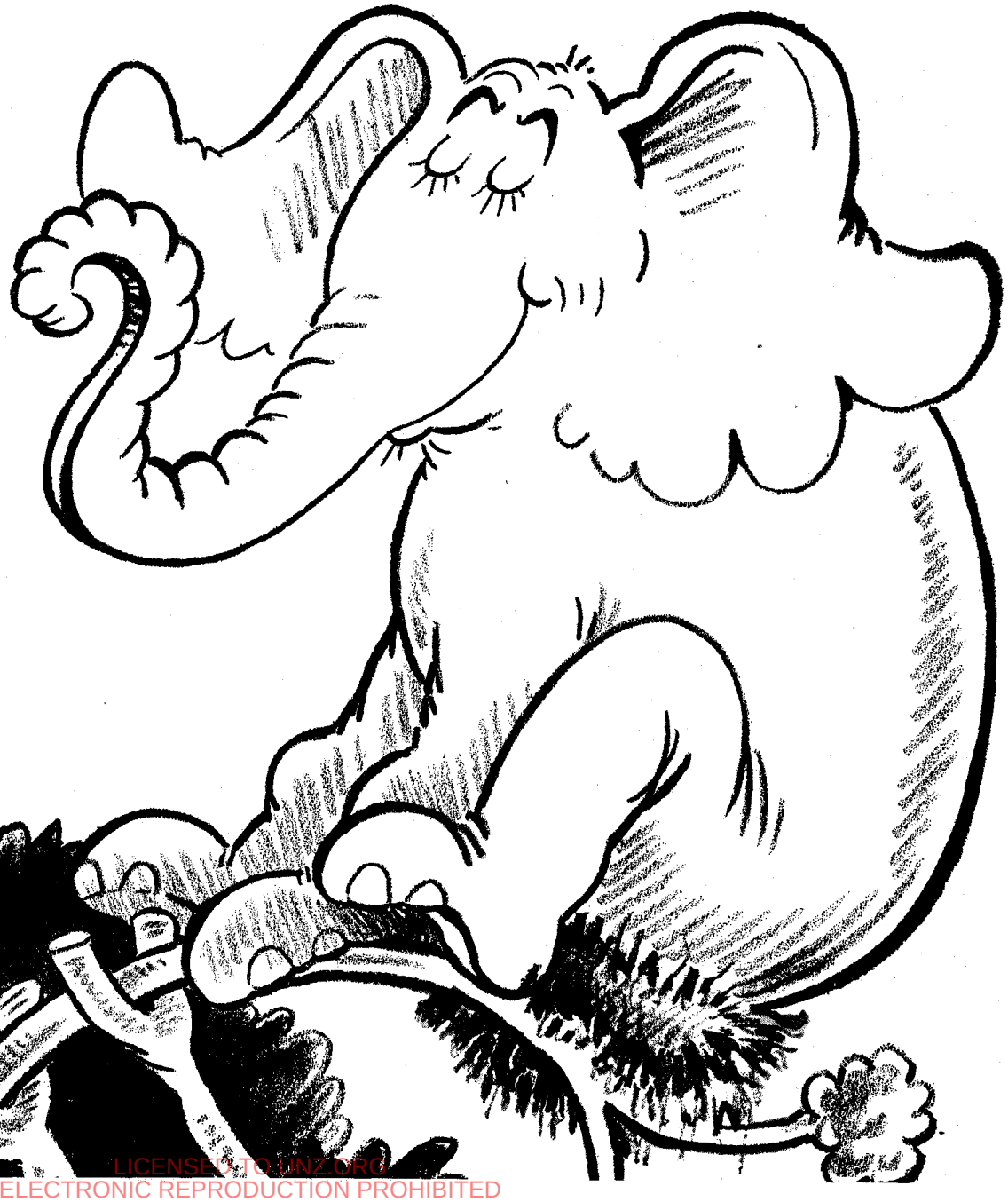
"THIDWICK, THE BIG-HEARTED MOOSE," *right:*

"Just building a nest, sir," the Zinn-a-zu said,
And began yanking hairs out of poor Thidwick's head.
And he plucked out exactly two hundred and four!
"Don't worry," he laughed. "You can always grow more!"

that of a middle-aged bank vice president. Slim and tall, he has graying dark hair parted more or less in the middle. He is as sharp-eyed as a bird, with a long aquiline nose and a wide mouth which has a habit of twisting into puckish grins. And he speaks in the terse hesitancies of the painfully shy man.

But beneath this outer austerity beats a wildly impulsive heart. Even with the most serious intentions, the mind of Ted Geisel is so fanciful that he has never been able completely to subdue it. And he depends at all times on the levelheadedness of his wife, Helen, to pull him out of entanglements in which he has become errantly involved. Yet the unorthodox appearance of the Seuss animals is not entirely due to Geisel's imagination. The fact is, as Geisel admits, "I just never learned to draw."

"Ted never studied art or anatomy," explains Helen. "He puts in joints where he thinks they (Continued on Page 42)



"HORTON HATCHES THE EGG":

Then Horton the elephant smiled. "Now that's that. . . ."
And he sat
and he sat
and he sat
and he sat . . .

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Man Against Lion

By VERNE ATHANAS

One of them would not come out of the forest alive.

The snow made just the finest of gently sifted flourings on the lion's kill. The colt's carcass had been dragged a hundred yards and sketchily covered; scratchings of dirt and twigs and forest duff. The covering didn't conceal the kill; whatever ancient feral instinct prompted the attempt, the lion certainly hadn't done a complete job of it—but then, they never did. Perhaps it was a warning to trespassers; a notice of dominion; no one could tell but the lion. Likely even he didn't know, Gil Commerce thought, looking down at it.

Could be it's his fence, he mused. *His fence and his corner stakes. He makes his kill and eats what he wants and scratches litter over the rest to warn anybody coming by that this is his kill.*

His thoughts were without bitterness. This was his land. He was so much a part of it that the lion was a part of him, as the dead colt had been, and as all this small lovely remote valley was a part of him. He did not hate the lion. He knew it had come down to the valley, driven by deepening snows above. The lion had killed not of malice, but to live. But the lion had killed his colt. Now he would have to kill the lion.

He went back to the house. He ate his fill slowly, methodically; afterward slabbed off meat and bread and wrapped it in a brown paper sack. He got a scrap of paper and wrote laboriously in his old man's crabbed hand: "Gone After a Cougar. Killed a Colt Up by Burnt Tree."

It looked pretty sparse, but he had said all he had to say. He had come and gone with no man's yea or nay all his life, and folks expecting him could look for him when they saw him coming—but lately the Potters came by once in a while to see him. If they went to that trouble, common good manners couldn't let them walk into an empty house with no word.

The winter-shagged gelding had finished its ration, and he tightened cinches and swung up, whistled in token notice to Rouser, who had been ready and willing this long while now.

Rouser made his eager, snuffling, tail-whipping circuit of the kill, seeking the veiled spoor, finally lined out on it, trotting at a workmanlike gait, unexcited—yet—tracking a trifle to the side with his hindquarters.

Gil Commerce settled himself to the gelding's gait. Like Rouser, his feeling was a workmanlike unexcitement—yet—and his mind ranged out, beyond the limits of his hearing, of his vision, encompassing the whole of his valley, reaching beyond it, and his hand unconsciously lifted and, even through the thickness of his sheepskin coat, felt the yielding crinkle of the letter folded into his shirt pocket.

He did not feel old. His hide was the leathery tan of smoked buckskin, the tiny spicules of whiskers more gray than black these last few years, but his eyes still reached out like paired spyglasses, though he'd had to get himself a pair of spectacles to bring the print of his infrequent newspapers into focus.

But inside, where Gil Commerce lived, he felt no older than he had when he topped his first snuffy horse, gritted his teeth over his first wire cut because a man wasn't a crybaby any more at ten years. He remembered the stick horse his own father had made for him as well as he did the one he'd made for his son, Martin, and yet he had never retreated to memory and let the present dodder along; he awoke as alert and eager as to any morning in his life. And now that he knew that those mornings were numbered, he relished them the more keenly, for the young with their numberless mornings can be prodigal; when a man has seen his Biblical threescore and ten, he knows, reasonably or fearfully, that somewhere the score is being kept, that somewhere there is an end to the good mornings, and that there can be no more prodigality of time.

The crinkling letter in his pocket said that, though nowhere was there any direct mention of it. Martin was the steady one; always had been—the quiet and steady and dependable one. In some ways, the righteous and relentless one. Always after grave, deliberate thought.

Sometimes Gil wondered whence that came. If a child is the reflection of his elders, which of his elders had instilled that odd relentless certainty in the boy? Not Gwennie, certainly, for her strength had been without arrogance at all. No, not Gwennie. She would have fought like a tiger—to the death—for any or all of her hearthside family, but her strength lay in acceptance, not unswerving decision.

From himself? Gil Commerce, of whose seed was his son, Martin? No, for he was subject to indecisions and fumblings and uncertainties, and beyond that a certain empathy, a oneness with his world; he lived with his land and his animals and his people; he held within himself enough of resolution, but an inherent incapacity for the role of martinet.

Yet this letter from his son was bringing an end to his world as surely as the scythe of time.

Hogwash, he said silently and bitterly. He brought into focus the slaunchwise trot of Rouser; with a sense of deliberate pleasure he felt the sting of chill on his leathered hide. He sat his saddle with ease and certainty. His legs, sprung and set long since to the curve of a mount's barrel, felt the warmth of the living animal through the stirrup leathers, felt the work and ease of muscle, worked and eased in harmony. *Hogwash. A man's done when he quits—when he gives in to it. Hie up, there, Rouser. We've got us a horse-thief lion to catch up.*

This lion was a ranger; Rouser went at his sidling trot, and the gelding had to make a bit longer reach of here and yonder, where the trail led through rock and windfall timber. They crossed the saddle and dropped into the valley beyond, still trailing, Rouser still silent and workmanlike, still unexpected—not near enough his quarry to give tongue. This lion was a far ranger; there would be a long labor in running him down.

Then, once, Rouser bawled, his musical, whooping, hunting cry, his jubilant bawl, his warning and his marker. He had found where the great cat laid (Continued on Page 80)

Illustrated by Harold Von Schmidt

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Gil went in a tumbling, helpless sprawl as the lion launched itself out of the tree.

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Colonel Mary Louise Milligan, director of the Women's Army Corps, at her desk in the Pentagon. The petite colonel is often in demand for Washington embassy and service parties.

At Fort McClellan, Ala.,
an all-female staff trains one of the snappiest
of our military outfits—the WAC.
Here's what goes on in

This Lady's Army

By SIDNEY SHALETT

Col. Mary Louise Milligan, the new director of the Women's Army Corps, can adapt herself to any situation, her colleagues firmly believe. As evidence they recall the time she was assigned to a Pentagon job in G-1 (personnel)—the only female officer in a section full of impressive male brass.

"It was the sort of shop," a co-worker from that period recalls, "where the male officers liked to do their thinking with their feet up on their desks. Mary Lou, surrounded by all these up-propped male feet, suddenly announced one day in a loud, clear voice: 'By golly, I think I will!' Whereupon, in a very ladylike fashion, she put her own feet up on her desk. A cheer went up, and from then on she was one of the boys."

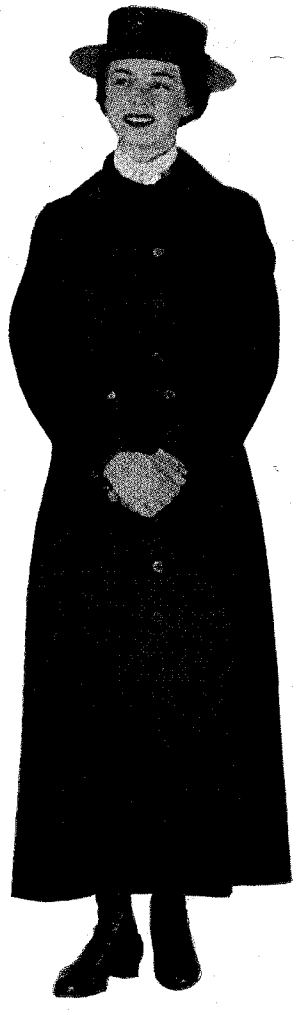
The "little colonel"—she is 5 feet 2 inches tall—is seldom frivolous in her pronouncements about the organization of earnest military women which she heads. Sometimes, however, her sense of humor—inherited from her Irish-American father and French mother—gets the better of her, and she illustrates serious points with not-so-serious anecdotes.

For instance, Colonel Milligan will argue with even a four-star general that Wacs are soldiers first, women second, and that they do a man's job. In discussing this point with me recently, she laughed and admitted that, human nature being what it is, members of the WAC sometimes have to act like women in order to be allowed to work like men.

"In 1942, when I was a member of the first officer-candidate class of what was then the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps, at Fort Des Moines," Colonel Milligan recalled, "there was a sergeant—male—who did not agree with the War Department that women should be soldiers. He was determined to give the girls a bad time.

"A certain officer candidate decided to bring the sergeant into line. Secretly, she obtained his

(Continued on Page 64)



World War I Army nurses held no rank—today they are commissioned officers.

World War II Waacs were called "freaks in khaki girdles," by die-hard males.

The girls above represent, from left, the Air Force, the Marines, the Navy and the Army. Others serve in five women's medical services as nurses or technical specialists, and in the Coast Guard.

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They may be soldiers, but they're always women: Privates Catherine Clarkson, Sybil Koon and Vera Doran make a beeline on payday to the PX perfume counter at Ft. McClellan, Ala. As Wacs, they have the same pay and benefits as the men.

Inspection: Captain Jennie Fea (kneeling) checks that the barracks are in apple-pie order. After basic training is over, the girls live in private or semiprivate quarters.

Saturday night: Wacs and their dates get together for merrymaking at the service club. In the army, where men outnumber the women 100 to 1, life is seldom dull.

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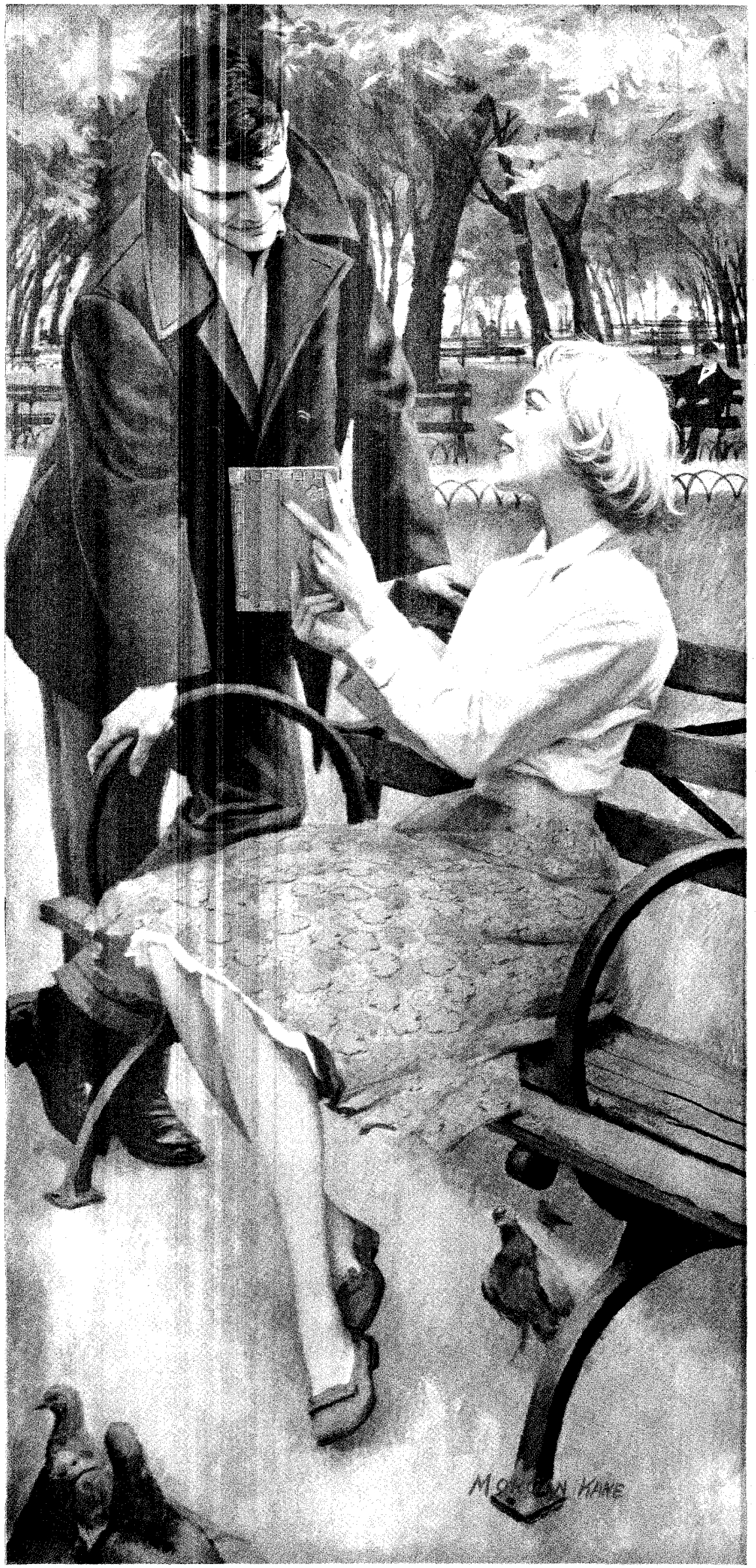

The note read, "Please sit down and tell me why you have been so kind."

Unspoken Love

A silent bond drew the two young strangers together.

By HARRY T. MADDEN

On the metallic island of Manhattan there nestles a small green patch of land which, for my money, exudes more exotic flavor, more intriguing history, more melting-pot atmosphere, and has incubated more strange and poignant love affairs than any patch of similar size in these broad United States.

I am, of course, referring to Washington Square. Today, in this history-laden patch, shaded by huge, ancient and knowing elms, mingle those whose ancestors migrated from all corners of the earth. The younger ones come to play; the older ones come to relax, and perchance to dream. Some are millionaires, some are derelicts, some are poets, some are plumbers, some are clergymen, some are thieves, but the old elms seem to whisper that they are all God's chillun and in this retreat they are welcome.

Once, in the long ago, a prison stood nearby, and still standing in one of the corners of this leafy bower is the tree from which many distinguished brigands and pirates were hanged. And under this massive elm, since time immemorial, struggling young artists and writers have gathered on sunny days and moonlit nights to woo the nine goddesses known as the Muses.

The works of many of these once-starry-eyed neophytes have since become known throughout the world, and this circumstance has led to a legend. The legend has it that the ghosts of these celebrities still gather under the hangman's tree and that their creative genius is still in play. But now, instead of writing stories for the living to read, they develop stories for the living to live.

However, if you ever meet Queen Lily, which you probably will if you ever come to Greenwich (Continued on Page 47)

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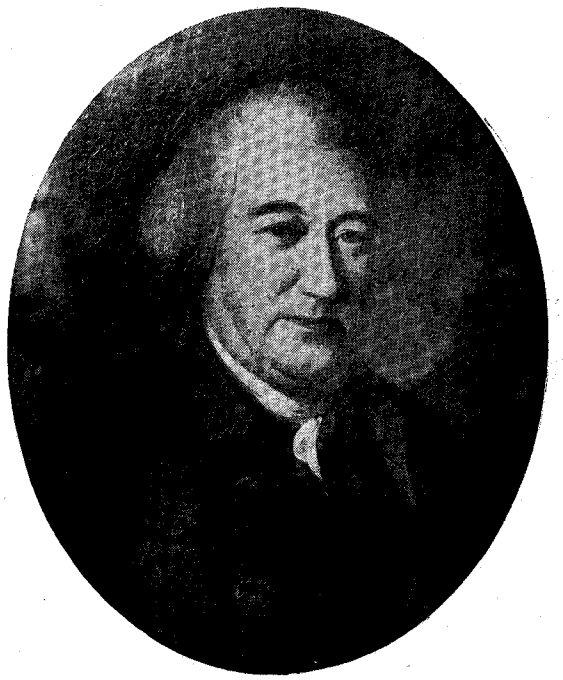
The ladies of the John Hanson Society of Oxon Hill, Md., where Hanson spent his last years, are determined to rescue the "first President" from obscurity. Here they attend the dedication of a school named in his honor.

John Hanson, as painted by Charles Willson Peale. Hanson was elected by Congress in 1781 as "President of the United States in Congress Assembled."



WAS JOHN HANSON OUR FIRST PRESIDENT?

Some enlightening facts which prove to some historians that John Hanson of Maryland, and not George Washington, deserves to be called the first President.

By JOHN KOBLER

On November 5, 1956, at the request of Maryland's Sen. John Marshall Butler, the Stars and Stripes were flown from the roof of the Capitol to commemorate the climactic day, 175 years ago, in the career of a Maryland statesman named John Hanson. Apart from Butler, however, few legislators—indeed, few Americans anywhere—could have identified Hanson. A bronze statue of him stands in a corridor leading from the Capitol's Statuary Hall, but the guides look blank when asked who Hanson was. No patriot of comparable stature ever passed so quickly into limbo. Yet, according to a small but impassioned group of fans, terming themselves Hansonians and citing historical documents to prove their case, John Hanson, not George Washington, was the first President of the United States.

Seven months before the British defeat at Yorktown, the Hansonian argument runs, and eight years before Washington's election, the thirteen states became a nation by ratifying the Articles of Confederation, which might be called Constitution I. The new Congress convened in Philadelphia's Independence Hall on November 5, 1781, and by unanimous vote chose John Hanson, the sixty-six-year-old delegate from Maryland, to serve for one year as "President of the United States in Congress Assembled." Washington wrote to Hanson, addressing him as President and congratulating him upon his "appointment to fill the most important seat in the United States."

As the guiding hand of the Association of Maryland Freemen, John Hanson had played a momentous role in the fight for liberty. He raised funds for the Continental Army, organized a Maryland munitions plant and a fighting force, and thwarted a British scheme to foment an Indian uprising against the Colonies. In a farsighted piece of statesmanship, Hanson headed a group that persuaded the original states to cede their Western lands to a central government, thus forestalling territorial quarrels. (Continued on Page 60)

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THE MAN WHO TRAPPED DAVE BECK

How a mild-mannered ex-G-man with a fearsome reputation as an accounting wizard enabled Senate probers to expose the chief of one of the world's biggest unions.

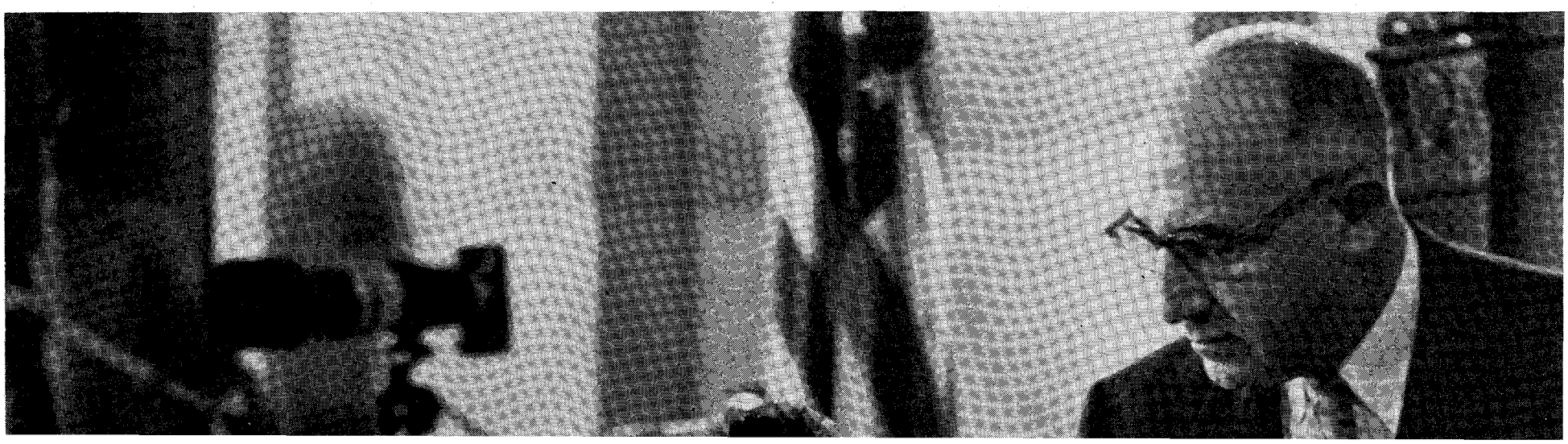
By PAUL F. HEALY

One day last March, the Select Senate Committee on labor-management racketeering suddenly interrupted the testimony of Frank Brewster, chairman of the Western Conference of Teamsters, and summoned to the stand the committee's chief accountant, Carmine Salvatore Bellino. Bellino had been crouched in a chair behind committee counsel Robert Kennedy, feeding documents and whispering information. Now, as he took the witness chair under the television floodlights, he was revealed as a dark, stocky man, neatly dressed and almost entirely bald.

There was nothing dramatic about him, not even when he spread an armload of documents on the table in front of him. Within the Government, Bellino long has been considered a wizard with figures, but to the public he has remained unknown. So the spectators in the Senate's huge caucus room had no reason to suspect that the most sensational hearings since Senator Kefauver's traveling crime show were reaching a significant climax. But as Bellino began to testify he caused a stir.

A few days earlier, Dave Beck, the Teamsters' international president, had tried to forestall the committee's disclosures by asserting over a network television program that he had "borrowed" several hundred thousand dollars from the union. Now Bellino was testi-

Financial sleuth Bellino (far right) feeds evidence to committee counsel Robert Kennedy (center) during questioning of teamsters-union officials. At left is Senator John McClellan, chairman.



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fying that his examination of the records disclosed that in August, 1954, Beck had made a "loan payment" of $200,000 to the union, although there was no evidence that the union had made any loan to Beck. Bellino said that the Internal Revenue Service had "become interested in Mr. Beck's activities" early in 1954. He said Beck had made other payments to the union since 1954, and altogether had paid $270,110.16. Chairman John McClellan and Kennedy then pinpointed the situation.

KENNEDY: This is the amount of money he said he had been borrowing from the union?

BELLINO: That is correct.

KENNEDY: And this is the amount of money that we have found there is no record of . . . that he borrowed from the union?

BELLINO: That is correct.

THE CHAIRMAN: But we did find that this amount or a similar amount was taken from the union and used for his personal benefit?

BELLINO: That amount and possibly more.

Senator McClellan turned to Brewster and asked him if he had had any knowledge that Beck had owed this money to the Western Conference—at a time when Beck was Conference chairman and Brewster was its secretary-treasurer. Brewster said he had first learned about the "loan" when it was paid back. "Mr. Senator, I trusted the man," he added lamely.

In less than twenty minutes of testimony by Bellino, the committee had pinioned Beck. Taking the stand four days later, Beck huffed and puffed with indignation. But when he was asked questions about his finances, he ducked behind the Fifth Amendment 117 times.

At this point it really did not matter what Beck said or did. The committee had made its case—and a backfire of developments was crackling from coast to coast. The A.F.L.-C.I.O. Executive Council suspended and later fired Beck as an A.F.L.-C.I.O. vice president and ordered his union to stand trial before the giant labor federation on charges of corruption. Demands for tighter control over union funds were heard in Congress, and a grand jury was convened in Seattle to inquire into the Teamsters' Western headquarters there.

Beck sings his theme song: "I must decline to answer on grounds that it might incriminate me . . . " Bellino pinioned Beck with 20 minutes of expert testimony, but he had spent two months' drudgery in the preparation.

Bellino had brought to bay the head of one of the world's largest unions by tracking him along a trail of canceled checks. A rough assignment? Bellino calls it his biggest and toughest. But there have been many others. For ten years he has been the key anonymous figure behind the headlines that exposed many a scandal. Among his better-known targets were Maj. Gen. Bennett E. (Benny) Meyers, wartime deputy chief of Air Force procurement, who was jailed for subornation of perjury and income-tax violations; and John Maragon, the former Kansas City bootblack who had made a good thing out of hanging around the White House—Maragon did time for lying about his bank accounts.

Bellino was a prime mover in bringing to light the Truman Administration scandals that came to be symbolized by mink coats, gift freezers and the phrase "five percenter." Later, in the RFC-influence investigation, he caused the hasty resignation of William M. Boyle, Jr., as National Democratic chairman. But he is just as willing to flush Republicans. His conflict-of-interest investigations caused the late Harold Talbott, Secretary of the Air Force, to resign in 1955, and induced the Republican National Committee to drop Murray Chotiner as a campaigner for the 1956 election. Chotiner had been a campaign manager for Vice President Nixon in 1952 and for Senate Republican leader Knowland in 1946.

Bellino is the most sought-after sleuth accountant in Washington. Senator McClellan, who has been chairman of more investigating committees than any other member of Congress, says that "Mr. Bellino's work is indispensable" to the

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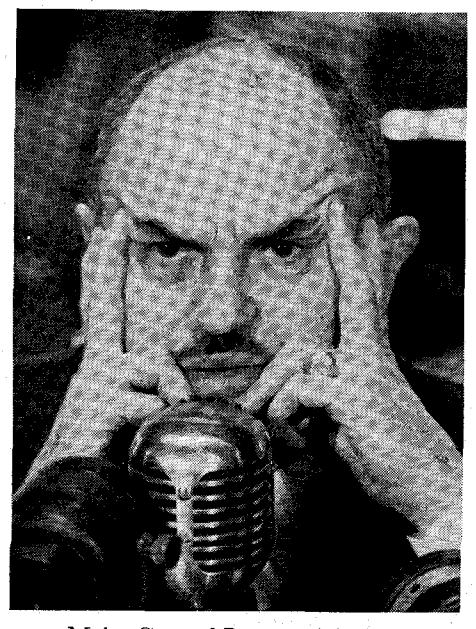
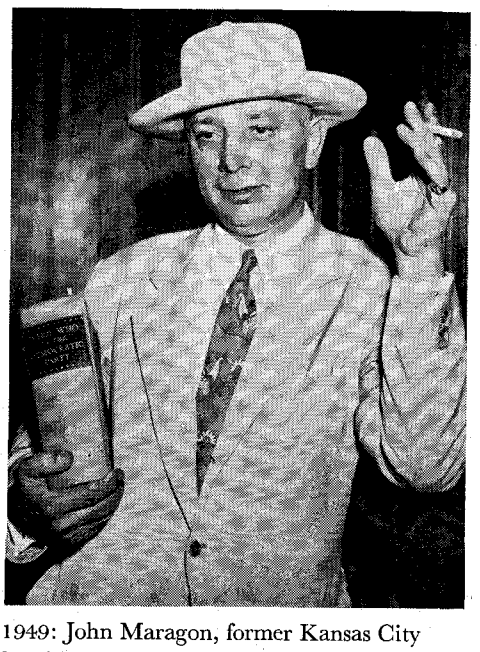
SOME OTHER VICTIMS OF BELLINO'S RELENTLESS SLEUTHING



1947: Major General Bennett E. Meyers was sentenced to jail for Air Force contract frauds.



1949: John Maragon, former Kansas City bootblack, went to prison after "five-percenter" probe.

1955: Harry (The Hat) Lev, millionaire Chicago hat maker, cheated on Government purchases.

1955: The late Harold Talbott quit as Air Force Secretary after conflict-of-interest probe.

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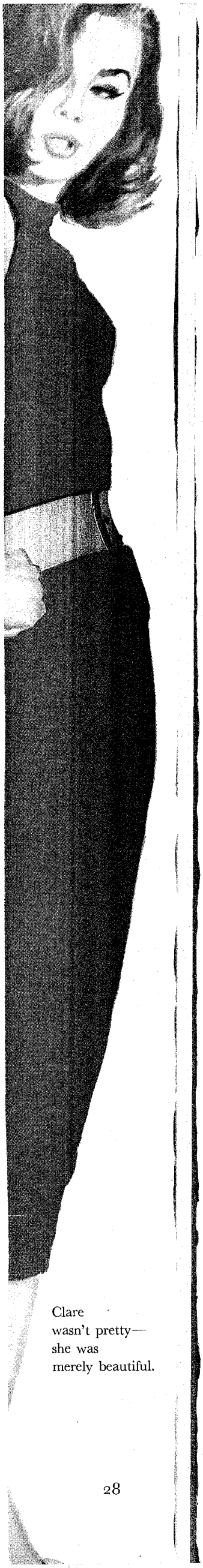


Clare
wasn't pretty—
she was
merely beautiful.

By PHYLLIS DUGANNE

Calculating Woman

How can a wife keep her husband's love when her rival is younger and more beautiful?

This manuscript which they were reading in the high-ceilinged room overlooking Manhattan's East River would be the sixteenth play in which Linda Merwin and Harold Joyce had acted together, the seventh written for them by Albert Hutchinson. Their first joint appearance, in 1935, had not had equal billing; Linda was already a star, and Hal an unknown young actor. He was four years younger than she, though gossip usually increased the difference.

How old is she now? She must be crowding sixty. . . . Linda Merwin was forty-seven; she had been on the stage, in the public eye, for thirty years.

She was reading aloud, her lovely cadenced voice rising and falling, deepening and becoming light as gossamer—her lovely, celebrated voice.

"I think Bertie's done it again," Hal said, when she had finished. "A slight mishmash of Midnight and Dark Hour, but why not?"

"Why not, indeed?" she murmured. "If it's good once, it's better the umpteenth time." She pretended to read, "'Albert Hutchinson's latest vehicle for the Joyces is witty and trenchant, as always.' . . . Who'll we get to play Iris, Hal? Polly couldn't do it."

"Um," he said. "She wouldn't be very good, would she? Needs someone really young."

"And with fire," said Linda. "Me, at twenty."

It was Linda who selected Clare Copeland from a dozen actresses who read the part. She was young, and she had the fire. Fire of ambition, of avidity for everything life might offer, and fire of talent.

"She isn't very pretty," Hal commented.

"No," agreed his wife. "She's merely beautiful." He made a face, and she added, "You wait and see. The girl has bones and the kind of beauty that comes from within. She can act beauty. She could play Helen and make the audience believe in the Trojan War."

A week later, Hal said. "You were right about Clare, Linda. I went over that second-act scene with her again this morning. She was wearing baggy slacks and a quite dreadful striped shirt, and suddenly—remember where she crosses and looks out the window?—she was radiant."

Linda Merwin nodded her golden head.

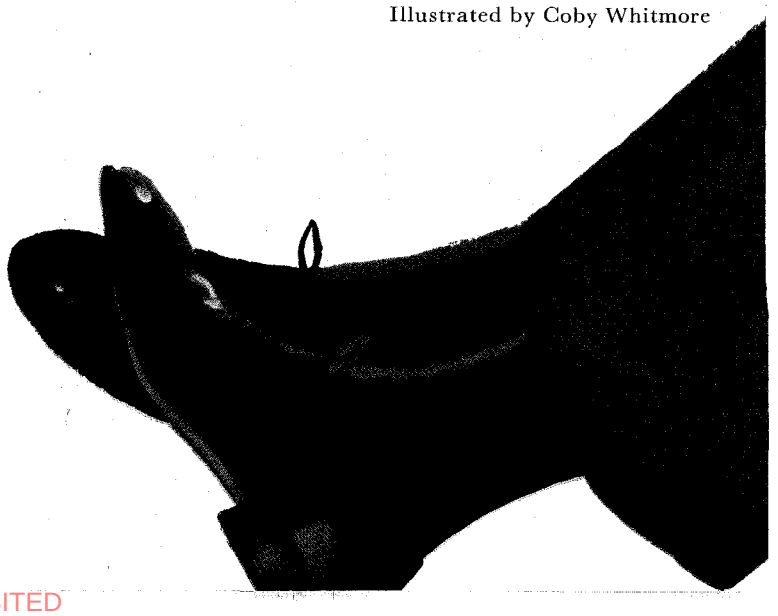
The part of Iris was a small one—in Albert Hutchinson's plays for the Joyces, all the parts except their own were small—and one afternoon when Bertie dropped in to watch rehearsal, Linda said, "Why couldn't you switch some of Margaret's lines to Iris, Bertie? That rainy-day speech, for instance."

Clare Copeland's smoky agate eyes flashed to the face of the leading lady. "That's most awfully generous of you, Miss Merwin."

Linda echoed, "Generous? I think it will improve the play. . . . Do you agree, Bertie?"

Three days before opening night, Linda came into the theater where they rehearsed to see if she had left her handbag. No rehearsal (Continued on Page 51)

Illustrated by Coby Whitmore



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"Hal, are you in love with Clare?" Linda asked. "I don't know," he answered truthfully.

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THE DEEP SOUTH SAYS NEVER

What will be the form of the inevitable clash between the flowing tides of desegregation and the rocklike, die-hard areas? A report from the scene of ultimate resistance.

By JOHN BARTLOW MARTIN

PART FOUR

Roy Wilkins, executive secretary of the N.A.A.C.P., pities white children in segregated schools. With Wilkins is J. P. Coleman, governor of Mississippi.

Senator Herman Talmadge, shown with his wife and sons at their antebellum home, in Lovejoy, Ga.

The United States Supreme Court in its long history has perhaps issued more important decisions than that striking down school segregation, but almost certainly never one which affected so deeply and so immediately the daily lives, the minds and hearts of more Americans. Nor, in all probability, a decision more fraught with the peril of national division. Today in the Deep South, "The Problem," as it is called, is on everyone's mind. And it is likely to be so for a long time to come. What can we conclude about the resistance of the four hard-core states of which we speak, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi? In a fifth article we shall examine the Border States, where desegregation has succeeded.

The chief instrument of Deep South resistance to desegregation has been the Citizens' Councils. Nobody knows how many members they have today. "They have learned Stonewall Jackson's trick of marching his army three times around a mountain to fool the enemy," one man has said. The best guess is that there are some 550 local Councils, with 250,000 members. Other resistance groups have at least 50,000 members. To them, and to political leaders and the newspapers, which agitate the question daily, belongs the credit for rallying a fourth of a nation against the law of the land.

Not every Southerner likes the Councils, of course. Some planters were always disdainful of them. Despite their pretensions, the Councils are essentially a middle-class movement, with a sprinkling of the top of society—managers, not owners; merchants, not industrialists. Some Southerners, weary of being caricatured as a bunch of Claghorns and Kluxers and haters, wish the agitation would stop. One said, "We don't want to cuss anybody; we don't want to join anything; we don't want to bear anybody resentment and be a demagogue. We just ain't going to do it." Some oppose the Councils because they have "shut off debate."

(Continued on Page 83)

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The muzzle of the tommy gun was tracking him, and the man's bare hand was on the grip.

IRON CURTAIN INCIDENT

By HAROLD LAMB

The story of an American officer's strange mission inside the Soviet frontier.

I suppose most of us citizens of the U.S.A. have forgotten how good we have it. In my case I've forgotten plenty since my 6th Army Group spent one Christmas at a place called Saarbrücken. Now this night I'm thinking of was one of the bad ones last winter. Snow over the Rockies had backed up the westbound air traffic at the Chicago terminal. My particular bunch had been standing too long in the line-up at the gate when the loudspeaker rasped: "Departure of Flight T-117 temporarily delayed."

Back at the counter they had erased the departure time of T-117, our flight, from the board. They only told us there'd be some delay owing to weather. The big man who'd been at the head of the line argued with them until he found out it was snowing at Denver, and the delay might be an hour or all night. He said then he'd miss his connection. The lady with the dyed poodle said they ought to send us to a hotel, where we'd be comfortable. Most of the single seats in the lounge were occupied. Over at the magazine stand the marine corporal bought himself a sporting extra, and the young couple with the new baby got a comic to amuse their older child. Other couples went to telephone to kill time. It was as if a switch had been thrown and they couldn't resume being themselves until the loud-speaker called them back to the gate.

Then I heard the voice in the open phone booth, "Information? Tell me, is this really Chicago?"

That was this Johnny Calhoun. Thin and maybe thirty years old, with a twisted grin and a stained suit creased in the wrong places, as if he'd slept in it a lot. He looked as if he'd been hungry as well. He held the receiver to the ear of the boy he called David and the kid laughed. I'd noticed this David at the end of the line-up because he seemed dressed for outdoors not indoors, like the rest of us. He had a lambskin cap atop wide, excited eyes, and a squarish body in an odd sheepskin overcoat with the hide outside. He looked to be well over fifteen, but he turned out to be only twelve years old. (Continued on Page 67)

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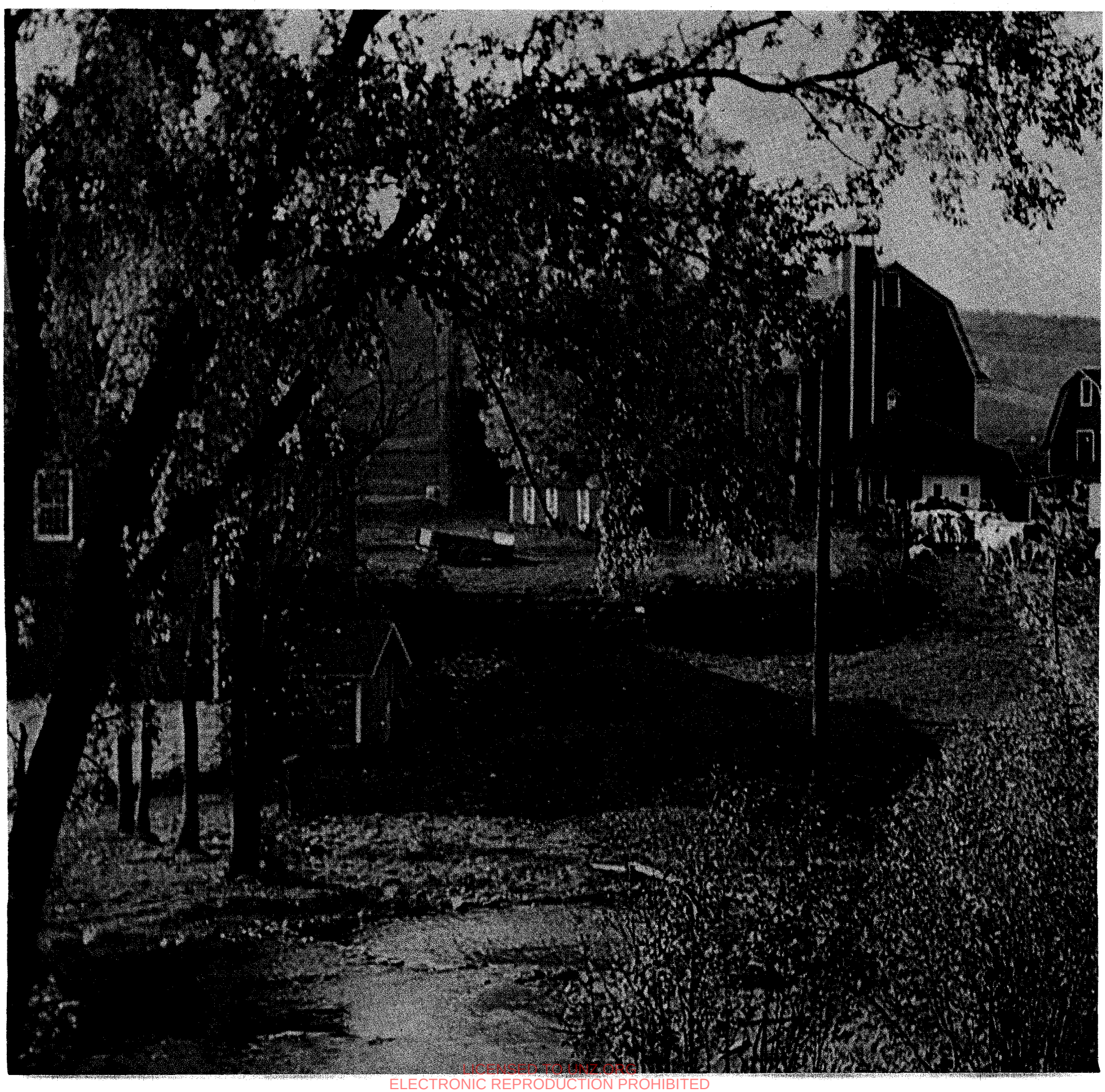
The Face of AMERICA

UPSTATE



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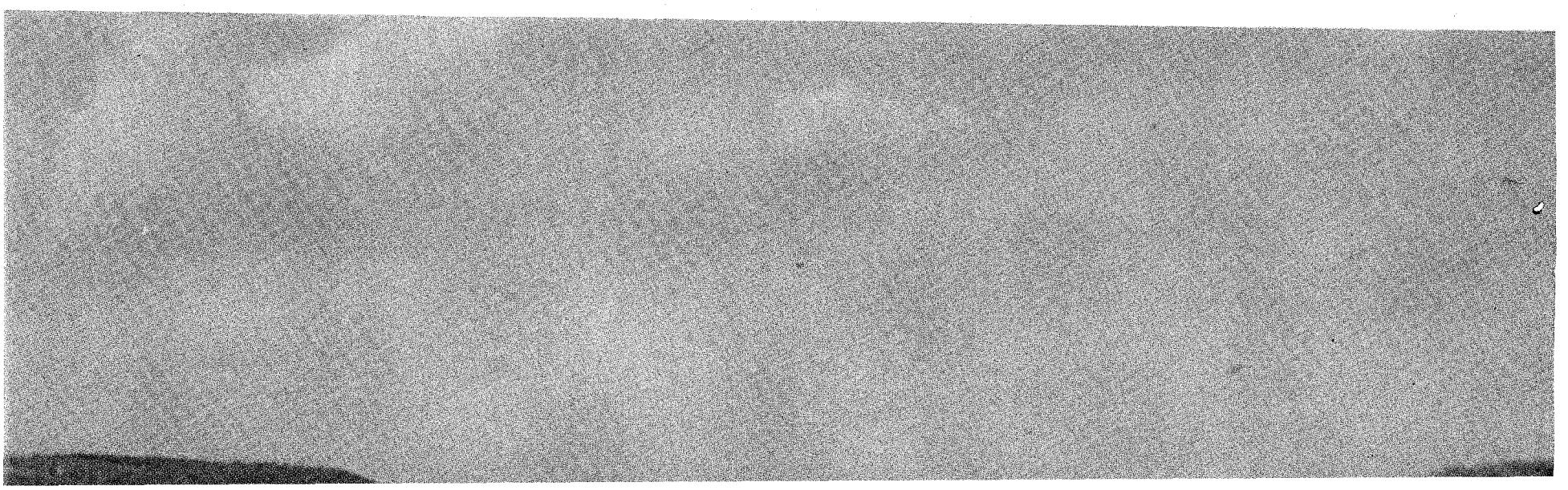
To most of the 154,000,000 Americans who live outside its borders, New York means Manhattan's jungle of stone and steel. But here, in Cortland County, about 175 miles as the crow flies from the bustle of Broadway, is the bucolic face of the Empire State. This is a dairy farm, one of the nearly 50,000 in New York outside the crowded confines of the five boroughs at the mouth of the Hudson. Here, in the fertile pasture lands between the Statue of Liberty and Niagara Falls, dwell more milk cows than in all of Texas. To Gotham's office workers and the dwellers in metropolitan suburbs, such pastoral settings are as close as the breakfast table. For from tranquil preserves like this come the butter for their toast and the cream in their morning coffee. ● Photograph by William Rapp



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"Wait!" she screamed to the surging mob. "This man had nothing to do with the shooting."

She'd saved him from the lynch mob. How could he expose her as a murderess?

California Passage

By CLIFF FARRELL

In the noisy, brawling frontier town of Independence, Ellen Jessup handed Luke Storm a note requesting him to come to her room to discuss an unnamed matter. Luke was a stranger to her, but he had attracted her attention with his swaggering behavior about the streets of Independence, so she chose him for a strange mission.

Earlier, Ellen had registered at the Overland Inn under an assumed name after a mysterious, lone journey from Baltimore. Next she arranged to join the westbound wagon train of the trader, Menafee, on the pretext that she was eager to reach the side of her husband in the California gold fields. Unknown to her, Dan Slater, who was shadowing her and who occupied a room down the hall, also joined the caravan.

Meanwhile, the violent Luke angered Menafee by warning caravan members that the greedy trader could never lead them across the mountains before the snows came. When the Missouri Kid, one of Menafee's henchmen, tried to throw Luke out of camp for interfering, the men fought. Luke's victory deeply embittered the Kid. Now the trader, his suspicions aroused by the two strange new members of the wagon train, pondered over their true identities.

II

Menafee lighted a fresh cigar while he thought over the interest Dan Slater had shown in the young woman who had bought a prairie wagon and four yoke of oxen from him that morning. He had also been intrigued by Mrs. Edward Jarrett and her purchase and had puzzled over the matter frequently during the day. He had asked a price far above what the wagon and cattle were worth. Like Dan Slater, she had not bothered to haggle. She had paid promptly in cash. There had definitely been something mystifying about that young lady.

He arose and moved to where he could peer into the trading room. There were patrons, and

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the clerks were occupied. Dan Slater stood, packing a brier pipe, awaiting his turn.

"Go in there, Al," Menafee murmured. "Keep Slater there as long as possible. Then take him to a tavern and buy him a drink."

He turned to the Missouri Kid. "And you," he whispered, "slip over to the Overland Inn and take a look at his room. Number Twenty. Maybe we can find something in his luggage that will tell us more about him. I don't imagine you'll have much trouble, with your experience at such things."

The Missouri Kid showed his crooked yellow teeth in a grin. "Easy," he boasted. "I got keys that'll open any door in the place."

"Hustle now," Menafee said. "We'll keep Slater occupied for half an hour or so. Be light-fingered. I want Slater's belongings left apparently undisturbed."

The Missouri Kid left by way of the rear office, which had a door opening into the dark wagon yard at the rear. Al Thorne strolled into the trading room and joined Dan Slater, engaging him in conversation until they gained the attention of a clerk. Then Thorne made himself helpful with advice and careful selection in the purchasing.

The Missouri Kid was gone twenty minutes. Then he returned soundlessly, and excitedly beckoned Menafee to join him in the rear office.

The Kid whispered triumphantly, "Cast your eyes over these things." He thrust folded papers into Menafee's hands. "It was as easy as slicin' apple pie," the Kid went on. "Look at what I found hid inside a folded shirt in his valise. He's a law man, like we figured. See what it says there in them black letters? That means 'Wanted For Murder,' don't it? I've seen a lot of them kind of posters. How much does it offer, Mr. Menafee? Maybe a thousand dollars, huh? An' these other two papers are arrest warrants. I've seen them kind of things before."

Menafee had not known until this moment that the Kid's knowledge of reading and writing was so limited. He read the warrants. They had been issued in the city of Baltimore. The reward poster offered ten thousand dollars.

Menafee could feel his pulse pounding in his throat, but he managed to hold back any change of expression as he read, for the Kid was watching him narrowly. He even forced a wry grimace of disappointment.

"Nice work," he said. "But it was a waste of time. This is all about a fellow named Henry Jones who is wanted for a killing in Pittsburgh. Evidently Slater has been trailing him." He handed the papers back to the Kid. "Might as well put 'em back where you found them. Slater's man must have lit out for California and he has to go there to pick him up. Make sure you leave everything exactly as you found it. Make it fast."

The Missouri Kid was chagrined, then disbelieving. "Then why was the feller so interested in makin' sure that the gal was goin' West?" he demanded.

"I wouldn't know," Menafee shrugged.

A cunning anger glinted in the Kid's face. He started to debate the point, but when he saw Menafee's gaze turn cold, he thought better of it. With a shrug he pocketed the papers and left the room.

Now that he was alone, a wild excitement flamed in Menafee's wide face. Then a hand tapped the door. It was Al Thorne.

"Where's Slater?" Menafee gasped, alarmed.

"Still in the trading room, trying on boots. Don't worry. He's busy. I'll buy him a drink afterwards. Has the Kid ——"

Thorne paused, eying Menafee closely. Then he stepped through the door into the inner office and closed the portal behind him. "You've found something, Tracy," he murmured.

"Al!" Menafee breathed. "Do you remember hearing about a banker back in Baltimore named Henry Jessup who slipped out with about two hundred thousand dollars of his depositors' money? It happened some weeks back."

"Yeah," Thorne nodded, thinking. "I read about it a few days ago in a newspaper. A killin' was mixed up in it. Seems like the

Sledge stood rigid, knowing that he was a fraction of an inch from death.

daughter was in cahoots with her father, an' they tried to frame the steal onto a bank clerk who was sweet on her."

Thorne broke off. He gazed at Menafee and the same excitement now began to build up in him.

"Exactly!" Menafee said. "This Mrs. Edward Jarrett didn't ring true from the first minute she came to the office to dicker for a trail wagon. She dresses like a hussy, but she forgets at times and talks and acts like she was born on a silver plate. And she seems to have money."

"Are you sure? How did you find out?"

"Dan Slater seems to be some kind of a law officer, right enough," Menafee said. "It's my guess he's a detective hired to work on the bank case. The Kid found papers in his luggage—warrants for the arrest of Henry Jessup and his daughter, Ellen Jessup. And a reward dodger that tells why they're wanted. The dodger carries descriptions of both of them. The description of Ellen Jessup fits Mrs. Edward Jarrett as tight as a pair of new silk stockings. And ten thousand dollars' reward is being offered for their arrest and the recovery of the stolen money."

"But why is she headin' for California?" Thorne muttered. "That's a long ways from Baltimore."

"And why not? As I remember the accounts of the affair, Henry Jessup skipped before the body of the murdered clerk was found. It was not until then that they had any case against our young lady. But she escaped from Baltimore before they could arrest her. My guess is that her father had already started for California and she is on her way to meet him."

There was a silence. "Ten thousand reward," Thorne said hungrily.

"Two hundred thousand!" Menafee murmured. "Why be pikers?"

They looked at each other. "Of course," Thorne said softly. "What's your plan, Tracy?"

"If we're on the right track we will accompany Mrs. Jarrett all the way to California, and take pains to see that she arrives there safely and as speedily as possible. It is her father we must find. He is the one who will have the money."

"What about this Dan Slater?"

"There will be time enough to think about that," Menafee said. "Slater evidently intends to follow her to California with the same object in mind, and ——"

Then he remembered the passing minutes and that Dan Slater had been left unwatched. With an exclamation, he brushed past Thorne and hurried into the main office and peered into the trading room. Dan Slater was not in sight.

"Mr. Slater will be back in a few minutes, Mr. Menafee," the clerk said, in response to a snapped question: "He was not carrying enough cash with him to pay for his outfit. He told me to ask Al Thorne to wait an' he'd be right back."

Menafee, realizing that the Missouri Kid should be in Slater's room by now to return the filched papers to his luggage, whirled and looked at Al Thorne in consternation.

At that moment gunfire erupted somewhere in the town. Menafee rushed to the outer door. Excitement was boiling around the Overland Inn down the street.

Luke had expected to be followed when he had walked out of Tracy Menafee's office. Menafee, for all his outward air of respectability, could be violently ruthless when crossed. And certainly the Missouri Kid was the kind who would yearn to pay him off for that stomach punch.

He moved down the street, then crossed swiftly to the opposite walk and returned to a point where, from the deep shadows beneath a store's wooden awning, he had a view through the open door into Menafee's outer office. The Missouri Kid had now joined Thorne and Menafee in the room. Presently a stocky stranger entered from the street and began talking to Menafee.

Satisfied that he had nothing to fear for the moment at least, Luke gave up his vigil and moved away. His thoughts now returned to the message the young woman had handed him during the encounter with Vance Cameron. He argued with himself that his first hunch had been correct and that she must be a fandango girl. He had been prodigal with his money and she (Continued on Page 71)

Illustrated by Amos Sewell

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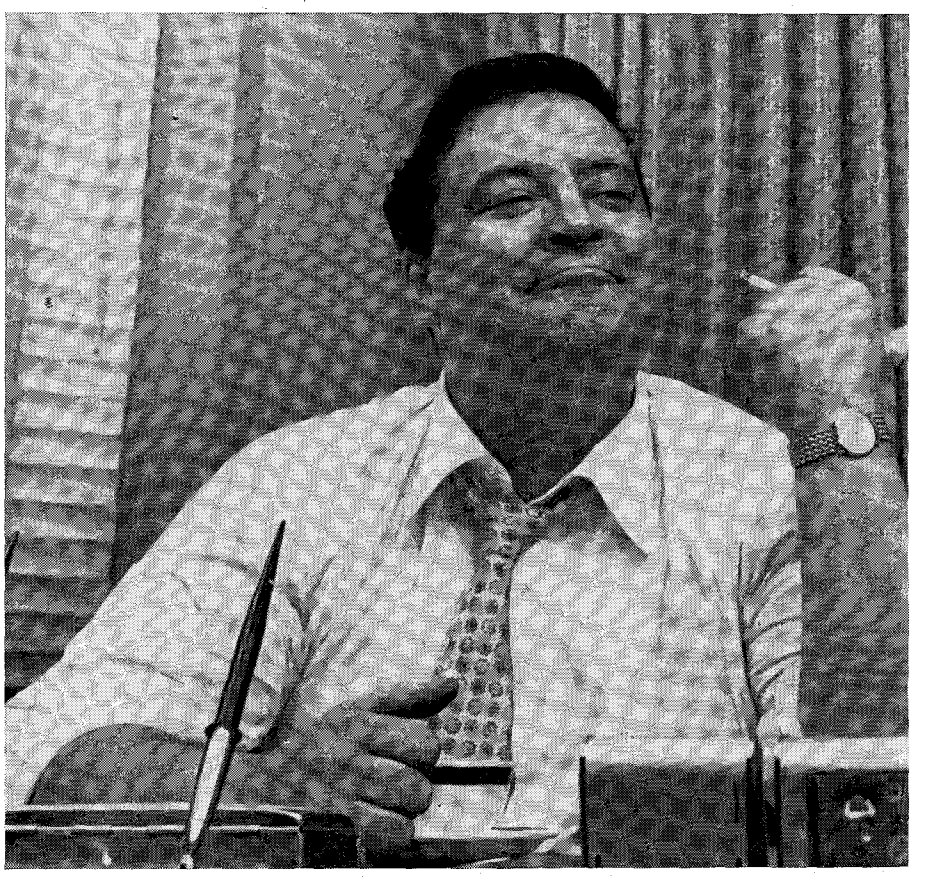
I CALL ON JACKIE GLEASON

BY PETE MARTIN



"I'm making a mint of dough, I have a number of friends, I do not lack for amiable feminine company," retorts Jackie to reports that he is a "brooder."

A Post editor confronts the fat and funny showman with rumors that he's feuding with Perry Como, worried about women and ready for the psychiatrist. Here's what Jackie says . . .

Sometimes Gleason's gag-loving friends try to put distractions in his way during rehearsal. He stoutly denies he's tormented by an inner conflict between his appreciation for blondes and his religious convictions.

"The greatest way to waste money is to keep it," said the big man with the round eyes who was seated across a big desk from me. "I've never known a dollar bill that threw its arms around you or had a drink with you and all that jazz. When it comes to human warmth, a buck is poor company."

We had got on the subject of money when I'd said, "I recently read a couple of sentences by a gossip columnist: 'The other night I saw Jackie Gleason sitting in a night club all by himself. He was looking off into space, doing his brooding bit.'"

"You can't win with those TV and night-club columnists," Jackie Gleason told me. "Take money. If you blow it you're a spendthrift. If you hang onto it you're a miser. Go into a night club alone and you're morose. Take a broad with you and you're boisterous. Stay at home and you're antisocial."

The theory was that he was brooding because he himself had fallen a victim to a rival giant killer named Perry Como. Jackie denied this. One rating I remembered had shown a six-point difference between Como, 25.8, and Gleason, 19.8. At times the difference between them had been even greater, but, as Gleason put it, "I wanted to quit this every-week sweatbox two years ago when I was ahead, when my rating was around fifty-five. Then Buick came along

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Gleason, who will take next season off, relaxes at a gag session with comedian Jackie Leonard. But, says Gleason, "I can always dump myself back in the pressure cooker."

with an offer that was so fantastic I couldn't turn it down. And after that, Old Gold and Bulova showered down even more dough."

By the time I got around to talking to him, he had discontinued his weekly TV show not only for the summer layoff but also for the 1957–58 season. I didn't ask the obvious question: if things had been reversed and if the rating I remembered had been 25.8 for him and Como's had been 19.8, would his decision have been different? It was clear that he believed it when he told me that he'd wanted to quit anyhow, but an interviewer has a right to his own opinion about such matters. There is no way in which he can make an interviewee agree with him.

We went back to the subject of money. "Even when I didn't have it," Jackie told me, "I always tipped big, so when I did have it, it didn't make much difference."

"Why do you do it?" I asked. "Does it make you feel good?"

"No," he said, "it's not that. It's mostly because I wonder how big a tip I'd like if I were a waiter. And don't forget, when I'm drinking there's a lot more work for a waiter to do."

"I'm interested in this thing that those who write about TV performers have built up about you," I told him. "I get a picture of a great, sad man, sitting alone and aloof in a night spot, stewing in his own bitter juices about his tumble from the rating peaks."

He looked at me as if about to say something unprintable; then he realized that I was merely paraphrasing what others had said. "That," he told me, "is a (Continued on Page 56)

Which one is Jackie? Wrong if you picked the lad in the center. Gleason stands at right, a slender and dapper 14-year-old.

Jackie with his daughters, Linda, 15 (right), and Geraldine, 17, at the Stork Club.

Gleason's wife, Genevieve. Now legally separated, they were married in 1936.

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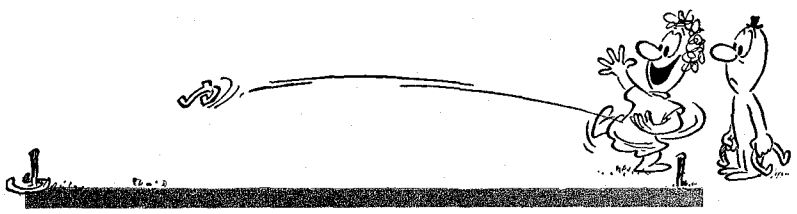
Post Scripts



Here's the Pitch

The long slow curve:

"John dear, I certainly agree with you; most youngsters today just aren't busy enough! My, when I think of what your mother was telling me, about all the projects you had when you were a little boy. Well, thank goodness, Junior is you all over again!"

"Honey, you've been working too hard this year, you really have! You know what I think? I think you ought to promise yourself not to bring any work home at all this summer, and just get out there on that golf course as much as you can and see if you can break ninety!"

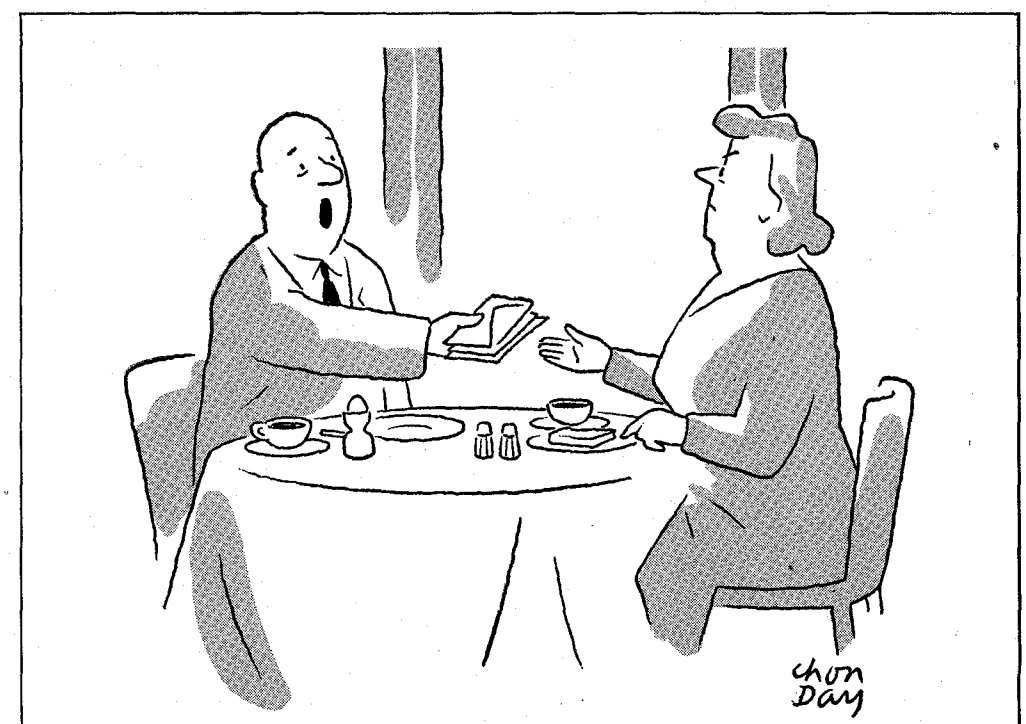
"Honestly, dear, Junior's determination really amazes me! I mean, once he gets an idea he just never lets go. But then, it's what you've always said—an ounce of stick-to-it-iveness is worth a pound of anything else!"

"You know, John, I was thinking this morning about what you said when we got back from the Burkes' last night. Here they are, with the kids all grown up and moved away, and —— Well, you're right. There's something sort of sad about a house that's so quiet."

And the fast break:

"—— and so the band director told Junior that if he'd pick an instrument and practice hard all summer he could play in the band next fall, so Junior got his grandma to buy him a trombone and ——"

PEG BRACKEN



"I didn't mean to pry. I just opened my letters without thinking."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The Way it Goes

Every time I entertain,
Comes rain.
Get tickets to the new hit show?
Comes snow.
Leave the car parked down the street?
Comes sleet.
Take a boat out for a sail?
Comes hail.

BUT—
Heaped with work up to my ears?
It clears.
Haven't got the time to spare?
It's fair.
Have a million jobs to do?
It's blue.
Swamped with work until I'm wild?
It's mild.

Is there never any hope?
Nope!

WILLIAM BRAMLEY

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"We've decided to have a show of membership cards."

Unconventional

I have learned from most conventions,
I've attended in my life,
That a delegate-at-large is one
Who doesn't bring his wife.

STEPHEN SCHLITZER

Oh, You Subtle Kid, You!

"Now, I don't mean that I want you to give me any exact figures or anything like that, but —— Well, what I'm trying to ask is, on a novel such as you've written, do you make quite a bit of money? I don't want any exact figures, mind you, but would you say that ——"

"That's interesting. I mean, that part about your older brother having been graduated from high school the same month that Lindbergh flew the Atlantic. Wow! That was quite a flight. Clear from New York to Paris in a little old plane like that! Say, incidentally, how many years' difference is there between you and your brother?"

"Take an average guy like yourself, for example. I'd guess your monthly salary is probably three hundred . . . three-fifty . . . four hundred . . . three-seventy ——"

"It's certainly none of my business—but, just for the sake of argument, let's say that you work on a——Well, what would it be, about a thirty-five-per-cent-commission basis?"

"Look at it this way: A guy like you owns some Amalgamated stock. Fine and dandy. Maybe he owns . . . several shares . . . and maybe he owns quite a few—I say, maybe he owns QUITE A FEW . . . shares ——"

"Happened when you were just a punk kid ten years old, eh? Boy, that's the funniest experience I've ever heard of! Say, not to change the subject or anything, but, to get back to American history for just a moment, who was the President of the United States at that time?"

RAYMOND HOWARD

Off My List

The lovelorn swain returneth to the maid;
The swallow cometh back to Capistrano,
But never to this house the jerk who laid
A lighted cigarette on my piano!

PENNY PENNINGTON

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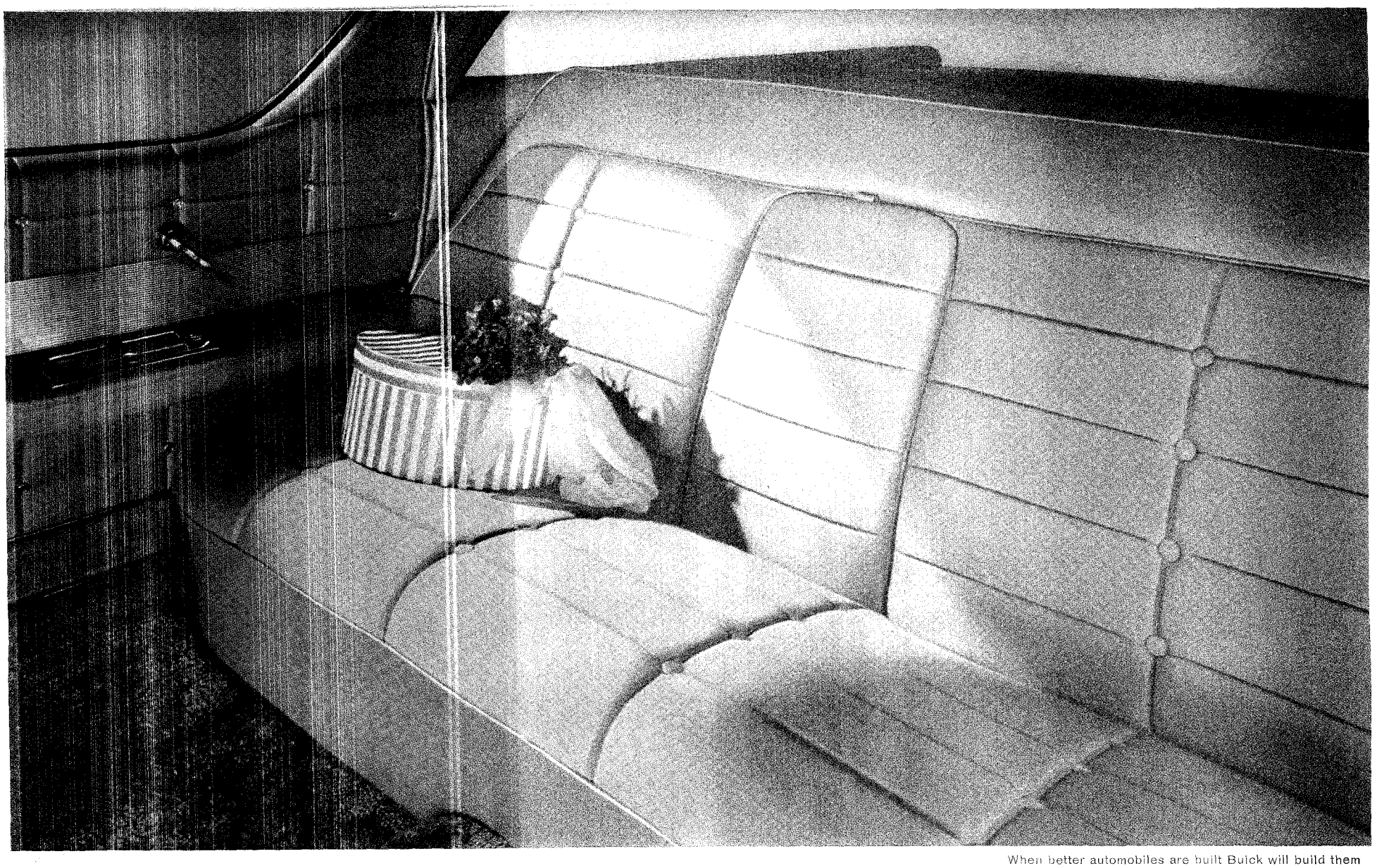

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From Research comes the TRUTH

About Speed of Pain Relief—Without Stomach Upset

Medical Science reports important new findings on BAYER versus an aspirin with a 'buffer' added . . . based on major studies to determine speed of pain relief without stomach upset. Yes, this research further verifies that BAYER Aspirin is still the safest, gentlest, fastest-acting pain reliever you can get!

TRUTH *based on 3 years' research*

In 1954, as part of a continuing research project to bring greater certainty and absolute truth to the field of pain relief, Bayer sought the aid of one of America's foremost analgesic authorities, whose work is centered in several of New York's largest clinics.

This specialist began a carefully controlled series of clinical tests—tests on people in actual pain—to compare the action of Bayer Aspirin versus aspirin with a "buffer" added.

Thousands of tests were made on patients actually suffering pain . . . the findings were checked, analyzed and corroborated beyond any question or doubt. Throughout three intensive years, the results were always the same . . . bringing to light new and additional verification that Bayer is the safest, gentlest, fastest-acting pain reliever you can buy.

TRUTH *—confirmed . . .*

BAYER called for further tests, further evidence. This new research was conducted by members of the staff of one of the East's prominent Medical Schools.

Again and again, the two pain relievers . . . Bayer and aspirin with a "buffer" added . . . were tested clinically to determine speed of pain relief without stomach upset . . . tested on people actually suffering from many types and degrees of acute pain suffered daily by millions.

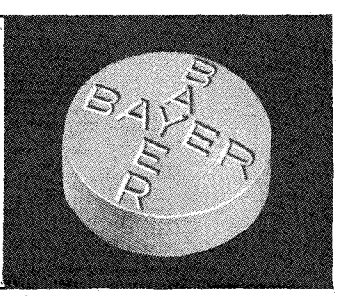
Again, the results were the same . . . further confirming that ever-dependable Bayer Aspirin is still the safest, fastest, gentlest pain reliever you can get!

TRUTH *—confirmed again!*

To climax its relentless search for the truth about pain relief, Bayer requested an eminent professor of a renowned Mid-Western Medical School to undertake a new and completely independent study of people in actual pain. The two pain relievers were again compared under true pain conditions. The findings of this third and exhaustive study were overwhelming and indisputable!

Hundreds of pain-ridden patients in the three independent studies verified over and over again that Bayer is still the safest, most reliable antidote for pain in medical history. You can trust your body to Bayer to feel better fast.

THIS RESEARCH is based on the one final and absolute method for testing the value of pain relievers — by studying people suffering from real pain.



FROM RESEARCH COMES TRUTH...

The safest, fastest-acting pain reliever you can get... BAYER® ASPIRIN

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THE ARTLESS HEIRESS

They were unwelcome visitors in an eerie house, where danger stood behind every door. . . .

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

Columbine Pepper Drugget was caught in a web of conspiracy. Lucius Quentin, owner of a rival motel chain, was trying to trick her out of her inheritance, a luxury motel called The Grove of Daphne. He had bribed The Grove's employees to sabotage the service and even to poison the food. Sam Jones, the Drugget estate lawyer, told Columbine that the motel's accounts showed thievery.

One night an intruder broke into Columbine's motel and stole a gun, a bag of gems and burglar's tools, contained in a mysterious suitcase which Columbine had accidentally picked up. On an excursion to Quentin's motel, the Desert Dunes, with Barbara Green, hostess of The Grove of Daphne, Columbine discovered that the suitcase was in the hands of the weird Prof. Artemus Thumb and his crony, the "Reverend" Mr. Martinus, who were guests there. Columbine feared the ominous pair would strike again at her motel, and their victim might be her guest, the rich Madame Roxy Thistlebun.

VI

The ensuing days were arduous for Columbine Pepper Drugget. The winter season was about to open; Sam Jones had made his appeal to the Department of Health from the report of the inspectors who had taken away the A rating of The Grove of Daphne. She was full of ideas about the proposed alterations which would provide a number of rentable shops—ideas that architects and contractors would have to work out. She kept a stern eye on the kitchen and saw to it that service to the guests was prompt and efficient. She was finding that it was a full-time job to run a hotel of this magnitude, even without the necessity of keeping a weather eye peeled for fresh depredations and sabotage.

Barbara Green drove her down to Sam Jones' office, and there she laid before him her plan to turn what she regarded as waste space in the hotel into half a dozen shops. He agreed that the idea was not without merit, but clucked his tongue at Columbine.

"Just one little roadblock," he said.

"And what is that?"

"Money," he answered succinctly.

"Couldn't we," Columbine asked with a certain naïveté, "have it charged?"

"A building operation," Sam said grimly, "isn't a half pound of tea or a new hat. You don't just open an account at the corner grocer's."

"People borrow money for things," she persisted.

"Have you an idea how much this alteration will cost?"

"*None whatever. But I am convinced it will* be an excellent investment. The return, at a

rental of two hundred dollars a month, will be twelve hundred dollars. Which would come to fourteen thousand four hundred dollars a year. That equals ten per cent interest on a hundred and forty-four thousand dollars."

"I don't dispute the excellence of the investment, if you can rent the shops and if you can get the money. If you're serious, we'd better get an estimate on what it will cost."

"Will you do that?" Columbine asked.

He telephoned a firm of contractors and the outcome of the conversation was that a man would come out that afternoon to The Grove of Daphne to look over the situation and make a rough estimate.

The girls drove back to the hotel, Barbara to take up her duties as hostess, and Columbine to *sit at her desk and cope with* routine problems. Presently there came a knock on her door, and when she called to come in, the bus boy, Curt, sidled through the door and stood in a torment of embarrassment.

"What do you want, Curt?" Columbine asked pleasantly.

"Ma'am—Miss Drugget," he stammered, "I got ears. I got first-class lugs. So alla time afternoons and like that I make out to be asleep. I jest doze off 'n' snore." He came to a full stop.

"But you're not really asleep," Columbine said encouragingly.

"Like a possum," he answered. "So nobody pays no attention to me. And they gab to one another. That blasted chef and the pastry cook and all them. And they're sore about that ten per cent, and they thought they was perty smart getting your A took away from you."

"Why did they do that, Curt?" she asked.

"They got sugared up," Curt said. "But now they're doin' another caper. Yas'm. Tomorrer, right after breakfast, this here chef is comin' down with suthin' and takin' to his bed, and the rest of the crew is walkin' out. 'Thout sayin' a word. So's to leave you flat."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes'm, ma'am. They all got jobs to go to. One of the dishwashers, he tole me I got to quit and I could come with him."

"Where are these jobs?"

"I dunno all of 'em," he answered, "but mine's at the Desert Dunes."

"Oh, yes," Columbine said. The Desert Dunes, Lucius Quentin's hotel.

"They just take a powder and you won't have no kitchen crew to git lunch or dinner tomorrer."

"You are sure of this, Curt?"

"I'd say it on a stack of Bibles," the boy answered seriously.

"Thank you, Curt," Columbine said, and gave him her warmest smile. "It is wonderful to have a friend like you."

He gawped, reddened until his ears flamed and, making incoherent noises, he turned and galloped out of the office.

Columbine sat still, staring at the blotter on her desk. The only rift in the storm clouds was that she had not been taken wholly unaware. There remained to her the rest of the afternoon, the night and a part of tomorrow morning. In that time she must restaff the kitchen, see to it that the deserting crew committed no sabotage, and be ready to serve luncheon and dinner. And she had no more idea where to find a chef and his assistant cooks than she had where to find the lost tribes of Israel.

She went to the door and called to Barbara Green. "The fat," she said didactically, "is once more in the fire."

(Continued on Page 76)

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The Wonderful World of Dr. Seuss

(Continued from Page 19)

should be. Elbows and knees have always especially bothered him. Horton is the very best elephant he can draw, but if he stopped to figure out how the knees went, he couldn't draw him."

Although the greatest audience for his animals is children, the nonsensical creatures are also in great demand among advertisers seeking a humorous presentation for their products. Sometimes, however, his business clients have lacked the willing imagination of his younger devotees. Once he had to do a horned goat for a billboard. The job was done and paid for, and everyone seemed happy, when the phone rang.

"Now, Geisel, about that goat," said the advertising-agency executive. "We like it here and it's a fine goat, but there is just one little thing wrong. Our client thinks it looks like a duck. So would you mind doing us another one?"

To resolve the problem, Geisel drew a duck and submitted it. The client called him up. "Geisel," he said, "it's perfect. Best goat I ever saw."

Children, of course, understand and accept Geisel's pictures, a fact which led to an unusual assignment two years ago during the height of the controversy over why Johnny can't read. Textbook publishers and some educators and parents had realized that one trouble was that Johnny's reader wasn't readable. Most creators of children's primers, though experts in form, failed miserably as storytellers. What was required, the publishers knew, was the kind of story that would lead a child from page to page with suspense and delight. Yet most writers were unwilling to accept the severe vocabulary limitations required for a first-grade reader.

Into the impasse stepped Geisel. He offered his services to one of the nation's leading textbook publishers and was assigned to prepare a book that six-year-olds could read themselves. Unfortunately, the situation soon got out of hand.

"All I needed, I figured, was to find a whale of an exciting subject which would make the average six-year-old want to read like crazy," says Geisel. "None of the old dull stuff: Dick has a ball. Dick likes the ball. The ball is red, red, red, red."

His first offer to the publisher was to do a book about scaling the peaks of Everest at sixty degrees below zero.

"Truly exciting," the publisher agreed. "However, you can't use the word 'scaling,' you can't use the word 'peaks,' you can't use 'Everest,' you can't use 'sixty' and you can't use 'degrees.'"

Geisel shortly found himself with a list of 348 words, most of them one-syllable words, which the average six-year-old could recognize—and not a Yuzz-A-Ma-Tuzz or Salamagoox among them. To one who was used to making up new words at will, it was a catastrophe. And yet the publisher had said, "Create a rollicking carefree story packed with action and tingling with suspense."

Six months after accepting the assignment, Geisel was still staring at the word list, trying to find some words besides "ball" and "tall" that rhymed. The list had a "daddy," but it didn't have a "caddy." It had a "thank," but it had no "blank," "frank" or "stank." Page after page of scrawls was piled in his den. He had accumulated stories which moved along in fine style but got nowhere. One story about a King Cat and a Queen Cat was half finished before he realized that the word "queen" was not on the list.

One night, when he was almost ready to give up, there emerged from a jumble of sketches a raffish cat wearing a battered stovepipe hat. Geisel checked his list—both hat and cat were on it. Gradually he worked himself out of one literary dead end after another until he had completed his children's reader.

The Cat in the Hat was published last spring by Houghton Mifflin as a supplementary school text for first graders, and in a popular edition by Random House. It already has been greeted enthusiastically by parents and educators. The story line concerns fanciful adventures occurring when a vagrant cat drops in to play with two small children while their mother is out. The verse, composed from only 220 different basic words, has a delightful meter and builds repetitions through devices such as the cat adding object after object to a juggling act. And the drawings, of course, are pure Seuss.

Although the principal character of The Cat in the Hat turns out all right in the end, he is not quite in keeping with most Seuss animals, which are usually gentle, loving and true blue. Horton, for instance, is a long-suffering elephant that sits on the egg of Mayzie the Lazy Bird through twelve trouble-filled months. And Thidwick is a moss-munching moose that is victimized by an inconsiderate assortment of free-loading friends nesting in his antlers.

"Ted's animals are the sort you'd like to take home to meet the family," says Helen. "They have their own world and their own problems and they seem very logical to me."

Ted first met Helen Palmer in 1925, at Oxford. Young Geisel was studying English literature, seeking a doctor's degree, so that he could qualify for the faculty at Dartmouth, his alma mater. In one of his classes, he found himself sitting next to an attractive young schoolmarm-to-be who kept admiring the flying horses he doodled in the margin of his notebook.

"I was naturally flattered," says Geisel, "and in a short time the horses were taking up the middle of my notebook, and my Shakespeare notes—such as they were—were in the margins."

Within a year Helen Palmer and Theodor Geisel were engaged. Aware that Ted loved drawing better than studying Shakespeare, Helen encouraged him to forsake temporarily his scholarship quest. In the spring of 1927, Geisel returned to his family home in Springfield, Massachusetts. For ten weeks he drew cats, elephants, bears and rejection slips. His family was not especially pleased that their son had junked a promising career as an educator in favor of concocting knock-kneed brown bears. On the other hand, Theodor Geisel, Sr., felt partly responsible. After all, as commissioner of parks in Springfield, he had long had a doting interest in the city zoo, where young Ted had often entered the lion cages, and had played with the kangaroos and cub bears.

Toward the end of the trial period Geisel's artistic talents finally were recognized when The Saturday Evening Post bought a cartoon for twenty-five dollars. Geisel moved to New York, sold a page of eggnog-drinking turtles to Judge, a humor magazine, and parlayed the fee into a grubstake for marriage.

It was not as Theodor Geisel that he first broke into print. Desiring to save his name for the great serious work he planned someday to write, he adopted aliases such as Quincy Quilp, Dr. Xavier Ruppzknoff and Dr. Theophrastus Seuss. He finally settled on just plain Dr. Seuss.

It was an early Dr. Seuss cartoon published by Judge late in 1927 which abruptly changed his life. The cartoon showed a knight in bed, with armor strewn about the castle room and a dragon sticking his snout under the covers. It bore the caption, "By gosh, another dragon! And just after I'd sprayed the whole castle with Flit."

The cartoon caught the eye of Mrs. Lincoln Cleaves, wife of a McCann-Erickson advertising executive who handled the Flit account for Standard Oil Company of New Jersey. For three weeks Mrs. Cleaves badgered her husband to contact this Dr. Seuss, whoever he was. Finally weakening, Cleaves agreed. Geisel was signed to a contract, and he quickly created the slogan Quick, Henry, the Flit.

A major crisis arose early in the campaign. Some company officials felt the Seuss bugs looked so sweet and lovable that no one would want to use Flit to kill them. Geisel finally convinced the executives that this was just part of a scheme to overcome women's natural reluctance to think about bugs. "Quick, Henry, the Flit" became a standard line of repartee in radio jokes. A song was based on it. The phrase became a part of the American vernacular for use in emergencies. It was the first major advertising campaign to be based on humorous cartoons.

"This it?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

But Geisel had to find additional outlets for the stream of his invention. For several years he built up his own fleet, the "Seuss Navy," as a promotion for Standard Oil's Essomarine products. He awarded honorary admirals' commissions in the Seuss Navy to noted yachtsmen, steamship-line captains and naval officers, and presided over a yearly banquet for the group. The Seuss admirals even flew their own burgee—a plucked herring on blue field with red trim.

As an added outlet for his fancies, Geisel dreamed up devices to make a fortune. One scheme was for an "Infantagraph." It was just before the opening of the New York World's Fair, when everyone was thinking of ways to make money from the out-of-towners who would swarm out to Flushing meadows. Musing over these vistas of dollar bills, Geisel envisioned a booth on the midway with a huge sign: IF YOU WERE TO MARRY THE PERSON YOU ARE WITH, WHAT WOULD YOUR CHILDREN LOOK LIKE? COME IN AND HAVE YOUR INFANTAGRAPH TAKEN. Certainly this come-on should bring couples into the booth in droves. There they would be photographed, and out would come a composite picture of their features on a naked baby sprawled on a white bearskin rug.

All that was necessary was to devise a camera which could do the trick. Geisel acquired financing and brought a German camera technician to New York from Hollywood. A camera was built. Tests showed that the project was feasible. However, there were many problems, especially in preventing a mustache from coming through on the baby's picture. They couldn't perfect the camera while the fair was on, and the enterprise terminated when the war prevented importation of special lenses from Germany.

"It was a wonderful idea," Geisel says. "Somehow, though, all the babies tended to look like William Randolph Hearst."

Yet out of the restlessness of the Flit days, there came a rewarding by-product. Trying to while away the hours on a long, rough Atlantic crossing in 1937, Ted began composing verses to the rhythm of the Kungsholm's pulsing engines. "Ta-da-da-ta-da-da-ta-da-da-ta-da," went the engines. "And that is the story that no one can beat," wrote Geisel. "Ta-da-da-ta-da-da-ta-da-da-ta-da," went the ship. "If I say that I saw it on Mulberry Street."

"My contract had nothing to prohibit my writing children's books," says Geisel. "When we docked in New York, instead of going to a psychiatrist to get that crazy rhythm out of my head, I decided to illustrate the verses for a children's book." After turndowns from several publishers, Geisel interested Marshall (Mike) McClintock, a Dartmouth classmate who was working for Vanguard Press. Vanguard decided to take a chance, and in 1937 published And To Think That I Saw it on Mulberry Street.

Mulberry Street, which relates how a little boy lets his imagination run loose while walking home from school, is today in its eleventh printing. It is still in demand at bookstores and libraries, although it must now compete with twelve other Seuss picture books.

Three of them—The 500 Hats of Bartholomew Cubbins, The King's Stilts, and Bartholomew and the Oobleck—are in prose and have sometimes been compared to the stories of Hans Christian Andersen. (*Continued on Page 46*)

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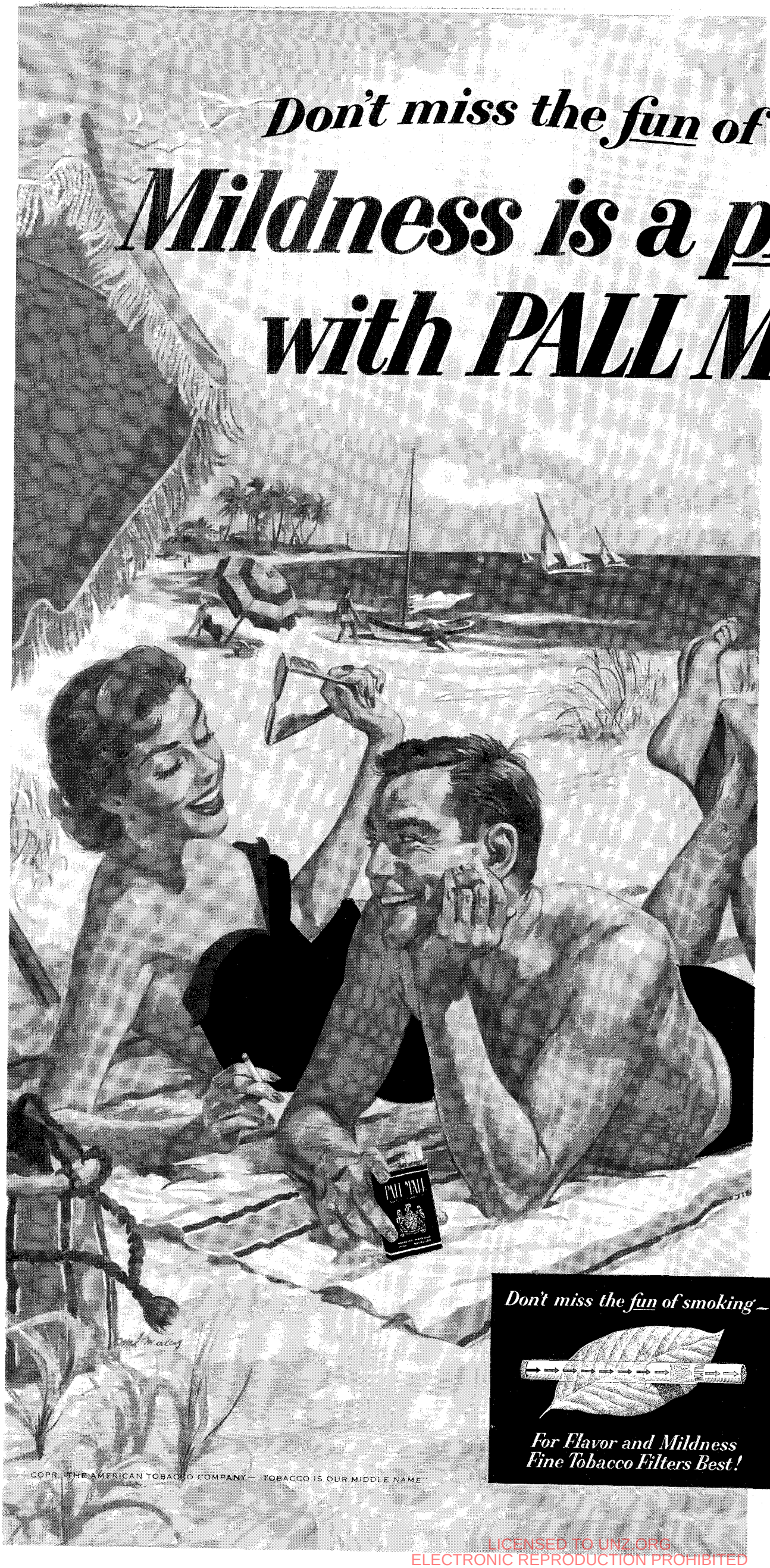
Don't miss the fun of smoking

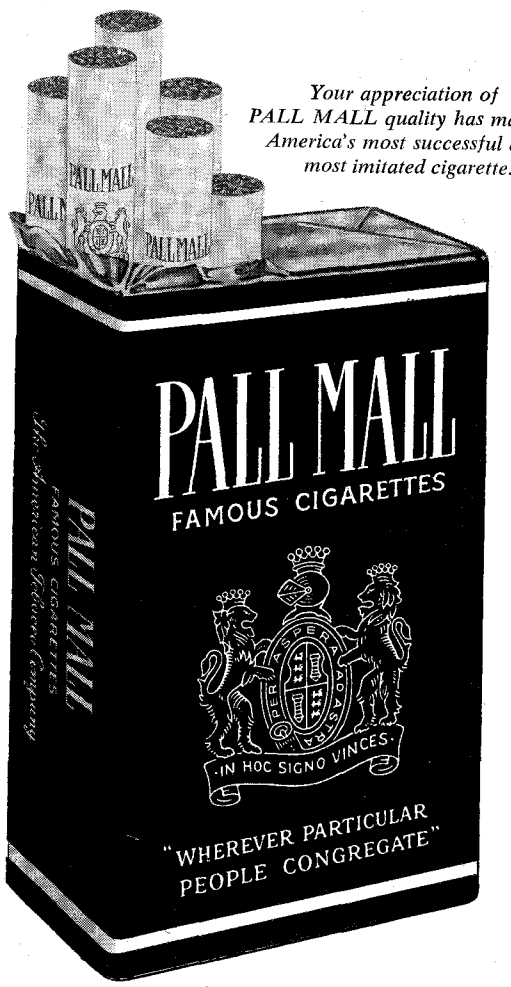
Mildness is a pleasure with PALL MALL


PALL MALL
Don't miss the fun of smoking—
For Flavor and Mildness
Fine Tobacco Filters Best!
COPR. THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY — "TOBACCO IS OUR MIDDLE NAME"

Pall Mall filters the smoke but never the fun of smoking

Mildness is a *pleasure* with PALL MALL because PALL MALL's greater length filters the *smoke*—but never the *fun* of smoking. You get every bit of the flavor that makes smoking a pleasure while PALL MALL's greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos travels the smoke further, filters the smoke and makes it mild. So don't miss the fun of smoking. Buy PALL MALL Famous Cigarettes in the distinguished red package today!

Your appreciation of PALL MALL quality has made it America's most successful and most imitated cigarette.



Outstanding

... and they are mild!

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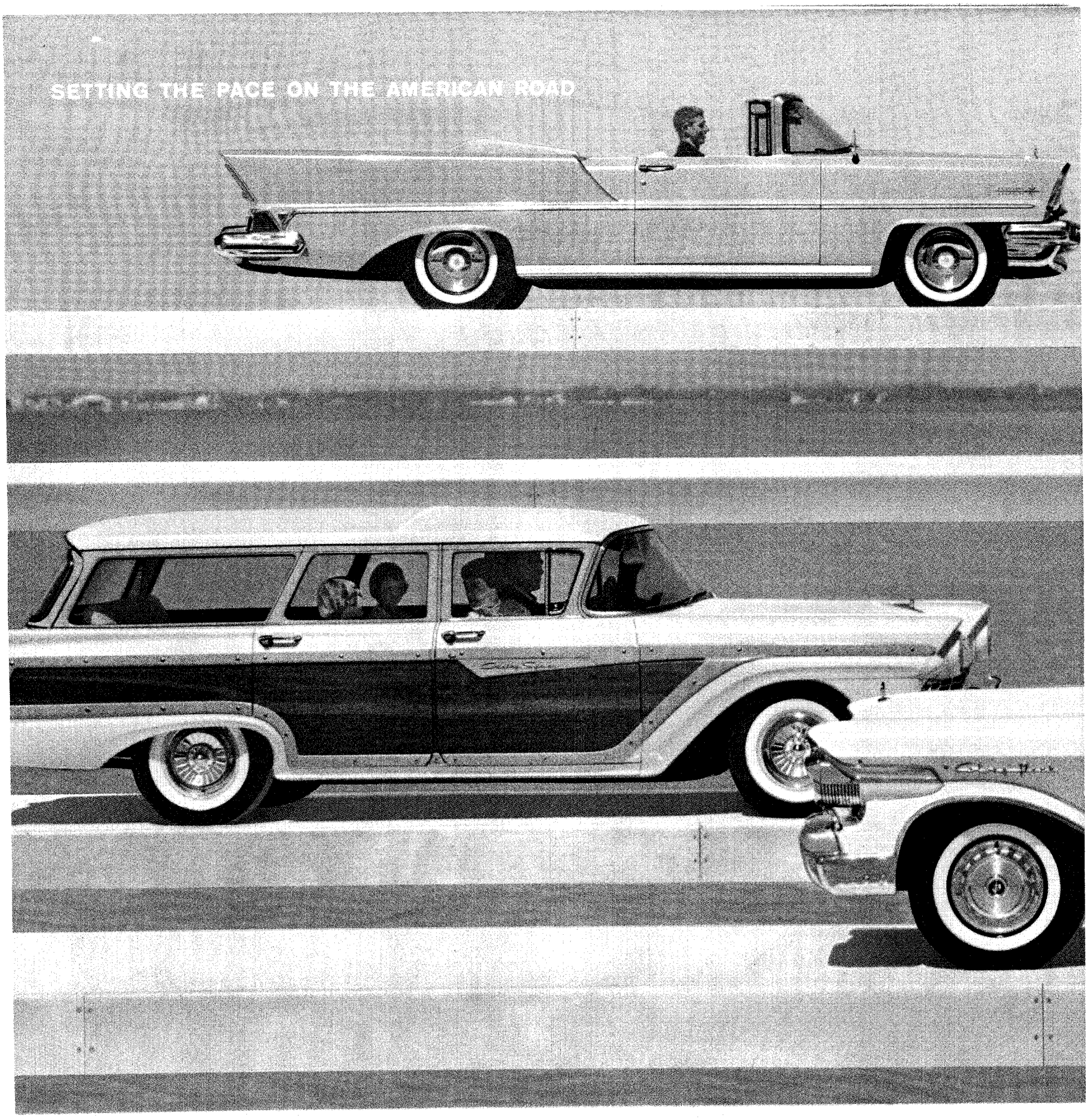

Every mile's a holiday

in the Ford Family of Fine Cars

Lincoln Premiere Convertible

Thunderbird

Ford 9-passenger Country Squire Station Wagon

Mercury 9-passenger Colony Park Station Wagon

FORD • THUNDERBIRD • MERCURY
LINCOLN • CONTINENTAL MARK II

- **Here's the best way to get away**
- **Your vacation starts in the driveway**
- **All the comforts of home**

You've loaded the last jam-packed suitcase, left a note for the milkman, and you're off. *Right now* is the start of your vacation . . . the moment you take the wheel. For these are the *fun* cars of the American Road, and just getting where you're going can be a vacation in itself.

We've learned about vacations by

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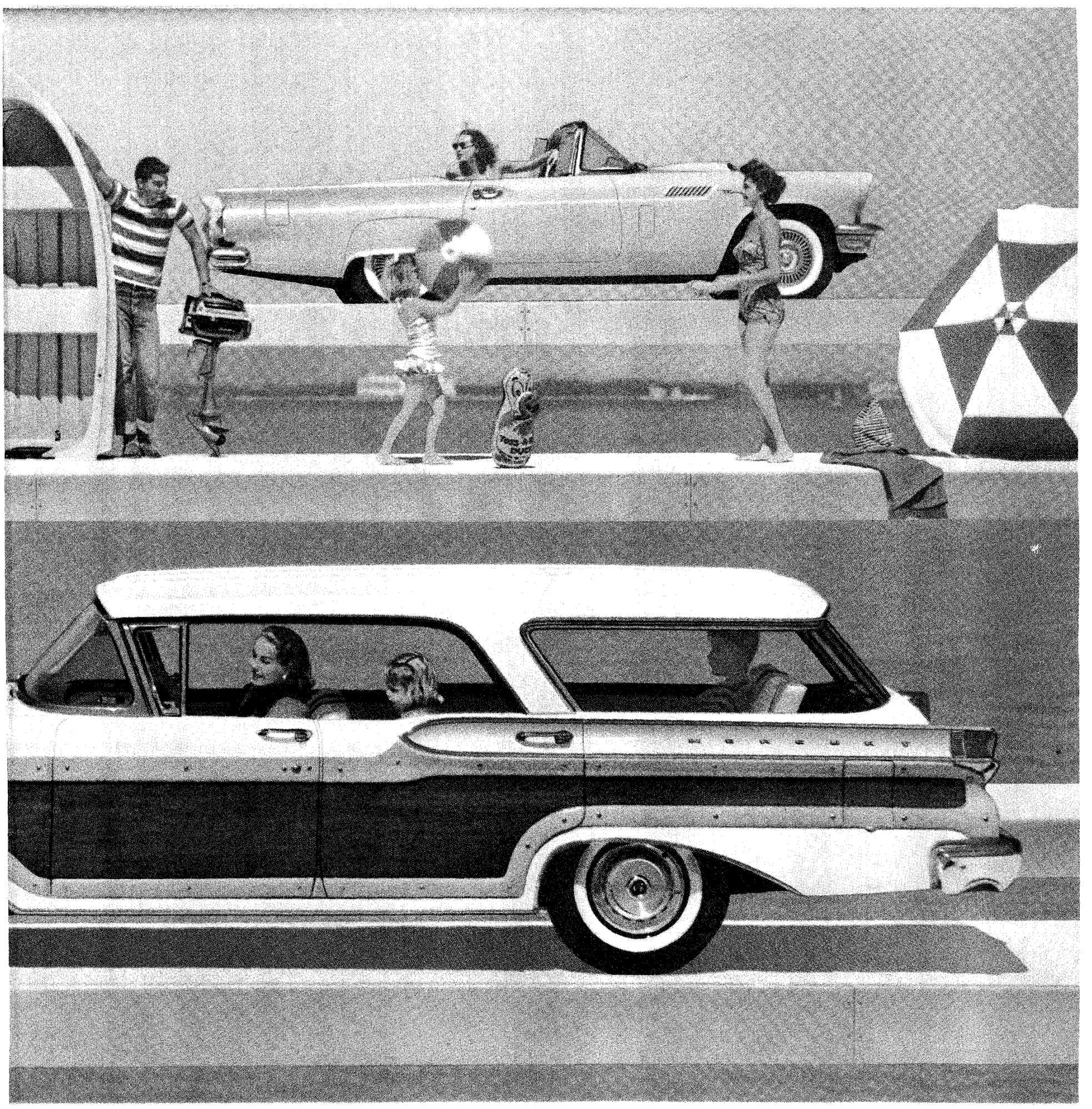
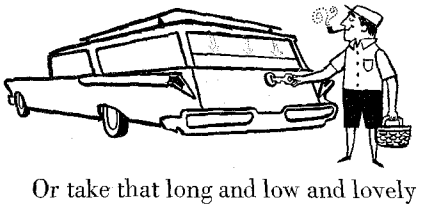


ing them ourselves, in our own rds, Thunderbirds, Mercurys, Lin- ns and the Continental. They call the young-minded ones in this omobile business . . . with 54 years experience behind us.

N ON THE RUN—Of course re are more reasons than we've m for here why every mile's a iday in the Ford Family of Fine s. Under the hoods, for example, re's horsepower. Lots of it. The d that makes you wonder what hap- ed to the hills you used to climb.

Then, to take the sway out of the curves and the jar out of the bumps, there's our new advanced kind of ball-joint suspension. And to let you take in the landscape, not just the road, notice our big ranch-house-type windows. In short, we know how to make the trip a pleasure—from front seats that adjust when you touch the button to huge oversized interiors with more *leg and headroom than you need.*

Like the Ford wagons, for instance —six- or nine-passengers big—the largest selling station wagons in the country. Or the Mercury's Big M wagon, with the window that disappears into the tail gate, giving you just one gate to open instead of two.



Or take that long and low and lovely Lincoln convertible. Or that jaunty Thunderbird. A drive around the block is almost a vacation in these fun-lovers.

VACATION GUIDE—By now you realize the best way to get away is in a Ford, Thunderbird, Mercury, Lincoln or Continental. We build our cars for people who are young at any age . . . who go places and do things and carry their fun with them. If it's *you* we're describing, you belong in one of the Ford Family of Fine Cars. Why not see your Ford, Mercury, Lincoln or Continental dealer soon?

FORD MOTOR COMPANY
THE AMERICAN ROAD, DEARBORN, MICH.

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(*Continued from Page 42*) In all his books, Dr. Seuss starts out with a premise so believably fantastic that what follows seems entirely logical. Thus, in On Beyond Zebra, once you admit that the alphabet can extend beyond "Z," it follows that the letter "Um" is for spelling Umbus:

"A sort of a cow, with one head and one tail,
But to milk this great cow you need more than one pail!
She has ninety-eight faucets that give milk quite nicely.
Perhaps ninety-nine. I forget just precisely.
And, boy! She is something most people don't see
Because most people stop at the Z
But not me!"

The all-time Seuss favorite is Horton Hatches the Egg, which in 1956 sold 15,000 copies, three times as many as when first published in 1940. Horton, a loyal, lovable elephant, gets conned by Mayzie the Lazy Bird into hatching her egg. Horton sits and sits and sits, though ridiculed by friends, frozen by cold, captured by hunters and finally sold to a circus. When Mayzie returns to claim the egg, just as it starts hatching, it seems that Horton's faithfulness will go unrewarded. But wait! Coming out of the egg and flying over to Horton is an Elephant-Bird, with ears and tail and a trunk just like his.

"And it should be, it should be, it SHOULD be like that!
Because Horton was faithful! He sat and he sat!
He meant what he said and he said what he meant
And they sent him home happy, one hundred per cent."

Soon after his first book had been published, the demands on a successful author brought Ted Geisel face to face with a long-standing dread of making public appearances. He was then living in New York and he casually agreed to speak at a young women's college in Westchester, thinking he had ample time to contrive an excuse to get out of it. Unfortunately he forgot the engagement until too late to break it. When Helen insisted that he live up to his agreement, he pleaded sudden illness to no avail. Finally he departed. A couple of hours later the school called to inquire what was keeping Mr. Geisel. Alarmed, Helen instituted a search. She called his publisher, his friends, then hospitals, but he was nowhere to be found. When Geisel finally returned home, it was discovered that instead of taking the train to Westchester he had hidden out all afternoon at Grand Central Station.

As happens sooner or later with most writers, Geisel has had hit-and-run encounters with Hollywood. During the war he was an officer with Frank Capra's educational-film unit and won the Legion of Merit for helping to produce and direct indoctrination films. Shortly after the war he teamed with Helen to write a screenplay about the rise of the war lords in Japan. The picture, Design for Death, won the 1947 Academy Award for the best feature-length documentary.

In 1951 Geisel created the character of Gerald McBoing-Boing. Young Gerald, whose first words were "boing, boing" instead of "da-da" or "ma-ma," was originally written for a phonograph record as a satire on parents who fear that slowness in learning to speak indicates a child is dimwitted. The movie cartoon of Geisel's story won an Academy Award for U.P.A.—United Productions of America—and for Gerald a place in the folklore of America.

In La Jolla, Ted Geisel, citizen, far outranks Dr. Seuss, artist and writer. In addition to his work on the town council and with the San Diego Fine Arts Gallery, he has a special interest. This is to protect La Jolla from Creeping Urbanization.

When Ted and Helen Geisel went to La Jolla in 1940, it was a quiet village mostly populated by the wealthy and retired. They bought an old tower on the highest hill and built a house around it. Then came the burgeoning growth of Southern California. Soon they found themselves in the landing path of jet planes, while the town below was invaded by big spenders. A pox of garish neon lights began to blight the community.

While he could not stop the tourist invasion or the jet planes, Geisel has been the prime mover in a campaign to ban commercial billboards and objectionable signs in La Jolla. He even enlisted Dr. Seuss to do an illustrated booklet. In it, two competitive cave men, Guss and Zaxx, engaged in a war to ballyhoo their products, Guss-ma-Tuss and Zaxx-ma-Taxx. Horrendous signs spring up all around, dwarfing their cave sites:

"And, thus between them, with impunity
They loused up the entire community.
Sign after sign, after sign, until
Their property values slumped to nil.
And even the dinosaurs moved away
From that messed-up spot in the U.S.A."

In their tower, the Geisels have a relatively quiet oasis. Their two-acre spot is screened by hundreds of flowering shrubs. Inside the house, all is in perfect order except the den, where Ted spends hours at his drawing board. He loves to draw, but hates to write, and sometimes will spend hours just drawing animals on large sheets of tracing paper. Many of his books, he confesses, have had their start by accident. Horton Hatches the Egg came about because Geisel inadvertently superimposed an elephant over the branches of a small tree he had drawn earlier. So he worked for days trying to figure how Horton could have got into the tree. Then Helen had to figure out how to get Horton down.

The process of turning out a Seuss book is definitely a family affair. "I keep losing my story line and Helen has to find it again," says Geisel. "She's a fiend for story line."

Once the basic idea is set, nearly every line is worked and reworked until both Ted and Helen are satisfied. Geisel's workroom is always littered with swatches of verses pinned to sketches or taped to a large plate-glass window overlooking the ocean.

All business affairs are run by Helen. Checkbooks confuse Ted, who prefers to count only in large round numbers. Helen also tries to protect Ted from visitors, although in this area she is not always successful. At the slightest provocation Geisel will halt his work and lead the visitor into the den, where he displays the sketches for his latest book and enthusiastically reads off the verses. There is little doubt that Ted Geisel is himself the first small child for whom he writes.

A few weeks ago the Geisel household was in one of its "deadline-time-again" emergencies. As usual, Dr. Seuss was in trouble because Geisel couldn't figure out an ending. He had started off with a wonderful idea—he would do a Christmas book. A bad old Grinch would try to stop Christmas from coming to Whoville. The suspense had built panel by panel as the little Whos got all their gifts and trees and fixings ready while the Grinch plotted his devilish mission. Then came the stumbling block. How could he end it without being maudlin?

"Helen, Helen, where are you?" Geisel shouted, emerging from his den into the living room. "How do you like this?" he said, dropping a sketch and verse in her lap.

Helen shook her head. Geisel's face dropped. "No," she said, "this isn't it. And besides, you've got the papa Who too big. Now he looks like a bug."

"Well, they are bugs," said Geisel defensively.

"They are not bugs," replied Helen. "Those Whos are just small people."

Geisel retreated to his den to fix the picture and try again with the verses. The dilemma was finally resolved, and How the Grinch Stole Christmas will be published this fall.

On occasion the mother of a young Dr. Seuss follower may wish that the author were less imaginative, especially if her eight-year-old has just ruined two dozen eggs while trying to make Scrambled Eggs Super-dee-Dooper. But most parents consider the Seuss books sure-fire bedtime stories and are pleased by the hidden gems of wisdom. In Horton Hears a Who, for instance, kind Horton protects the microcosmic inhabitants of a kingdom which exists on a dust speck—"For a person's a person, no matter how small." The Whos, about to be boiled in a Beezle-Nut stew because their voices cannot be heard by the outside world, are finally saved when a lone shirker adds his tiny "Yopp" to the united efforts of the citizenry.

"And that Yopp, that one small, extra Yopp put it over!
Finally, at last! From that speck on that clover
Their voices were heard! They rang out clear and clean.
And the elephant smiled. 'Do you see what I mean?'
They've proved they are persons, no matter how small.
And their whole world was saved by the smallest of all!"

"In our books there is usually a point, if you want to find it," says Geisel. "But we have discovered that the kids don't want to feel you are trying to push something down their throats. So when we have a moral, we try to tell it sideways."

Although the Geisels are childless, Ted long ago invented a daughter to vie with the progeny of their friends. Chrysanthemum-Pearl, to whom one of his books is lovingly dedicated, is a comfort to the Geisels, especially when the after-dinner conversation swings around to children and grandchildren. As might be expected, Chrysanthemum-Pearl is a precocious girl who has been able to "whip up the most delicious oyster stew with chocolate frosting and flaming Roman candles," or who can "carry 1000 stitches on one needle while making long red underdrawers for her Uncle Terwilliger."

Despite his label as a "children's author," Geisel refuses to write down to children. Because of this viewpoint, the Dr. Seuss books are enjoyed by the parents as well as the youngsters. And though contributors to the children's-book field are often snubbed by the literati, Geisel finally received his reward. One June day in 1955, he was called back to the Dartmouth College commencement exercises.

"Theodor Seuss Geisel, creator of fanciful beasts," the college president read from a scroll as Geisel walked to the front of the platform. "As author and artist you singlehandedly have stood as Saint George between a generation of parents and the demon dragon of exhausted children on a rainy day. You have stood these many years in the shadow of your learned friend, Dr. Seuss. But the time has come when the good doctor would want you to walk by his side as a full equal. Dartmouth therefore confers on you her Doctorate of Humane Letters."

Occasionally these days Doctor Geisel runs into someone who slaps him on the back and says, "Geisel, with all your education, you should be able to do better. There must be someway you could crack the adult field."

Geisel raises an eyebrow, then smiles. "Write for adults?" he replies. "Why, they're just obsolete children."

THE END

The Best Family Outings start with
THERMOS®
INSULATED
OUTING JUGS
and ICE CHESTS
At home or away, THERMOS® jugs and chests are the center of attraction . . . and use . . . at any party or outing. Finished in handsome, two-toned green baked enamel, their extra-thick insulation provides maximum temperature retention. Jugs in one-gallon, two-gallon and five-quart sizes. Chests from 16 to 28-inch lengths. Styles and prices to suit every taste and purse.
To complete the family picnic, take a THERMOS® OUTING KIT
There are many brands of vacuum and insulated ware . . . the best known and most used bear the name
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NORWICH, CONN.
Canadian Thermos Products, Ltd., Toronto
Thermos (1925) Ltd., London

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Unspoken Love (Continued from Page 24)

Village, don't mention the word "legend" or you'll have an argument on your hands.

Queen Lily, who is a sharp eighty-two years of age, says the word "legend" implies the apocryphal, and there's nothing apocryphal about the artful plots of these talented ghosts. She insists that if you tarry regularly under the hangman's tree you might well become their protagonist and find yourself living out the story they have fashioned for you.

Her many stories told to prove her contention always amused me. That is, they amused me until last summer. For it was then that I, a retired police inspector, became slightly involved in one of these stories and began to wonder if my old and venerable friend didn't really have something.

With his duffel slung over his shoulder, John Brownlee, a solemn young seaman of twenty-four, left the freighter and walked a few blocks down the water front to a small moldering hotel which one of his shipmates had recommended as being fairly clean and inexpensive.

The hotel was near West 13th Street, on the southern edge of the Chelsea district and the northern edge of Greenwich Village. He rented a room, threw the duffel into a corner, sat upon the narrow iron bed and lit a cigarette.

It was a buoyant summer day, rather late in June. But as John sat there, smoking his cigarette and staring out the single prisonlike window, he could see little that was buoyant and less that reminded him of June. All he could see was the *dingy façades of warehouses and pier* fronts. His spirits were low, as they had been for the past year. In fact, the captain of the freighter knew that he was suffering from melancholia, a disease that might become dangerous. "Snap out of it," the skipper had said. "You're young. Forget the past. Grab hold of life and make it sing for you. You'll have two days ashore. Live it up! Go up to Times Square with the rest of the crew. Get yourself a girl. Get drunk. When you come back, I'll expect a new man."

John left the hotel and aimlessly wandered toward the south. Then, for no conscious reason, he found himself turning to the left and heading east. Presently, in the distance, he could see a cluster of tall trees. He walked toward them with a slight spark of interest. Trees were luxuries that he, as a seaman, had too long been denied.

He entered the park, soon found a vacant bench and sat down. His eyes, slowly and abstractedly, looked around at the people. Never, he thought, had he seen such a heterogeneous group. All ages, all colors, all classes. And over this scene there hung a strange quietude, as though nature in some way had soundproofed the whole area. Even the children cavorting in the segregated play pens seemed noiseless, like characters in a silent movie.

Several minutes passed before his eyes were drawn to a young girl sitting on a bench across the wide path. She was fairly small and was wearing a flary yellow skirt with small sandals beneath it and a simple white blouse above it. Her hair was honey blond, rather short and wind-blown. There was something about her—not so much her appearance as a

Line Post West

By E. V. Griffith

Today we set this post to point
the line
Which marks our western
boundaries and divides
Your root-pocked, rock-strewn
acreage from mine.
We stand here silent on our
separate sides,
Each man on his own earth,
and taking turns
At swinging down the post
maul in great whacks
To drive the marker straight,
while fierce sun burns
Our naked shoulders and our
muscled backs.

Today we set this line post
which affirms
What's yours and what is mine,
but, as we tussle
With earth while bringing our
two farms to terms,
Through coming months of
sweat and straining muscle,
Busy though we may be with
our arduous labors,
Let us find time and heart to
be good neighbors.

MISTER, THESE SHINGLES WON'T BLOW OFF

THE NEW BIRD WIND SEAL AUTOMATICALLY CEMENTS ITSELF DOWN TO STAY DOWN

BIRD for Roofs

THE BEST YOU CAN OWN

Watch BIRD on the GARRY MOORE show, alternate Mondays, 10:15 EDT on the CBS-TV network.

Even hurricanes won't whip it loose. Vicious wind-lashed rains run *off*, not *in*. 16 dots of powerful cement on every shingle (see picture) go into sticking action with the sun's heat. This holds it down in a grip that won't let go . . . the whole roof's stuck down tight. No more storm damage — no loosened plaster, stained ceilings, ruined furnishings. And no replacing of blown-off shingles, with the Bird Wind Seal. Man, you're roofing your house for keeps, this time!

Extra, extra, read all about it! Get your free folder "Spot-welded By The Sun", technical but clear. Write Bird & Son, inc., Dept. S-7, East Walpole, Mass.

BIRD & SON inc Established 1795

BIRD & SON, INC., MAKERS OF QUALITY PRODUCTS SINCE 1795 . . . LINOLEUM, VINYL FLOOR COVERINGS, VINYL WALL & COUNTER COVERINGS; ASPHALT ROOFINGS, INSULATING SIDINGS, FIBRE & PAPER BOXES, HORTICULTURAL PRODUCTS, RAILROAD TIE PADS EAST WALPOLE, MASS., CHICAGO, ILL.; SHREVEPORT, LA.; CHARLESTON, S. C.

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certain aura—that brought to his mind another young girl he had once known.

Upon her lap lay a pad of copy paper and at the moment she seemed to be painstakingly writing upon it. John kept watching her, strangely fascinated. Presently she lifted her eyes from the pad and he found that they were gazing directly into his. They were large, innocent blue eyes—like those of an inquiring cherub. Almost immediately they again dropped to the copy pad. She remained like that, with her head down, but she did not resume her writing.

Suddenly John was surprised to find that he had risen from the bench, had walked across the wide path, and was standing before her. He stood there awkwardly and silently. Several seconds passed. She, with her head still lowered, seemed lost in thought. But finally, apparently sensing his presence, she trembled a little and with a startled expression looked up into his face.

"Pardon me," he said, "but I'm new here. Just shipped in about an hour ago. My first trip to New York. I was wondering if you'd let me sit down for a while."

She did not reply and the expression which came upon her face baffled him. It seemed to express a combination of embarrassment and disappointment. Then she smiled—a small, polite smile—hurriedly picked up her copy pad, rose from the bench and quickly walked down the wide path and out of the park.

John's forehead wrinkled in a perplexed frown as he watched her go. Then he sat upon the bench and his eyes fell upon a sheet of paper lying at his feet. He picked it up. It was a penciled sheet that had dropped from the girl's copy pad. At the top of the page, as a title, she had written, "The Wayfarer." And underneath that, "By Marie Renault."

He seems forlorn and lonely,
The lad across from me.
He seems forlorn and lonely
Under the hangman's tree.

His hair is dark, his eyes are dark,
But I'm sure his soul is not.
'Tis plain to see he's from the sea.
What brought him to this spot?

Often I've wondered where is the lad
Who someday might be mine.
Will he come by land? Will he come by sea?
What's the celestial pattern? What's the cosmic design?

He appears to be in trouble,
This lad across the way,
I'd like to be of help to him
But ——

That was the end of the girl's writing. Over and over, John read the abortive poem before he folded the sheet and carefully placed it in the pocket of his pea jacket. Then he walked out to the street in which the girl had disappeared.

The sign on the small bistro said RICARDO ROSSANO. John went in and ordered a glass of beer.

"That park ——" he said to the proprietor. "That park with the big stone arch. What's it called?"

"Washington Square," said Ricardo Rossano. "Every afternoon I go there to play chess."

"There's a young girl," John said. "Her name is Marie Renault. I met her there this afternoon. Do you know her?"

Ricardo Rossano, an elderly man with a strong Italian accent, looked at him closely. "Yes, I know her," he said. "What you want?"

"I want her address," John said.

The old man looked pained and angry. "You are a seaman, no?"

"Yes," said John.

"Please go," Ricardo said. "Go to Times Square. There you will find plenty girls. The subway will have you there in three minutes."

"You got me wrong," John said. "She lost something. I found it. I want to mail it to her."

Ricardo Rossano looked at him suspiciously. "Give it to me. I will see that she gets it."

"O.K.," John said. "Got an envelope?"

The envelope was produced. John inserted the sheet, sealed it and then scribbled on the envelope: "For Marie Renault—my favorite poet. From 'The Wayfarer.'"

As he handed it to Ricardo Rossano, he said, "What's so precious about this girl?"

Ricardo glowered. "You say you met her this afternoon."

"Well, not exactly," John said. "I tried to meet her, but she gave me the brush. Wouldn't speak to me."

Ricardo's face cleared. "Oh, then—then you do not understand?"

"Understand what?"

Ricardo stuck the index finger of each hand into his ears and slowly shook his head. Then he placed one of the fingers against his lips and again shook his head. "She cannot hear," he said, "and she cannot speak."

Three months passed before the freighter again dropped anchor in New York and John rented a room in the same small hotel. He fished into his duffel and extracted a carefully wrapped package. Then he headed for Washington Square.

He traversed all of the paths, but there was no sign of her. Hours passed. He searched through the neighboring streets. Two o'clock arrived and he remembered that that was about the time he had first seen her. He walked to a bench under the hangman's tree and sat down, nervously fingering the package.

Presently he felt her presence. She had come in from behind him and passed so closely he could have touched her. She sat upon the bench across the way. This time she was wearing a sort of figured gypsy skirt—and again she carried a copy pad. She was barely seated when her eyes met his. She stared for a moment. She seemed startled. Then she smiled—a beautiful welcoming smile.

Quickly he walked over, unwrapped the package, and presented her with a hand-tooled leather writing portfolio with filigreed solid-gold hinges and a gold pencil attached. He had bought it weeks before in Trinidad.

She gazed at the exquisite gift for a long moment, then opened it and unhooked the gold pencil. Carefully, upon the delicate blue-tinted foolscap, she wrote a note and handed the portfolio back to him. The note read: "Please sit down and tell me why you have been so kind."

John lowered himself to the bench. "Did you get my post cards?" he wrote. "I sent them in care of Ricardo Rossano. He wouldn't give me your address."

"Yes," she wrote. "And they were beautiful. And from so many places. New Orleans, Rio, Montevideo. I'm sorry I ran away from you last June. Please forgive me. And please forgive Ricardo too. He was doing only what he thought best. Why did you bring me this present?"

The portfolio continued to change hands.

"Because you wrote a poem about me," he scribbled. "How old are you and where do you live?"

"Eighteen," was the answer. "And I live on Christopher Street. I work for Queen Lily and live in her house."

"Who is Queen Lily?"

"Everyone knows Queen Lily. Her tavern has been here for ages. Nearly fifty years. Don't you know the Village?"

"Just this square and a few nearby streets," he wrote. "Will you show me around?"

"Maybe it would bore you."

"I'm sure it wouldn't—and it's a beautiful day. Please."

She looked at his last note and smiled. Then she wrote, "You won't have to write any more. If you speak carefully I can read your lips."

John didn't reply to this for a long and thoughtful moment. Finally he returned her smile, closed the portfolio and rose from the bench. "And I can read yours too," he said.

She stared at him in amazement. Then her lips formed the question, "But you are not ——"

"No," he said.

"Then why—why did you learn?"

"Please don't ask me now," he said. "Come. Show me the Village."

A distant tower clock was striking five when they returned to the bench under the hangman's tree. Marie had confined their tour to the old houses and sites, some now decrepit, where authors had composed works that had made literary history. James Fenimore Cooper, Edgar Allan Poe, John Dos Passos, Theodore Dreiser, Bret Harte, Washington Irving, Henry James, Sinclair Lewis, John Masefield, Herman Melville, Eugene O'Neill, Robert Louis Stevenson, Mark Twain, Walt Whitman, O. Henry, Willa Cather, Gelett Burgess, Frank Norris, Alan Seeger, and last, but not the least in Marie's eyes, the narrowest house in all New York, only nine and a half feet wide. It was in this strange little abode on Bedford Street that Edna St. Vincent Millay had fashioned some of her most poignant and deathless poems.

"Are you tired?" her lips said. "Did I wear you out?"

"Of course not," he said. "Will you have dinner with me?"

"I must go to work now. I work from six until ten o'clock."

"Could I meet you then—at ten o'clock?"

"Oh, no. Queen Lily wouldn't allow it. She watches over me like a mother hen. And I'm very grateful to her. I owe her a lot."

"Why do you owe her a lot?"

"She took me in when I came down from the orphanage."

"Why did she take you in?"

"All her life she's been helping hopeful young writers, and when I came to her last spring I told her of my dreams. I wanted to become a writer—maybe a poet like Edna St. Vincent Millay. She gave me a job and a room in her house, rent free. She filled the room with books—all kinds of books—even a dictionary and a thesaurus."

"What do you do?" he asked. "What's your job?"

"I'm the salad girl. I make all the salads. And I'm very good at it. Really I am."

Her warm, unspoiled smile made John want to take her in his arms. "Do you come here every afternoon?" he said.

"Yes, when the weather is nice." A slight twinkle came into her eyes. "I come here to commune with the ghosts. The ghosts of great writers. Queen Lily told me I should always sit under the hangman's tree because this is their favorite rendezvous, and they might take a liking to me."

"What would happen then?" John asked.

"Then, Queen Lily says, they would fashion a story around me. Perhaps a love story."

He smiled. "Will you let me meet you here tomorrow?"

She seemed to hesitate for a moment. "Yes," her lips said. "And I won't be so selfish."

"Selfish?"

She rose from the bench. "I'll show you other places. We'll forget novelists and playwrights and poets. There are many other interesting places."

"I'll take you to Queen Lily's," he said, as he stood beside her.

Her eyes turned serious. "Please, no. Queen Lily wouldn't like it."

"But I've found you now, and I don't want to lose you."

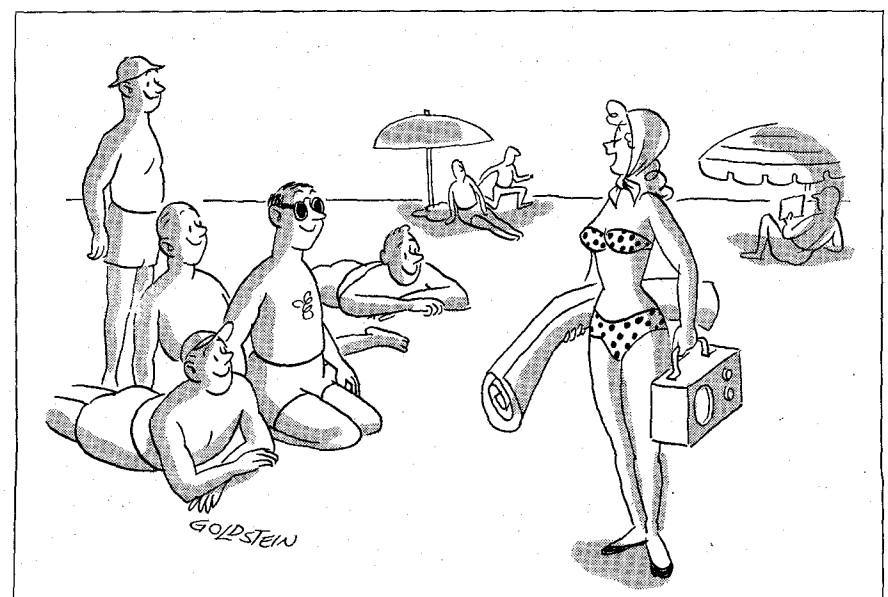
She smiled. "I'll be sitting here tomorrow at two o'clock—and it would be very nice if you were here too."

Then she offered him her hand. He took it, raised it to his lips and kissed it.

One corner of her mouth turned upward in a shy, self-conscious smile. "You are very kind," her lips said.

It was an exquisite afternoon, with startlingly blue skies, a caressing temperature and winelike air.

Again they strolled the crooked little paths of Bohemia. Crazy little streets that sometimes can't seem to make up their minds. Marie could offer no explanation when (*Continued on Page 50*)



"Well, good-by. You've been a wonderful audience."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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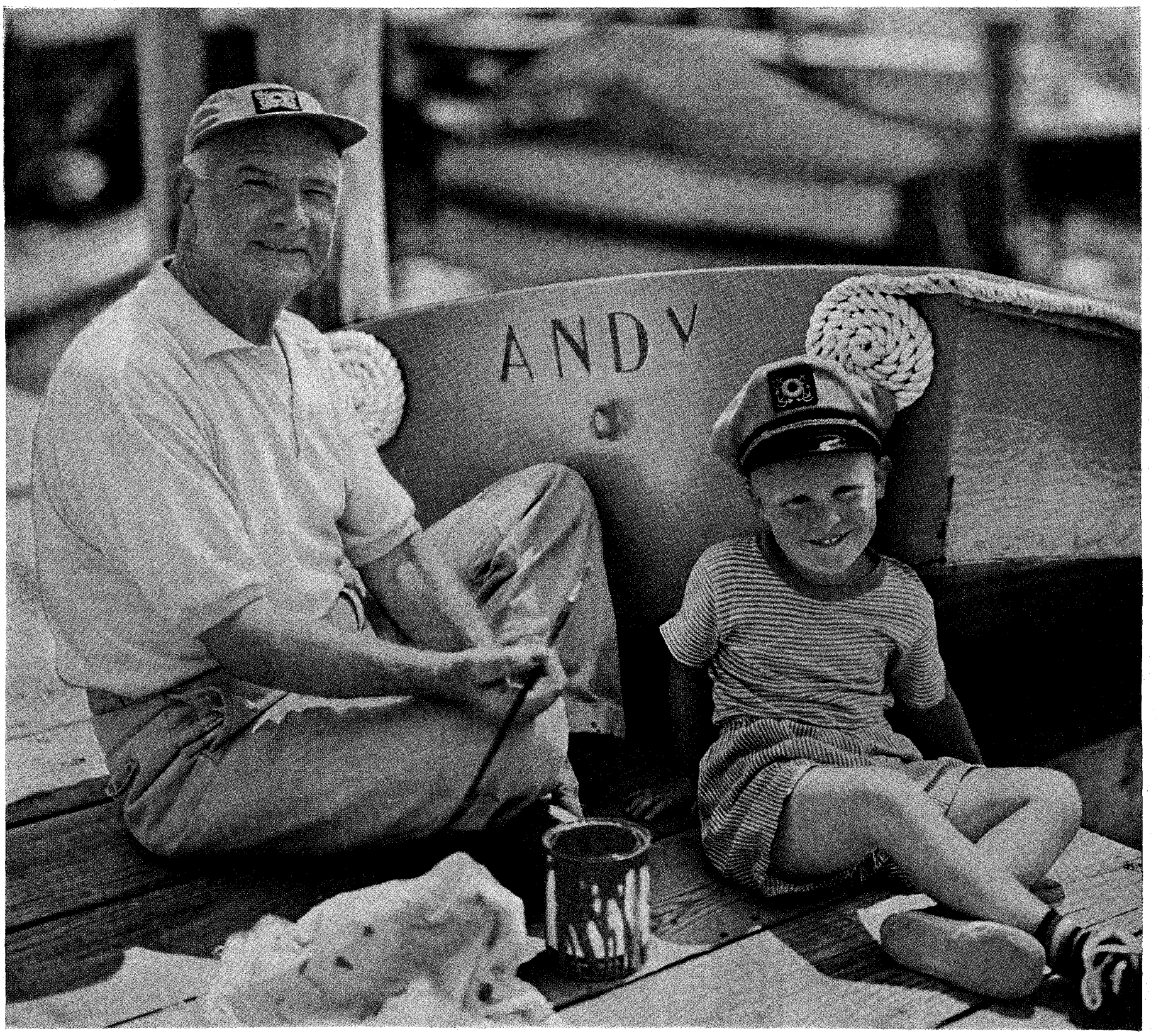

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(*Continued from Page 48*) John asked how come West 4th Street crossed West 11th Street at right angles, and why the street sign said Waverly Place and on the same post another sign, pointed in the opposite direction, also said Waverly Place. That was the way it was in the Village, and no one seemed to care.

Shortly after they had begun their stroll, Marie had rather formally placed her arm in his. John couldn't remember ever knowing a girl who did that. It felt good. It felt warm. It felt wonderfully possessive and wifely.

They visited MacDougal Alley, Washington Mews, tiny Patchin Place, the stunted little street called Gay, with its huddled small houses and Dickensian atmosphere, the house where Tom Paine died, the ancient churches with their precious paintings and murals, the hidden courtyards where people live in unbelievable seclusion, the while she supplied him with brief histories and connecting anecdotes which he had never before heard or read.

They inspected the exotic wares of the pushcart peddlers on Bleecker Street. And but a stone's throw away the elegant, limousine-attended apartments of lower Fifth Avenue.

Returning toward the square, they found themselves in the midst of the free-for-all outdoor art exhibit. For blocks and blocks around the square, on building walls and fences, were hung the masterpieces of budding Rembrandts and Cézannes.

Back under the hangman's tree, comfortably fatigued, they leaned back on the bench and relaxed. He placed his arm around her waist. She let her head rest upon his shoulder.

John wondered if ever before there had existed a couple so thoroughly attuned to each other after such short acquaintance. He felt that he had always known her, and he was sure that she felt the same way.

And yet, as they sat there, physically and psychically so close together, his thoughts were disturbed and mixed, like those of a manic-depressive. His joy in finding her, his joy in just being with her, was great and clear. But the thought of having to leave her ——

She stirred a little; then raised her head from his shoulder and looked into his face. "I must go now," her lips said. "I must go to my work."

"Let me meet you tonight at ten," he said.

"But I can't. Queen Lily—I haven't told her about you. I know that seems foolish. But I was afraid to tell her."

"Why?" he asked.

"She worries about me."

"You mean she doesn't want you to be with boys?"

"Not with strangers. She has often warned me."

There was a long silence as they looked into each other's eyes.

"I'm leaving tonight," he said. "I must be aboard by midnight. We sail at dawn."

For a moment she appeared stunned. Her body seemed frozen and rigid. Slowly a mist clouded her eyes, and her lips began to quiver slightly. "Will you come back, ever?"

"Not for a long time," he said. "At least three months."

She threw her arms around him and clung to him. Her cheek was pressed against his chest, and he could feel her trembling.

His thoughts became wild and kaleidoscopic: The devil with sailing in the morning. The devil with the ship. He'd violate his promise. . . . But no; that wouldn't do. The captain had befriended him. The captain was a regular guy. The captain trusted him.

Finally she raised her head and looked into his eyes. "Will you wait here?" her lips said. "I'll run to Queen Lily and ask if you may call for me at ten o'clock. I'll be back in only a few minutes."

Nervously pacing, John had lighted and discarded several cigarettes when at last he saw her hurrying toward him. "What did she say?" he asked anxiously.

"She wants to meet you."

"Was she angry?"

"I don't know. She just stared at me. Then she said, 'Tell that young man I want to meet him.'"

"When?"

"About nine o'clock. After the dinner rush. Just walk in and ask for her. I must run now. I love you, I love you, I love you."

Queen Lily's tavern occupied the first floor of an ancient brownstone house. There were about twenty tables, each draped with a simple red-and-white-checked cloth. In the rear stood a small bar with plain, unupholstered stools. Its first impress might have been that of a cheap, ordinary, almost peasantlike Old World bistro, but the autographed photographs hanging about the walls soon dispelled any such illusion. For here were the pictures and written salutations of hundreds of celebrities from all sections of the earth—novelists, actors, explorers, artists, playwrights, sculptors—a galaxy perhaps unmatched under any one roof. "My children," Queen Lily always called them.

John was sitting at a small table beside one of the walls. As he looked around at the patrons he noticed the woman who was obviously Queen Lily. She was holding court at a table near the bar. She seemed straight and strong and assertive. Her gray hair was done in a high pompadour style and carried a large ornamented comb. She was wearing a striking dinner gown and from her ears and arms dangled elaborate jewelry.

John watched her until his food was served. He was just finishing it when, from above him, he heard a sharp and authoritative voice, "Would you happen to be John Brownlee?"

He looked up. It was Queen Lily. "Yes," he said. "I'm John Brownlee."

She sat down opposite him. "So you're the one Marie was telling me about. When did you come in? I didn't expect you till nine. You came early."

"I guess I just got hungry," John said.

"You've been sending her post cards and I understand you brought her a gift."

"That's right," John said.

"And you spent this afternoon with her and yesterday afternoon with her, without my knowledge."

John could feel her powerful hostility and contempt. He almost wilted under her long, steady glare. "I can understand a sailor wanting a girl in every port," she said disdainfully, "but I can't understand one low enough to pick on a lovely child like Marie. Now this is all I want to say: Get out! Get out and don't ever come near that child again! Don't bother paying the check! Just get out!"

John didn't move. He looked defiantly into her eyes. "I'm sorry," he said. "I'm in love with Marie—and I think she's in love with me."

"Don't give me that!" Queen Lily almost shouted, as she beckoned to a man sitting several tables away.

I was that man, and it was then that I got into the story. Though I had retired as police inspector several years before, Queen Lily, perhaps through habit, continued to phone me whenever she had anything resembling trouble on her hands.

I moved over to the table and sat down.

"This," she said to John, "is Police Inspector William Cavanaugh. If you're not out of here in one minute, you'll be in trouble."

John looked me in the eyes. He was a fine-looking lad and my experience told me that here was something far more solid than just a young sailor out for a good time. I became curious.

"How old are you, John?" I asked.

"Twenty-four," he said.

"Where are you from?"

"The freighter Molly-Ann."

"No, I don't mean that. Where are you from originally—your home town?"

"Boston," he said.

"How long have you been a seaman?"

"Nine months."

"You don't have to answer these questions," I said. "If you prefer, you can just leave quietly. But you look like a pretty right guy and I'm sure you can understand why Queen Lily is concerned about Marie."

"Yes," he said slowly. "I understand. Believe me, I understand."

"How did you happen to become a seaman?"

"A doctor up in Boston recommended it. He said I was suffering from melancholia. Do you know what melancholia is?"

"Vaguely," I said.

"It's something they haven't yet quite figured out," John said. "It's not just feeling sad and down in the mouth, like most everyone does now and then. This goes deeper. It's the kind of thing that makes a guy lose interest in everything—makes a guy numb and stupid—makes a guy think of doing away with himself. The doctor said I should get away from familiar scenes. He recommended that I go to sea and stay there for a while."

I waited for him to continue, but there was only silence as he gazed down at the checkered tablecloth.

"Well," I finally said, "you, of course, know what my next question is going to be."

"Yes," he said. "You're going to ask what caused my trouble. It was an accident. A smash-up. I was driving the car. My kid sister was sitting beside me. She was fifteen years old—a beautiful kid with the soul of an angel. Our parents were dead. We had only each other. I had been like a father to her ever since I had been eighteen years old and she had been nine. We were rounding a curve when it happened. I learned later that it was a drunken driver on the wrong side of the highway. I tried to swerve, but too late. She was killed. I blamed the drunken driver—I blamed myself—I blamed God—I blamed everybody. I guess I went a little crazy." He paused for a moment. Then he smiled a little and said quietly, "But I'm all right now."

"Then why are you going back to sea?" I asked.

"I had to promise to stay on for a year in order to get the job. I have three more months to go."

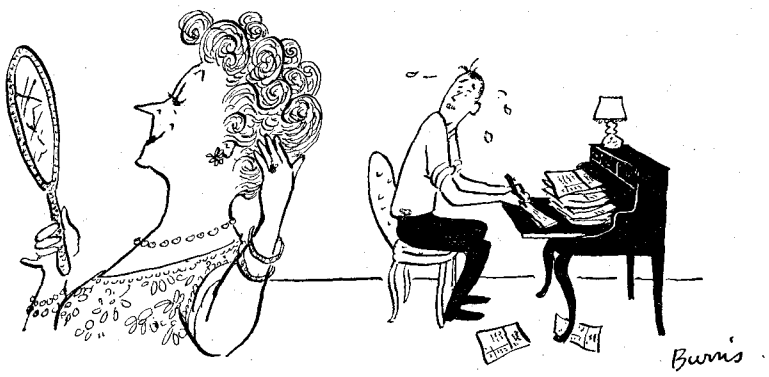
"And then?" I asked.

"And then," he said, "I'm coming back and marry Marie, if she'll have me."

Queen Lily's voice was sympathetic, but she looked perplexed. "But Marie —— The child is—surely I don't have to tell you. She can't ——"

"I know she can't hear," John interrupted. "And I know she can't speak. And neither could my kid sister."

THE END



The Perfect Squelch

One sultry summer afternoon, John came home wilted and found himself facing the usual stack of bills: Car and appliance payments, dress shop, cosmetics, millinery and lingerie stores. Most, he noted, were run up on his wife's overworked charge accounts.

Just as he was screwing up the courage to discuss it with her, she blew into the living room with a new and fancier hairdo. "John dear," she half asked and half commanded, "do drive me to the supermarket; we haven't a thing in the house to eat."

Silently, John got into the car with her. On the way, they passed the home of a bachelor friend, Henry. Henry was lounging in a hammock in the shade, at peace with the world.

"Poor Henry, all alone like that," John's wife remarked. "I wonder what he gets out of life?"

"Everything he makes," John replied. "Everything he makes."

Hugh S. Jacobs

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Calculating Woman (Continued from Page 28)

was scheduled for that hour, but on the dusty, empty stage, with heating pipes and ropes and a whitewashed brick wall for scenery, Harold Joyce and Clare Copeland were standing. Hal was speaking his own lines from the play; Clare was speaking Linda's.

She checked her first impulse to call out, "What goes on?" and, standing in the shadows, became completely absorbed in listening to them. Clare was in her customary slacks, though today she wore a boy's pale pink shirt, crisp and becoming to her pallor. Hal, in his well-tailored English clothes, looked even handsomer than usual; his black hair seemed thicker and more lustrous, his lashes thick and dark about his gray eyes.

"'Kiss and make up?'" he said the familiar line, and Linda watched, and admired, Clare's hesitant, then jubilant, response to the question, and to the kiss. *I don't do it any better myself,* thought Linda, and then, no longer audience, but wife, thought, *Why, that little hussy is kissing my husband.*

Hal said, "Damn good, Clare," and Linda, in the voice that did not need to be raised to command attention, said, "Very damn good."

She thought that Hal looked uncomfortable.

Clare said, "Thank you, Miss Merwin."

Hal met Linda's eyes. "This young woman has learned your entire part," he explained. "I told her that you hadn't had an understudy in years, but she's a glutton for punishment."

"Understudies make me nervous," said Linda, smiling at Clare. "They always look at one with that pleading why-don't-you-drop-dead-or-something expression."

Clare laughed. "I know. I've been an understudy. Did you really think that I was adequate, Miss Merwin?"

"I'd grant you more than that loathsome adjective," Linda answered. "You're too young for the part, of course." She was still smiling as she added, "Experience keeps me from being too old for it."

No one, including the cast and the critics, was surprised by the applause on opening night. After five curtain calls, Linda took Clare's hand and led her on stage to take her bow between the Joyces. She had made the most of her part, as she made the most of everything within her reach. Inclining her head to smile at the young actress, Linda was startled and almost repelled. Clare's face, to the audience, was properly grateful and gracious, but her extraordinary agate eyes had an unpleasant glitter; her nostrils quivered like the nostrils of a—not frightened, but dangerous horse.

The Joyces did not wait up to read their reviews. At ten-o'clock breakfast, Hal picked up the top from a stack of newspapers, turned to the theater page.

"Little Clare must be feeling happy."

"Read it," said Linda.

"'A young woman named Clare Copeland brings reality and richness to a minor role,'" he read. "'Her voice has some of the qualities of the great actresses whom she could never have heard, the timbre of Bernhardt, an evanescent huskiness reminiscent of Mrs. Fiske. Miss Copeland, we prophesy, will go far.'"

Linda laughed. "Hal, you look positively fatuous! One would think you were the proud papa." They were sitting side by side on a sofa, and she reached out her hand and patted his knee. "I'm glad for Clare. She deserves it." She waited an instant. "Does it mention us too?"

Hal Joyce did not smile. He read the reviews with the careful enunciation of an actor trying out for a part. They were, as usual, unanimously good.

She continued to sit on the couch, drinking a fourth cup of coffee, while Hal took a shower and dressed. When he emerged from his bedroom, he had his hat on his head.

"I'm lunching out," he said casually.

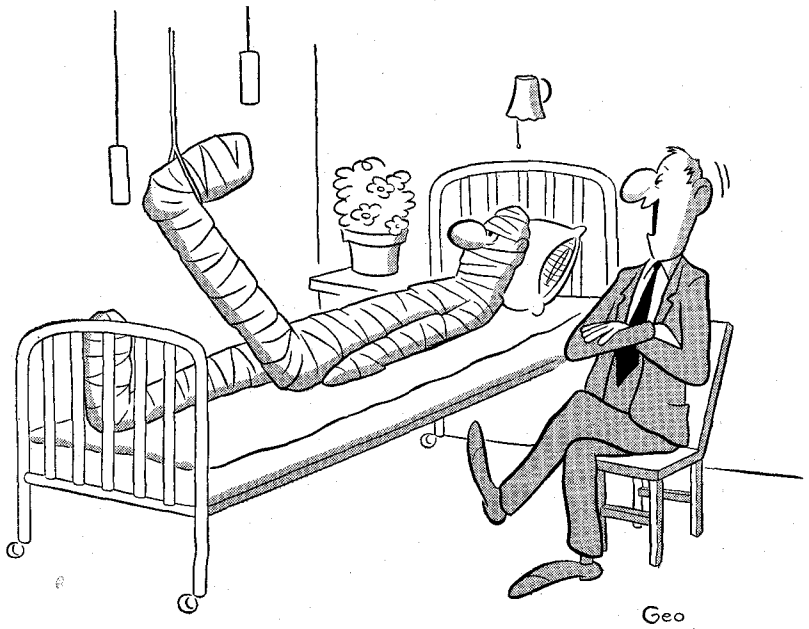
Linda nodded. "Bertie's coming for tea around four-thirty." What a critic had once called her Bay-of-Naples eyes followed him to the door. Again it seemed to her that Hal was looking unusually handsome.

She stood up and crossed the pale, deep-napped carpet to the Directoire mirror above the bookcases, looked intently at her reflection. "Miss Merwin continues to be the most glamorous woman in the theater today. She can still seduce by the merest turn of her lovely neck; the ripple of a small tendon in her lovely arm suggests infinite rapture." Dennis O'Brien had written that the evening before, pounding his typewriter in a deserted newspaper office. Miss Merwin's mouth was ironic as, before the mirror, she executed a barely perceptible turn of her neck, gestured slightly with her right arm. *Miss Merwin continues to be* —— she thought. *Miss Merwin can still* ——

Linda Merwin was prepared for a bad time ahead. In twenty years of marriage to an attractive, temperamental actor, there had been a number of bad times. It was not news when a charming woman fell in love with him; it was still in the man-bites-dog department for Hal to take his brief strolls off the marital reservation seriously. Linda knew that his interest and imagination were roused by Clare Copeland. She knew, far better than he, what steel Clare was made of. But she was utterly unprepared for his bringing Clare home to their apartment to share in the ritual tea which had followed all the opening nights of Bertie's plays.

Bertie had been there nearly an hour when they appeared. When, amended Linda to herself, they made their entrance. She knew her husband too well to study his face. It was Clare Copeland whom she did not know.

She said, "Why, hello," in a voice which registered nothing—not surprise,



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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nor pleasure, nor displeasure. "Hal, take Clare's coat. . . . Would you like tea or a drink, Clare?"

"Tea, thank you."

Her voice, Linda noted, sounded a bit more like Mrs. Fiske's than before O'Brien's review.

"Ran into Clare on Fifth Avenue," Hal was saying.

"A nice street," Bertie murmured. "I simply love the way it makes all those divine right angles. Much neater than Broadway."

So Bertie suspected that Hal was lying, too, thought Linda, handing Clare a teacup. Hal had said, weeks ago, that she was not pretty, and Linda had answered, "No. She's merely beautiful." The beauty was there now, deliberately hidden, like a latent fire, like a gift concealed from sight by its wrappings. She was a tall, thin girl who looked awkward, and then surprised and delighted one by her grace. Fencing and ballet lessons, probably, Linda thought. She did not wear make-up, not even lipstick, and again it was the absence of the obvious which arrested people's attention. She was wearing a nondescript tweed suit and a gray sweat-shirt—and if, thought Linda, she should lift her face, and say, "Romeo, Romeo," one would see a cap of seed pearls on her brown hair.

Instead, Clare said, "Mr. Hutchinson, someday will you write a play for me?"

The brashness, the enormity of the question momentarily silenced even Bertie.

"Maybe in three years?" the girl went on. "I have a theory about 1960. For almost forty years, now, there's been nothing comparable in art or literature or the theater to the Twenties. I believe that the Sixties ——"

"Really," Hal interrupted her. "I resent that, Clare!" He was smiling, but he did resent it.

Clare's grape-skin eyes did not flicker. "I don't mean that there haven't been individual flowerings," she said, easily. "There are three of them in this room. I mean a whole flood of flowerings—O'Neill, Fitzgerald, Picasso ——"

Linda poured herself more tea while the vibrant young voice went on. She needed the tea. Clare Copeland might be young enough to be Hal's daughter, but Linda did not underestimate anything about her. She had intelligence; when she wanted it, charm. She had talent and, Linda suspected, complete ruthlessness. Hal, too, was listening, one layer of his mind thinking his own private thoughts—thoughts revealed by the brightness in his eyes, a smile on his lips. Linda had seen that look before, and always before, she had been able to contend with it.

"I must get along," Bertie said. "May I drop you off, somewhere, Miss Copeland?" He looked impishly at Linda, and she knew that he meant: *Off the end of a pier, perhaps?*

The second-night performance played to a packed and enthusiastic audience. For a second time, Linda Merwin observed and weighed Clare's response to applause. Hal often lunched at his club, especially during the first weeks of another successful play, but Linda was not surprised when, at a cocktail party, the club's actor president inquired, "You on a diet or something, Hal? Haven't seen you for ages."

The play had opened in February. One warm April Sunday, Linda telephoned Bertie. "I'm alone, and I hate being alone on a spring afternoon. Want to come and talk to me?"

He arrived carrying a green sheaf of florist's paper.

"Is it enough that Bertie comes, like an idiot, babbling and strewing flowers?" he asked.

"Darling!" said Linda.

He watched her arrange them. "How serious is it?" he asked.

"I don't know," she answered. "He's seeing a lot of her." She smiled unhappily. "Seeing her a lot," she corrected herself. "We both know Hal, Bertie. But this time I'm frightened."

Albert Hutchinson leaned against the pale gray mantel and looked at Linda without smiling. "You had just married Hal when I met you," he said. "Why couldn't I have met you before? Or wouldn't it have made any difference?"

"I love him," she said, in a matter-of-fact voice. The statement was a matter of fact—of fact absolute.

"I'm afraid that you do," he admitted. "I'm fond of the creature myself." The glint returned to his quick brown eyes. "Playwrights make better husbands than actors."

"And almost any women make better wives than actresses," she added. "I wish I'd had children."

"Corny," he told her. "Besides, you have Hal."

Linda Merwin, unlike Clare Copeland, was both pretty and beautiful. She could be, onstage and off, piquant, vivacious or almost classically beautiful. At this moment she was quietly, heartbreakingly lovely, thought Bertie.

"She has a lot to offer him," she said.

"Tripe," Bertie retorted. "I'm ashamed of you, Linda."

"Perhaps I'm selfish," she continued, in the same flat voice, flat as a Kansas prairie. "Let me talk, Bertie. Hal is younger than I."

"Give him a few more years and he won't be."

"Then perhaps I should give him the years that he is," she said.

"Dear heaven!" cried Bertie. "The renunciation scene! Has Hal asked for this?"

"We haven't mentioned it," she said.

"Don't," he advised, and for a few moments they sat in silence. It was difficult for him to imagine how any man, even Hal at forty-three, could fall in love with another woman when he had Linda Merwin. When he had been married to Linda for twenty years ——

She was leaning forward, intently rearranging the flowers. Her slender hands, like everything about her, were exquisite. She did not look up when she spoke.

"You know, I picked Clare," she said. "When we first read the play, I told Hal that the part needed me—at twenty."

"It would be a lot better played." He laughed. "Linda! Think of a show that could have all the female roles acted by Miss Merwin at assorted ages!"

She shrugged. "Did I tell you that she has learned my part? Every line of it?"

"So could a bright parrot," he retorted.

Linda's gaze was level. "Don't underestimate her, Bertie. I heard her reading with Hal. She's good."

"I think you're losing your mind," he told her impatiently. He jumped up and crossed the room, took a cigarette from a box on the farthest table. Then he turned and faced her. "I've never said this, Linda, because you won't like it. You know it, though, deep down. Hal Joyce is no great actor. He couldn't play any part he's ever had, without you."

Her cheeks flamed. "That's not true, Bertie!"

"For whom, my love, are you blushing, then?" he demanded.

"It isn't true," she repeated stubbornly.

"Linda, you give him all his moments, all his laughs, all his emotions. You know how to make the audience look at him instead of at you." He grinned. "All the audience except me, of course."

"You're being absurd," she told him. "Why don't you make us a nice drink?" Her head turned at the sound of a door opening.

Hal Joyce was carrying a green paper cornucopia, with deep blue delphinium protruding from the top. Bertie turned quickly and disappeared into the butler's pantry.

"How lovely!" Linda said, in a bright, brittle voice. "Bertie brought me flowers too. Spring must be bursting out all over."

"Clare and I took the ferry to Staten Island," said Hal. "Believe it or not, she'd never done it."

"It must have been beautiful today," she murmured. "How was the sky line?"

"Still there," he answered. "Is Bertie making a drink?"

She nodded, and her eyes followed him somberly as he walked to the pantry. Bertie did not make himself a drink. He remembered an engagement and took himself off.

"Don't mention it," Bertie had advised her. . . .

"Hal, are you in love with Clare?" Linda asked.

"I don't know," he answered truthfully.

"One usually knows," she said. He was silent, and she asked, "Is she in love with you?"

"She thinks she is."

"No," Linda murmured. Clare Copeland would know. She would probably know all her life what she wanted, and how to get it. Hal said nothing, turning his glass in his hand, swirling the pale liquid. *He's waiting for his cue,* thought Linda suddenly. *He's waiting for me to give him his next line.*

She did not know what the next line should be, and she felt the panic that she would have felt before an audience if she had forgotten.

"Let's go out tonight," she said. "Let's ——" Her voice died. "Unless you have an engagement?"

"I have no engagement," he answered.

She put on a new dress that she had never worn, and he noticed it and complimented her. She remembered Clare Copeland's gray sweat shirt, and wondered if she had worn it today to Staten Island. It would not matter; clothes did not really matter. They had dinner at a French restaurant, and people recognized them and lowered their voices: "She's still very beautiful, isn't she?"

"How old do you suppose she is?"

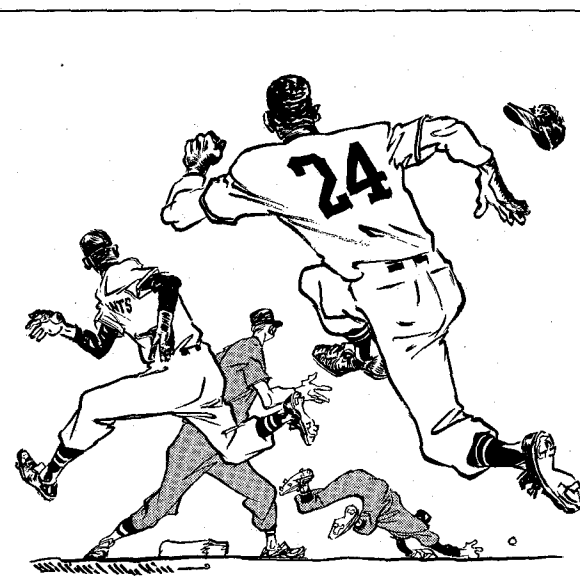
"He's much younger, you know."

Perhaps Bertie had been right. Perhaps she should have pretended that she did not know. She could not think of anything to talk about but Clare. ("Do you want to marry her, Hal darling? . . . Would you like a young wife and children? . . . Clare would not leave the stage; she could have a family and still go on in the theater.")

"Like to see a movie?" Hal was asking.

"All right," she said.

People did not have to talk, watching a screen. Young (*Continued on Page 55*)



So You Think You Know Baseball!

By HARRY SIMMONS

Sometimes baseball rules appear illogical. Take this simulated major-league scramble, based on a play which actually occurred elsewhere last year.

Say the New York Giants and Milwaukee Braves are tied, 3–3, as the Giants come to bat in the last of the eighth. Henry Thompson is walked. Willie Mays slams the ball far and deep into center field. The outfielder chasing it slips and falls heavily. The ball bounces to the clubhouse and caroms about before the Braves right fielder reaches it.

Meanwhile Thompson crosses the plate with Mays behind him. But the Giants' first-base coach waves Thompson back to second, for the coach noted that he failed to touch that base. Thompson obliges, carefully touching home plate and third on the way back. He reaches second safely as the ball is returned to the infield. Mays is already in the dugout.

A big question arises. Can a runner score when a player ahead of him in the batting order is still on base?

If you were umpiring, would you let Mays' run count?

See page 56 for answer

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Alex Lewyt, President, Lewyt Corporation, as photographed by Arnold Newman

Alex Lewyt cleans up 102,318 orders in one day with telegrams

"When the Lewyt big wheel vacuum cleaner was unveiled at our sales meeting," says Alex Lewyt, "response was tremendously favorable. Distributors were excited—wanted to get the news to our dealers immediately. We agreed—but we also wanted to get *orders* fast to plan our production schedule. So telegrams making the announcement and asking for orders by wire were sent simultaneously to thousands of dealers. Back came an avalanche of orders—*102,318 of them in less than 24 hours!*"

More than a million times a day, business finds it wise to wire. Telegrams quote prices, confirm orders, route shipments. Speed plus the written record make the telegram essential to American business.

WESTERN UNION
TELEGRAM

ON ANY OCCASION ...

IT'S WISE TO WIRE!

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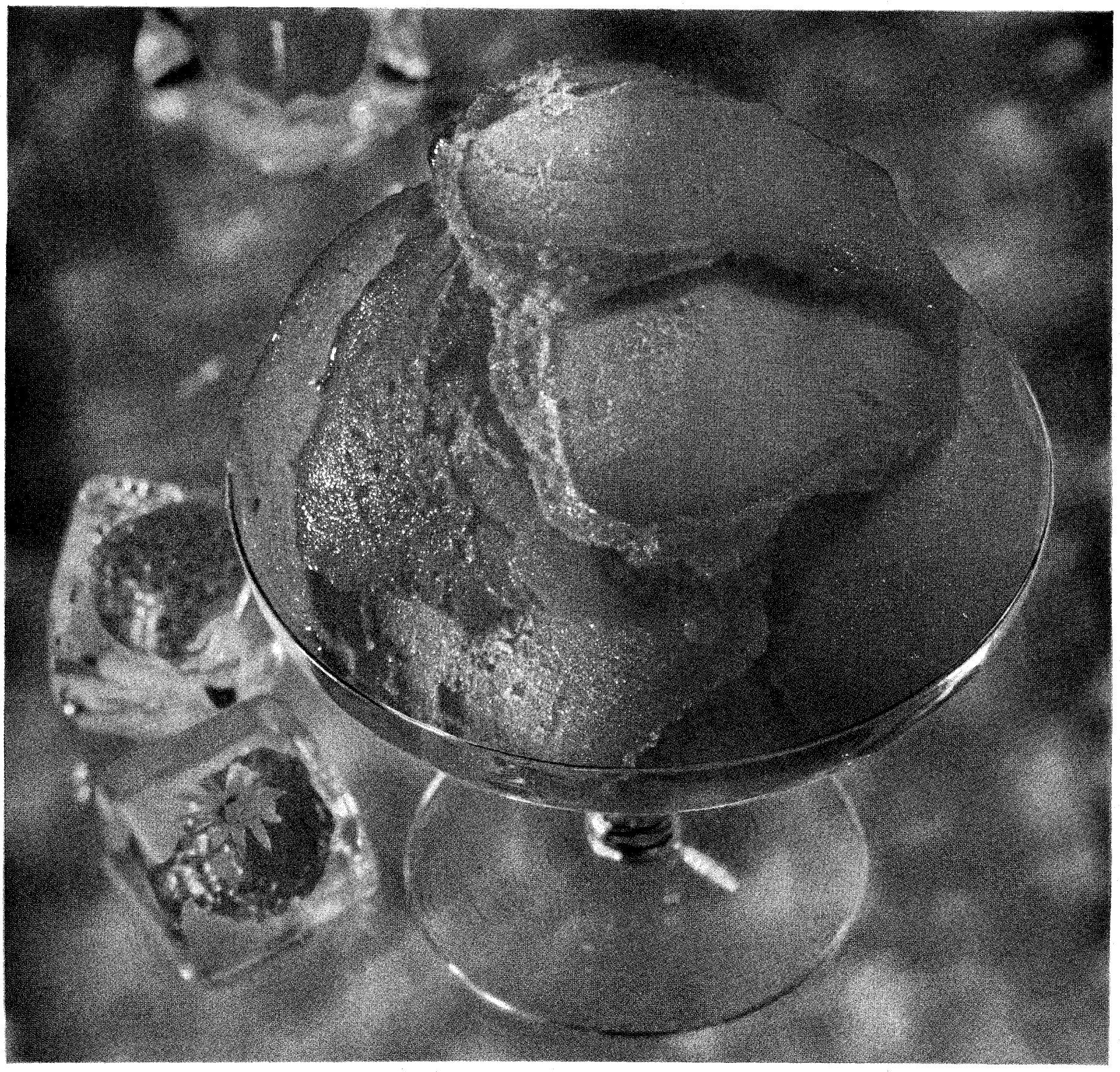
NEW IDEA: fresh from the Foremost Dairy Kitchens!

Foremost Strawberry Crush



It's not sherbet! It's not ice cream! It's strawberries- and nothing but strawberries! The big, bright, blushing kind... gently crushed, sweetened and frozen into something new and very special. We call it Strawberry Crush. And some hot day soon - like today, maybe - you're going to call it wonderful!

FOREMOST®

In some areas Strawberry Crush comes to you under these other Foremost family names

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Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — Replacement or Return of Money if Not as Advertised Therein

YOUR FAMILY GETS THE MOST FROM FOREMOST

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(*Continued from Page 52*) people held hands; young heads rested against young shoulders in the darkness.

In the theater, in the darkness, sitting beside Hal, she felt a sudden twinge below her shoulder, sharp as the thrust of a needle. Nerves, she thought; once, long ago, she had had neuritis in that arm. Minutes later, she made a faint, involuntary sound.

"Linda?" Hal's arm brushed the shoulder and she winced. "Are you all right?"

"Of course," she whispered.

The previous neuritis had not kept her from playing. Nothing ever had. Once she had gone through three of Bertie's always-strenuous acts with a temperature of one hundred and two, and played a matinee the next afternoon.

She took three aspirin tablets before she went to bed, three more in the early morning. At five she called Hal.

"I can't seem to sit up!" she said, her eyes wide with pain and fear.

He lifted her gently, piled pillows behind her bright hair, and called the doctor. He brought her breakfast, sitting in an armchair close by her bed, watching her. . . .

Dr. Michael Turner grunted. "You have a bursitis, Linda, and a honey." He was opening his case. "I'm going to give you a couple of shots."

"What kind of shots?" she asked suspiciously.

"One that will stop the bursitis, if we're lucky, and some morphine to let you sleep."

"No morphine," said Linda.

"That," said Doctor Turner, "is what you think."

"We have a performance tonight," she reminded him.

"Perhaps you'll play it, if you do what I say," he retorted. . . . "Phone me when she wakes up, Hal, and I'll come right over."

She awoke around noon, and it did not seem possible, but the pain was worse. Hal was sitting in the pale-blue chair. She struggled to sit up, and again could not. Hal telephoned the doctor.

He arrived in ten minutes, and stood looking down at her.

"Sorry, my dear," he told her. "But curfew is not going to ring tonight."

"Very witty," she muttered. Perspiration stood out in drops on her smooth forehead; her hair was damp about her pale face. "Mike, I've got to be all right by eight-thirty. We can't cancel the performance."

"Yes, we can," Hal contradicted her. "I've already told Howard."

Involuntarily, she attempted to raise herself, and gave a smothered cry. "What did you tell him?"

"That we'd probably have to cancel," he answered calmly. "It isn't your fault, Linda. Howard sent his love."

"I'll be all right," she insisted. "I always am."

"Your left arm, please," said Doctor Turner.

At four o'clock Hal was still beside her bed. "Don't, darling," he said, as she tried to move. "Do you want me to lift you up?"

She nodded. "It's got to go away, Hal. Isn't there anything else that Mike can do?"

"He's doing all he can," he said. "Linda, dear, don't look like that! Everyone misses a performance once."

She closed her eyes. She did not sleep now; she waited. It had to get better, just a little better. She kept on waiting.

"What time is it?" she asked finally.

"Nearly six."

She sighed. "Hal! What about Clare?"

"Clare?" Hal Joyce looked, for an instant, as though he had never heard the name. "Good Lord, Linda, don't think about Clare now!"

"She knows the part," said Linda.

He laughed. "You're not serious?"

"I certainly am," she answered firmly.

"She knows the lines," he said. "But you know that she couldn't play it."

"I think she could," Linda said.

He shook his head. "Honey, you're off your rocker. It must be the morphine. Clare can't play your part."

"She can't wear my costumes, but I bet she'll dig up something just as effective. Let's see. The first act ——"

"Mad as a hatter," he interrupted indulgently. "Linda, granted she could walk through it, she's too young. It would be ridiculous."

"Get her here," said Linda. "Fast."

Hal did not move. "Bertie'd blow his top."

"Get Bertie, too," she said. "Please, Hal."

Bertie arrived first. "Brought you thirty pages of a new play," he told her. "That'll get you well."

"I'm perfectly well," she retorted.

"Except that she's in agony and can't move," said Hal.

"Bertie," Linda said, "Clare can play my part tonight."

Bertie's face turned pink; his mouth opened and closed.

"I told her it was the morphine," Hal said. "The doctor will be here soon and pipe her down."

"He'll do no piping until I'm ready to be piped," she stated. "You've seen her, Bertie. The girl is an actress."

Albert Hutchinson was staring at Linda. He wet his lips with his tongue. "Could I have a drink, Hal?" His mouth twitched. "Which are you, Linda," he inquired softly, when Hal had gone, "a very clever woman or a very reckless one?"

"Here you are," said Hal.

The doorbell rang. They heard the maid's footsteps, heard Clare Copeland's throaty voice saying, "I'm expected." Hal rolled his eyes at Bertie.

She was sorry that Linda was ill, Clare said, politely and coolly. She was quite calm; only the faint twitching of her nostrils betrayed any excitement.

"I'm not going to drop dead," Linda told her dryly. "I'll be able to play tomorrow night and you'll go back to Iris. Do you think that you can do my part tonight?"

"Yes, Miss Merwin," Clare answered.

"Linda, listen to me!" said Hal. "For one thing, I doubt very much whether Howard will permit it. Audiences come to see you."

"Us," she corrected. "And I think Howard will trust my judgment."

Bertie's silence was explosive.

"You'll have to do something about Iris, Bertie," Linda continued. "Couldn't you give some of her lines back to Margaret, and let Polly read it, if necessary? Will you call her?"

"You're quite sure," Bertie asked, "that this is the way you want it?"

"Do you want me to lie here thinking of an audience being turned away?" she demanded. "The commuters waiting for trains, all the people who bought their tickets ——"

"O.K.," he said. "We'd better get moving." He looked at his watch, and Dr. Michael Turner appeared in the doorway.

Hal and Bertie and Clare were silent while he took Linda's temperature and felt her pulse. "Nice going," he told them ironically. "Why I didn't become a pediatrician or an anesthetist, I'll never know! Actresses! Actors! You're all crazy!" He opened his case. "This time, Linda Merwin, I'm really going to put you to sleep! You people get out—and stay out!"

It was bright daylight, when Linda awoke. She moved her arm tentatively, moved it more briskly. It was sore, but it was better.

She tried sitting up. The effort hurt, but she sat up.

She called softly, "Are you awake, Hal?"

He was wearing a dressing gown, an English one which she had given him, but he had shaved. "You're better!" he exclaimed.

She nodded. "How did it go?"

He grinned. "It was murder, Linda."

"What do you mean?" she demanded. "Did Clare fluff?"

"Clare didn't miss a cue," he answered. "In fact, she didn't miss anything. Miss Clare Copeland was the whole show."

"I told you!" said Linda. "I'll give you even money that she's starred next year. How was the audience?"

"They loved her," said Hal. "She even got the odd *ole* and a couple of *bravos*. I'll bring you your breakfast."

He brought her tray with a white orchid wrapped in waxed paper beside the plate of toast.

"Aren't you glad that you listened to me?" she asked.

"That, my love, is a difficult one to answer," he said. "Any chance of your going on tonight?"

"Why, of course!" she replied. "I'm fine. And no doctor is going to tell me differently."

"You'll do what Mike says, young woman," he retorted. "For you, I would go through a repeat performance. But only for you."

"I don't understand you, Hal," she said.

"Get Bertie to tell you," he advised. "He was out front." He looked at the clock on her table. "He ought to be here on the next broomstick. Said he'd drop in around noon."

Linda's eyes were bright. "How did Clare look?"

"Haven't you told me so enough? Beautiful, of course, just as you prophesied. Mind if we change the subject?"

When Bertie appeared, Hal said, "I think I'll leave you two alone. Don't forget that she's my wife, Albert." He bent over and kissed Linda. "I'm lunching at the club, darling. I really am."

Linda smiled at Bertie, the smile of a good and happy child. And Bertie smiled back, a smile half small boy, half devil.

"It was a massacre," he said simply.

"Tell me," she said.

"Clare will be a great actress someday, if someone doesn't poison her coffee first," Bertie said. "I don't know her exact age, but somewhere, somehow, she has managed to learn all the tricks of the theater from Euripides down. All the nasty tricks, I mean. When a better scene-stealer is born, they'll have to write longer scenes. She upstaged Hal every chance she got, and once I distinctly saw her push him. She stole his laughs by charming little sideplays of her own. There's only one word to describe Clare Copeland, and I hesitate to employ it." He extended his arm. "Which hand may I shake, madame? Congratulations are decidedly in order."

"Whatever are you talking about, Bertie?" asked Linda.

"I told you yesterday that you were either very clever or very reckless. We can now omit the 'reckless.' Obviously, you knew what you were doing."

Linda said, "Honestly, Bertie, you don't make sense."

"Look, darling, this is me!" he reminded her. "Old faithful Albert. You don't have to put on an act." He chuckled. "Without undue immodesty, I may add that I helped a little. I gave her a pep talk when Hal wasn't around, and suggested a few small bits of business that would tend to rivet the audience's attention on her."

"Why, you wretch!" said Linda. "Why did you do that?"

He gave her a long, thoughtful look. "It's the Sir Walter Raleigh in me—only I'm playing the cloak, of course. I feel confident, Mrs. Joyce, that any threat to your marital happiness which Clare might have represented is ended."

Linda was very quiet. Then she said, "I do like you, Bertie."

"Good!" he said. "And you trust me?"

"Of course."

"Implicitly?"

"Implicitly," she answered, smiling.

"Then," he said, "answer me one question, ere I perish of curiosity. Did you really have bursitis?"

"Why, Albert Hutchinson!" she exclaimed. "I don't know what you mean!"

He inclined his head. "I know what you mean, darling," he told her. "You mean that I'll never know." THE END

"What a lovely apartment, Mr. Gordon."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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I Call on Jackie Gleason

(Continued from Page 37)

little paradoxical. If I want to brood, I certainly wouldn't project myself into the midst of four or five hundred night-club celebrants to do it. There are far better places to brood than El Morocco."

"How about going into the legend of your being a brooder?" I said.

"O.K.," he said. "Suppose you ask me, 'Are you sad, Jackie?' My answer will be, 'No. I'm making a mint of dough, I have a number of friends, I do not lack for amiable feminine company. In short, I have all of the things that are supposed to make a man happy. Even if they don't make me happy, they don't make me unhappy. I don't understand the penchant of columnists for making weeping clowns out of all TV comedians, unless they think the items they write are more readable that way."

I fished a clipping from my pocket and handed it to him. It was a weekly Variety interview with one of the first producers of television spectaculars. Gleason took the clipping, studied it; then read aloud from it: "'When asked if comedians are like people, he drew a deep breath and said, "Everybody is people, including critics. Comedians are people, too; mostly neurotic people."'"

"Why all this yakking about neuroticism among comedians?" I asked. "I've heard words applied to you, such as 'lonely, tormented and fearful.' I've known you only a few minutes, but you don't seem any of those things to me."

"Nevertheless, those are the words I've been getting lately," he said. "They even write: 'Jackie's best friends report that he's morose.' If I ask, 'Which of my best friends told you that?' they fall back on a 'I can't reveal my sources' line. The truth is they themselves have been saying that I'm morose, but they don't want to admit it, so they have 'someone report it' to them."

"I've also read: 'Jackie Gleason, the Catholic, hates Jackie Gleason, the connoisseur of blondes,'" I told him. "Apparently there's a notion that there's warfare going on within you."

"That," he said, "was merely somebody's opinion. It's going too far to say that Catholics dislike blondes. But speaking of inner warfare, I had one experience with a psychiatrist. A doctor told me, 'If you found yourself a psychiatrist and he told you what's wrong with you, maybe it would help you to lose weight.' So I booked a psychiatrist over the telephone, and when he showed he weighed two hundred and eighty pounds. I analyzed him quickly and sent him home.

"I didn't need a psychiatrist to tell me that one of the things that give me insatiable hunger and causes me to pile on blubber is to be under constant stress and strain. Whenever there is strain or insecurity involved—and television manufactures those things incessantly—you find yourself turning to the icebox the way a breast-fed baby turns to his mamma. Eating gives you a sense of security and comfort, so, in a business where there's nothing but crises, it's easy to get fat.

"I'm on a diet now," he said. "I'm trying to take off weight, but the catch is, it's harder to hold it once you've lost it than it is to get rid of it. Once you're in shape you feel like doing a lot of things, and most of them include eating and getting drunk, both of which put weight on."

"And I've read somewhere that you hate to be alone," I said.

"That's bad?" he asked. "I don't know anybody who wants to be alone. I have no hermit friends. But since I'm a handy punching bag for people who write stuff about television comedians, the fact that I don't want to be a loner is considered queer. The same writers say that I am obsessed with a fear of death, but I don't know anyone who doesn't fear death unless they think they're so religious that they'll go straight to heaven when they knock off. This, of course, makes them irreligious, since, if you think you're religious, you've committed the sin of pride. But I'm becoming a little obscure; the point I'm trying to make is that I have no abnormal fear of death. Those who write that I do are probably influenced by the fact that I like to study psychic phenomena. Which is regarded as still another oddity on my part, although a number of intelligent people study it too. To say that I am interested in psychic phenomena because I fear death is like saying that a doctor takes up the study of medicine because he lives in mortal fear of disease. Psychic phenomena happen to be a subject about which I wish I had more knowledge."

"By psychic phenomena do you mean the materialization of ectoplasm, spirit writing on slates and ghostly table rappings or do you mean extrasensory perception?" I asked.

"I mean both extrasensory perception and psychic phenomena," he told me. "I'd like to know why a table rises up into the air while nobody's touching it, and I'm sure that other people would like to know too. If such things interested Einstein, why shouldn't they interest me, although I only got as far as Public School Seventy-three. I don't see anything abnormal in my kind of curiosity."

Going back to "fear of being alone," I mentioned a famous TV and movie comedian I know who telephones his brother at one or two o'clock in the morning, to ask him to come and sit with him in his hotel room so he won't be alone.

Gleason knew that comedian too. "In his case," he said, "I don't think it's a fear of being alone. I think it's his incurable wish to have an audience. He's unhappy if he's not putting on a show, even for an audience of one." He paused; then said, "I don't know what they mean when they used the word 'fear' in connection with being alone. It's normal to want companionship. So I don't think 'fear' is the right word. Today there is a tendency to put 'fear' into everything."

I thought of something else. "I've also read that your belly aches before a show," I said.

"When I was a kid I always had a gut ache if I was going to play baseball the next day. Excitement still does that to me. But I don't think that makes me unique. Some girls have stomach-aches because they're going to a prom."

"Lily Pons used to throw up before every performance," I told him.

"I know a couple of comics who're sick after every show too," he said. "If you have any regard for the people who are watching you, you're bound to feel excitement at performing for them, and you worry about how they'll accept you—unless you're Ethel Merman. She believes in letting the audience do the worrying. It's a neat trick if you can master it, but I've never thought I was that good. It's not that I think that I'm more nervous than other performers, but since, as I say, no one knows himself, I could be tenser without realizing it. On the other hand, it could be that I get a stomach-ache because I've just gobbled down six or seven hot dogs loaded with mustard, relish and chopped onions.

"Whatever I am before a performance, I am not one of those who are nauseated afterwards. To me, one of the most satisfying things in the world is the knowledge that when the show is over, you've done a good job. The calm that settles over you then is a fine feeling. And don't think I don't know whether I've done well or not. All the people out front can come backstage and say, 'Great show, Jackie,' and I'll know whether they're lying or leveling with me. They can't con me."

I asked him how he could tell. "Something comes to you from an audience," he said; "if you're not kidding yourself you know."

I poked around in my Gleason clippings and said, "I have another titbit here. 'Gleason kills himself being good to people.' What do you suppose they mean by that?"

"I'm still breathing," Jackie told me. "If I'm good to people is that queer? We are all supposed to be."

"Apparently in your case it's an eccentricity," I said.

"It all comes down to the guy who does the writing," Gleason decided. "I've been analyzed by about nine columnists. They have all analyzed me with their own fears in mind and on the basis of their own understanding of correct behavior. If I do anything that doesn't coincide with what they think is right, they analyze it into an abnormality."

"How about doing a switch," I said, "and analyzing yourself?"

"I'd like to," he said, "but I can't. Even a psychiatrist has to go to another psychiatrist to find out what the hell is wrong with him, before he's given a license to practice. I don't think that anyone really knows himself, although a great deal of money and time are spent trying to find out those secrets. My idea is the best way to know yourself is to evaluate what people think of you, but there's no infallible way in which a man can find out what's wrong with himself mentally or emotionally. If there were there wouldn't be so many psychiatrists jumping out of windows.

"It's my bet that comics are less neurotic than most people," Gleason told me. "They have outlets for the neuroticisms banked up in them. A comedian can walk on stage and be anyone he wants to be, while the ordinary human being is restricted to being what everyone believes he is, or at least what the society in which he moves requires him to be. A comic like me can be several personalities as unlike as my Reggie, my Poor Soul and my Bartender. If I want to be a playboy, all I have to do is put on a mustache and a high hat, and I'm off and away."

"I like your Bartender," I said.

"That's because you've known guys like him," Gleason told me. "Most of the characters I break myself up into are people we run into somewhere, only I magnify their oddities. Reggie is two playboys I've known rolled together. The fact that people recognize such characters is what gives them their appeal. We call such bits nudge numbers. When they're on the screen people nudge each other and say, 'Get him, will ya? Uncle Harry did that last week when he was having that argument with Aunt Jo. Remember?' My Loud Mouth is a nudge number. Everybody knows at least one Loud Mouth. He's insecure, and because he's insecure he picks on little guys."

We talked a little about the currently accepted theory that comedians are going out and singers are coming in. "If it's true, and if it is I don't think it will be true for any length of time," he said, "I think it's because the comics have got it made; they want to sit on their loot and take it easy instead of burning themselves out. Sid Caesar is the only one I know who'd like to continue on a weekly basis, and he must be either very strong physically or he's got a backlog of wonderful material he hasn't used up. In either case his network doesn't seem to agree with him. It wanted him to work on an 'occasional' basis, which led them to what is called a parting of the ways, complete with 'expression of mutual esteem.'"

"I hear you're taking next year off yourself," I said.

"Paley was over to see me yesterday," he said. "He asked me if I'd go on every week, and I said no." (For the benefit of those who may not be aware of it, William Paley is chairman of the board of the Columbia Broadcasting System.) "'Well, what do you want to do?' Paley asked. I said, 'If I go on at all, I want to do hour-and-a-half-long specs; at the most four, five or six times a year; and I want to see the material before I O.K. it. I don't want to have to worry about whether the stuff is going to be mellow when it's time for me to perform.'"

"I've also heard that you have a contract that keeps the dough coming in whether you work or not," I told him. "If that's true, I can understand why Mr. Paley is dropping over to see you."

He told me that I'd heard right. "I get a hundred thousand dollars a year for fifteen years, whether I work or not. If I do work, I get more, but I see no reason to work unless there's something I really want to do."

I asked him if he'd have to change his scale of living if his income was cut to $100,000 a year, although it seemed funny to me to use the word "cut" in connection with such a figure.

"I'm not known among my friends as an outstanding miser," he said, "but in

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Answer to

So You Think You Know Baseball!

Page 52

A ruling by the Official Playing Rules Interpretations Committee was necessary on this one. Under it, Mays would be out. No runs count. Section 7.12, which reads in part: "Unless two are out, the status of a following runner is not affected by a preceding runner's failure to touch a base," was held inadequate in this case.

An 1897 rule, dropped from the books in 1931 for no apparent reason, would have covered the situation. It provided: "No base runner shall score a run to count in the game ahead of the base runner preceding him in the batting order, if there be such preceding base runner who had not been put out in that inning."

Oddly, if Thompson had been thrown out while attempting to regain second base, Mays' run would have counted.

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addition to what's coming to me every year for fifteen years, I've got it made. A writer called me not long ago to ask, 'Why are your ratings low?' and I borrowed a remark made by the ace comedy writer, Goodman Ace, when he was once asked to explain his low Hooper radio rating: 'Because when people are watching my show they're laughing so hard they don't feel like answering the telephone when the poll takers call to feel their pulse.' Besides, if all the national rating systems were accurate, they would all come up with the same answer. If they did that there would be need for only one rating system. All the others would have to go out of business. For this reason they're not going to agree. They have to disagree to stay in business.

"After being in show business for twenty-five years," he said slowly, "it's frightening to find that your most important critic is an adding machine. It's not only frightening, it's senseless, because I've never heard an adding machine laugh or applaud, yet suddenly they're telling us how good or how bad we are. To coin a phrase, we're living in the age of the statistical critique."

I brought up columnist-promoted feuds, such as the one supposed to exist between Steve Allen and Ed Sullivan. "If I believed the columnists," I said, "I'd think that there was a bitter rivalry or at the very least an unpleasantness between you and Perry Como."

"If you felt that way," Gleason said, "it would be because television critics are now in a position of reporting accidents to witnesses after the accidents have happened, which must be frustrating. Telling readers about something they saw last night and about which they have already made up their minds is anticlimactic. It involves a new set of circumstances, different from the circumstances faced by movie critics and play critics. A movie or play critic gives you his judgment as to whether you should go to see a certain play or movie. A television critic doesn't do that, because you've already seen the thing he's criticizing.

"The problem that faces a TV columnist is either to agree or disagree with last night's TV audience, or fill his space by passing along gossip items about the performers. So he is sometimes forced into the position of talking about something that has nothing to do with a performance, such as the fears and complexes which beset a comedian, or the supposed rivalry between shows opposite each other, or what network is junking what show or is being wowed by what pilot film.

"So far, none of the TV columnists, or any other columnists, for that matter, have been able to trap Perry Como and me into saying mean things about each other. The columnists don't know that Perry and I talked it over before we began to appear opposite each other. I've known Perry for years, and a thing like a difference in ratings is not going to fracture our friendship. 'Perry,' I said, 'they'll be waiting for me to say something out of line. I'm going to be very careful, so if you read I've said anything unpleasant, I didn't.' So, to the consternation of those who'd profit if we said something nasty about each other, we haven't given them that satisfaction.

"Those whose job is covering the television industry seem more concerned with tearing down than with building up," he told me. "For months they've been busily tearing down comedians. Now they've started tearing down the quiz programs. There has been a rash of pieces about how *they can be guided and controlled. When* they've finished tearing down the quiz programs, they'll start to work on the singers and the mystery-adventure shows and the Westerns, although such shows are safe right now because they're still coming.

"It's more stimulating to say, 'So-and-So's show has a very low rating. Too bad we can't see the show that he and his wife put on at home. It would rate higher.' Or, 'It's reported that So-and-So dropped a package at the Las Vegas gaming tables.' What such things have to do with a performer's work or his ability to make people laugh I don't know. John Crosby is not like that. He's one television critic who doesn't tear a thing down without offering a constructive suggestion. If all you want is to say something bad, you can get a five-year-old kid to do that. It aggravated me," he said, "when they called my Honeymooners films a flop."

I asked who "they" were. "Do you mean the network?"

"No, not the network," he said. "They know better. They've just bought the Honeymooners films for one million two hundred thousand dollars for rerun purposes. Not only that but I made four million dollars making them, so if they were a flop, I hope I'm swamped with flops for the rest of my life."

I asked him what he thought had made the Honeymooners strip a success. "The problems and the relationships between a husband and wife that are familiar to everybody," he said. "Most wives think of their husbands as bumbling braggarts with whom they happen to be in love. One of the reasons they're in love with their husbands is that every wife knows that sooner or later her own private, bumbling braggart will turn to her and say, 'I'm sorry, dear!' It doesn't take much. That does it."

Looking around at the sumptuous quarters in which we were talking, I asked him about them. He said that when he finished the TV season he was giving up those offices. "I've been living on Fifth Avenue, but I've bought a home in the country," he told me, "so I'm getting out of my Fifth Avenue place too. I had the highest apartment in the city; I could look down on everything. It was a kick looking at all those lights, and there were the usual jokes. I'd look down on Central Park and say, 'I see they're throwing candy wrappers on my lawn again,' or 'My rowboats are doing well today. Must be a lot of sailors in town.' Stale jokes like that. I used to have a place here, too, but we had a rehearsal hall upstairs, and when I was trying to lose a hang-over, they'd start dancing up there, so I had to get out."

"We haven't talked about your recording business," I said. "Those albums you put together have always struck me as being one of the most interesting sides of your personality."

I had bought and played his albums, Music to Change Her Mind, Music to Remember Her, and Lonesome Echo. They are nostalgic and unashamedly sentimental. For the reverse of the album jacket of Music to Change Her Mind, someone had written: "Jackie strives to give his listener a warm emotional experience." He might as well have written: "This is the kind of music a guy turns on when plying a beautiful doll with champagne and soft lights and giving her the 'baby-it's-cold-outside' bit." If he had written that, he would have given a more forthright idea.

"My albums interest me too," he said. "For we sell a tremendous number of them. If you want some boxcar figures to prove this, I can get them for you. Excluding show albums, like the scores of My Fair Lady and Oklahoma!, the Jackie *Gleason instrumental albums* are the biggest. My album Music for Lovers Only has sold over a million copies. It came out in 1952 and still sells at least one hundred

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thousand a year. The recording dodge was a hobby of mine that turned into a success story, and I'm proud of it."

I asked him just how much he had to do with his albums. "I pick out all the numbers we record," he said. "Nobody else does that. I also select the instrumentation, in order to get certain sounds that appeal to me. For example, in my album, Lonesome Echo, I think we had a novel instrumental concept. I assembled a string combination: mandolins, cellos and domras, which are richer, deeper mandolins, augmented by guitars and marimba. The featured solo instrument throughout is the rare oboe d'amore. I also conduct the orchestra. In addition to the albums, I compose music, too; although I can't read music. I've been told by musicians that I have a great sensitivity to sound. I do know this: after a recording session I can pick out the clams (sour notes). I always have a stand-in conductor because I have to be in the control booth, too, part of the time. I can make changes from the control room as well as when I'm waving the wand.

"I have an ace in the hole named Dudley (Pete) King, an arranger-composer. He reaches out a hand when I need one. However, I don't believe that you have to have a formal education to do well in the arts. I'm certain that the first guy who fooled around with a musical instrument didn't know how to read or write music. I'll go even further and say that I think there's value in not knowing how to do a thing in an educated manner. I'd rather have experience than education any day. If I have to choose, I'd rather say something of importance than say it correctly.

"For the same reason I'm against acting schools. Every kid who comes out of an acting school scratches the same part of his body to prove that he's uninhibited, and he mumbles because he's been taught that that's underplaying, and underplaying is fashionable. What makes these techniques so villainous is that the actor who uses them is usually the star, and this means that he not only has the right to mumble and scratch as much as he wants to, but nobody is allowed to mumble any lower or scratch any harder than he. If you watch television dramatic shows, you'll see a lot of youngsters who are all imitating Marlon Brando. If they weren't so stereotyped they'd be hysterical."

"How about explaining your musical background a little?" I said.

"It may sound too simple," he told me, "and something tells me that you came to see me with the preconceived notion that I'm complex. But I've always liked music and had things in mind I wanted to do with it, and I've always hung around musicians. Tommy Dorsey was a friend of mine; Jimmy Dorsey is a friend. I've known a lot of orchestra leaders. Whenever I've had the opportunity, I've palled around with them.

"Then finally I got enough dough to do things about the way I feel about music. Unless you're a musician or a composer, nobody will listen to your musical ideas unless you have enough scratch to pick up the tab. If you're able to do that, you'll find somebody who'll go along with you even if you can't write or read music."

I must have looked surprised, for he said, "That's not as hard as it sounds. If we were in Africa and we didn't know the language, we'd find a way to make the natives understand we wanted to build a fire or have a drink of water. The same thing applies to music. The fact that you can't speak the musical language is no reason why you can't get your musical thoughts and ideas over."

I stood up to go. "If you like," I said, "I'll send you a tape recording of our conversation, so you can check it against our interview when it appears in print."

"I don't need that," he said. "I can usually tell about an interviewer. If he says to me, 'Would you mind saying that again? I want to get it down exactly the way you said it,' I know I'm in deep trouble. It's those guys who give their imagination full play. It's people who keep saying, 'I'm a reporter!' loudly who report gossip as news, and I do not believe that invasion of privacy is reporting. I once tried to sum up the writers and the magazines that do that. Their system is to magnify incidents and eliminate circumstances. Suppose you print this about a personality: that among the other bizarre things that happened to him, a prostitute once bathed his feet with tears. I don't mean to be sacrilegious, but the Bible says that happened once, and if you didn't know the circumstances, you might think that it was kind of an offbeat thing to do."

I asked if he thought he might miss doing a regular TV stint.

"I can always dump myself back in the pressure cooker again," he said. "I have no mysterious formats to revolutionize television. I'll be happy if a couple of good properties come along. If they're exciting, I'll do them. I'd like the first one to be a dramatic show. I've done several for Studio One, but I haven't had time to do more of them. Now I will. Not only that, I can take the time to sit down and throw out the bad scripts.

"What I'm doing is like going on the wagon, knowing there's a bottle of booze in the cupboard—just in case. Television isn't going away, and I'm not quitting in disgrace, so there'll always be something for me to do if I'm hammy enough to want to do it, and I probably will be."

THE END

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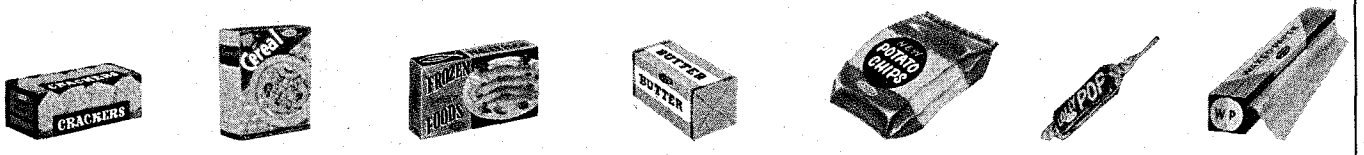

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The Man Who Trapped Dave Beck

(Continued from Page 27)

big union-management inquiry. Francis D. Flanagan, who worked with Bellino for six years as counsel for the Senate's regular investigations subcommittee, calls him "the best investigative accountant that ever was."

Bellino sometimes receives grudging tributes from his targets. Harry (The Hat) Lev, the millionaire Chicago cap manufacturer, once barked at him with annoyed admiration, "A person like you should be working for me!" Alas, Bellino was working for the other side, and, as a result, Lev and four other defendants were convicted in April, 1957, of defrauding the Government on military purchases.

Bellino, almost fifty-two years old, is a modest man with gentle manners. His brown eyes are large, enormously alive and friendly. When interviewing a suspect, however, his eyes remain half shut and he speaks in a deadly monotone, never changing his expression. The effect can be psychologically disturbing.

Flanagan recalls that in the influence case involving the American Lithofold Corporation, of St. Louis, in 1951, a lawyer came to Washington to complain that Bellino had been "mistreating and intimidating" his client during a six-hour interview.

Counsel Flanagan asked the client, "Did he hit you? Threaten you? Use abusive language?" Each time the witness shook his head. Flanagan demanded an explanation.

"Well," the witness said, "it was just the way he sat there and kept looking at me with that fisheye of his."

Bellino's career of hunting fiscal chicanery has made him abnormally conservative in his own business affairs. He works for the committee under contract, billing it for his services. But his associates consider his rates ridiculously low, not only for his congressional work but for the private clients who use his accounting firm. They point out that in one recent case Bellino charged a net fee of $3000 for services by his firm which won a client an $8,000,000 judgment.

It isn't that Bellino can afford to ignore money. The fact is that he must provide for three sons and four daughters in addition to his wife, the former Santina Novello. All of them, plus his sister-in-law, Angela, are packed into a snug, four-bedroom house in Bethesda, Maryland, a Washington suburb. Bellino could improve his income by dropping Uncle Sam as his chief client, but he is in love with his investigative life.

"Once I start analyzing figures," he admits, "it's like reading a detective story. I've got to find out where the money went or came from."

As Bellino goes over records on a case, he makes up a coded card index of names and sums he wants to remember. At the same time, he plots the company's or union's financial course on an extra-wide sheet of paper, a sort of map for spotting anything that is out of line.

One of his trade secrets is his reliance on subpoenaed telephone-toll tickets. They were invaluable in breaking the RFC-influence cases, and currently they are providing interesting clues about employers and union leaders.

"Once you know whom a man has been calling long distance," Bellino says, "you know who his friends and contacts are. When you put them together with his bank accounts and transportation records, you have a real line on his income and what he is up to."

At Kennedy's request, Bellino often flies to other cities to make sure the staff accountants who are doing preliminary spadework are making progress. Accountants make up roughly one half of the committee's sixty-five-man staff—one of the largest investigative staffs ever to operate on Capitol Hill.

The scope of the labor inquiry staggers Bellino, who used to be able to concentrate on one case at a time. One evening early in May, he sat at his desk and rubbed his eyes after fingering a fresh pile of documents awaiting his scrutiny. He had just been on the road for two weeks, and the committee was anxious to reopen its hearings on Beck as soon as possible. Ahead of him stretched another year or two of checking into thousands of allegations on racketeering.

"I've never been so snowed under," he said. "I used to work until ten or eleven P.M. and go home satisfied that I'd accomplished something. Now I can work until midnight on Dave Beck alone and feel I'm hardly denting the surface of this thing."

Some boys doubtless grow up with ambitions to be president of a bank, but Bellino always wanted to be the one who investigates the bank president. He was born on July 26, 1905, in Elizabeth, New Jersey, and was raised in its tough Peterstown section. His father, Frank Bellino, was a caretaker for large estates in the Elizabeth area. Though both his parents were immigrant peasants from Central Sicily, their two sons have distinguished themselves. Carmine's brother, Victor, is a doctor of chemistry in charge of the chemistry section of a large Philadelphia firm and is now studying law.

While still in high school Carmine displayed such a natural aptitude for bookkeeping that he became chief accountant for a local dress-manufacturing firm, filling in as sweeper, cutter and payroll man. He also found time, at fifteen, to become the youngest scoutmaster anywhere around and to play guard on an Elks-sponsored basketball team that ran up a streak of thirty-two straight victories.

Bellino earned a degree, bachelor of commercial science, at New York University. Then, while studying for his C.P.A., he worked for Mills and Company, a New York accounting firm with an Elizabeth branch. Checking the books of municipalities for state-law violations, he felt unsatisfied. If he found a flaw, all he could do was to call it to someone's attention, not investigate what was behind it, as he does today.

In March, 1934, Bellino signed up with the FBI. Expecting to capture crooks with his accountant's eye, Bellino was startled on his first day at the FBI Training Academy in Washington to find himself being instructed in the use of machine guns and small arms. The FBI's force was small in those days, and its agents had to learn more than one specialty. Bellino's first assignment was to help lay a trap for John Dillinger, then the most notorious desperado in the United States. Dillinger and his gang of bank robbers were shooting their way through Wisconsin, and Bellino was detailed to cover an apartment-house hide-out the gang had used on Chicago's northwest side. None of them showed up.

For a while, Bellino worked on kidnaping and white-slavery cases. In 1936 he was detached for a year to assist in the FBI's war on four large white-slave rings operating in New York, Connecticut, Baltimore and Atlantic City. Many of the leaders were Italian, and Bellino, who could speak Italian, was used to listen in on wiretaps and question witnesses.

Later, in New York City, he received a thorough grounding as an investigative accountant in a series of FBI cases involving embezzlements and various kinds of bankruptcy violations. He testified before scores of juries, doing so well that in 1939 J. Edgar Hoover brought him to Washington to be his administrative assistant. His job was to review every report issued by every agent on bankruptcy, bondsmen and surety cases, and frauds against the Government. Soon he became chief of the FBI's accounting unit.

In this position he had to make sure that each of the 500 FBI accountants was developing his cases properly. Bellino recalls that Hoover often said it was easy to close a case, but that "no case should be closed until every possible lead has been checked out." Some agents apparently thought Bellino was carrying this precept too far. Once, an inspector brought to Washington a batch of complaints from agents in charge of field offices, saying that Bellino virtually kept them from ever closing a case. But Bellino's superiors, including Hoover, backed him up. Bellino still tries to live up to Hoover's teaching.

"He doesn't know when to quit," says James M. McInerney, former Assistant Attorney General in charge of the Justice Department's criminal division. "Carmine always polishes a case until it gleams."

In March, 1945, Bellino left the FBI to establish his own accounting firm. One day in 1947 he got a call from William P. Rogers. Rogers, who is now the Deputy Attorney General, was then chief counsel of the Senate investigating subcommittee and badly in need of a trained investigative accountant. Bellino thought twice before accepting the job. Congressional committees were in low repute because of the circus atmosphere that had marked some of their investigations. Rogers' own subcommittee had just botched its hearings on the aviation contracts of multimillionaire Howard Hughes, thanks to the antics of its chairman, Sen. Owen Brewster.

Bellino helped to give prestige to the subcommittee. With his assistance, it scored an immediate victory in the case of General Meyers. By analyzing canceled checks and other records, he demonstrated that Meyers had secretly owned a war plant which paid him $160,000 at the time he was a key contact man in letting Air Force contracts. Meyers went to jail for nearly three years for subornation of perjury, and served an additional year for income-tax fraud.

In the Maragon case, Bellino located the far-flung bank accounts of the former Greek immigrant, studied them for weeks, then called Maragon in for questioning. After three hours of nonstop interviewing, during which he wrote everything down on accountant's yellow paper, Bellino asked Maragon, "Is that your explanation?" Maragon nodded. Bellino picked up the phone and called Mrs. Maragon. He asked her where her husband was on a certain day. Then he hung up and looked wordlessly at Maragon.

"Oh, hell," said Maragon, realizing that Bellino had just destroyed three hours of alibis. "Now let me tell you the real story."

When Maragon was released from Lewisburg, Pennsylvania, prison, he haunted the subcommittee's hearings, a perjurer morbidly returning to the scene of his crime. During the hearings on the Pentagon's uniform contracts, he approached witness Marvin Rubin, who appeared to be evading the senators' questions.

"You'd better tell the truth when that fellow Bellino is in the room," he whispered. "The food in jail, it don't taste so good."

Whether or not Rubin heeded Maragon's advice, he was sentenced to prison along with his partner, Harry Lev.

But all of Bellino's previous investigations were on a kindergarten level compared with the task of getting the goods on Beck. One of the biggest problems, at first, was persuading potential informants to talk. They pointed to the danger of physical reprisals against them or their families, and they asked why they should stick their necks out for an investigation which was certain to be quashed, sooner or later, by labor's influence on Capitol Hill.

Bellino knew what they were referring to. James R. Hoffa, the cocky Midwestern czar of the Teamsters, had twice been investigated by House subcommittees and each time he had come out unscathed. Oddly, these investigations had expired just when they seemed to be hitting pay dirt.

Kennedy and Bellino had seen the sinister outlines of union-management shenanigans while exposing the uniform-contract frauds. Some clothing contractors were found to be stipulating on their Government forms that their work was being done in union shops, whereas they were actually having the uniforms made in nonunion plants in Pennsylvania and New Jersey. Payoffs to gangster-controlled union leaders made this device possible.

The subcommittee staff in the spring of 1956 was also finding out that the New York trucking-and-garment business was

"It wasn't easy getting him here."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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a jungle of extortion, payoffs and bribery. Hoffa was moving in there, and in fact it seemed that wherever there was a labor problem the Teamsters were involved.

In September, while in Los Angeles on another matter, Kennedy and Bellino were shown the files of Capt. James Hamilton, head of the Intelligence Division of the Los Angeles Metropolitan Police Force. There they saw some eye-opening information about the swaggering West Coast Teamsters and their high-living president, Frank Brewster.

Bellino told Kennedy he had become interested in the Teamsters' operations a few years earlier. He had been in Los Angeles with a House Labor Subcommittee studying union welfare funds. It had developed that one insurance broker, George Newell, was placing the health and welfare funds for all the locals in the eleven-state Western Conference. This earned him a $300,000-a-year fee from the insurance company. Interestingly enough, Newell was in turn paying $5000 a year in stock to Brewster, the conference secretary-treasurer, and deducting it as a "business expense" on his income tax.

Returning to Washington, Kennedy and Bellino had their sights set on Brewster. They were not yet suspicious of Beck. After all, Beck had achieved a respectability of sorts in non-union circles and, by his own account at least, had acquired his wealth through shrewd business investments. Kennedy now recalls wryly that at this point he even considered asking Beck for co-operation in unhorsing Brewster. Then Kennedy began to hear vague hints that the "key to Beck" was Nathan W. Shefferman, a Chicago labor-relations consultant with hundreds of employer clients all around the country.

After Thanksgiving, Kennedy and Bellino flew back to Los Angeles to give the Western Teamsters the full treatment. Kennedy soon left Bellino in Los Angeles to look into some locals there, and went on to Seattle. There he quickly discovered that Beck's financial relationship with the Western Conference was worth exploring. An informant said, "You people ought to be looking into Nate Shefferman." And a union official told him he understood Beck had misused union funds by way of Shefferman ten or twelve years ago.

Since it began to look like accountant's work, Kennedy telephoned Bellino to join him in Seattle for some sleuthing. In that Teamster-dominated city, Kennedy saw no advantage in advertising the fact that Senate investigators were in town, so he checked into his hotel as "Robert Rogers." Bellino amused himself by registering as "Carmen Basilio," taking the name of the welterweight boxing champion.

After filling their brief cases with information from Seattle sources, Kennedy and Bellino flew to Chicago to confront Shefferman without warning. Shefferman readily confirmed reports that he had purchased luxury goods for Beck, wholesale, and he yielded his records immediately when Kennedy handed him a subpoena. The records were locked in safety-deposit boxes of the National Boulevard Bank of Chicago. Kennedy and Bellino staggered out of the bank's doors with their arms loaded with records.

Kennedy took a batch to have copies made in Chicago. Bellino boarded a train with a batch of originals to study on the way to Washington. He was enchanted

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To err is human—unless you can think of some better excuse.

HAL CHADWICK

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by what he found: scores of bills, on behalf of Beck, for silk shirts, fourteen-dollar custom-made ties, nylon stockings, love seats, a "chow bench," binoculars, shotgun shells, diapers, freezers, an aluminum boat, a gravy boat, "six pairs of knee drawers" and all the other staples for the good life, Beck-style. Before Bellino fell asleep, he added up $85,000 worth of such purchases.

Kennedy and Bellino now faced this question: Had Beck reimbursed Shefferman for these purchases with his own money or with union funds? Back in the Senate Office Building, Bellino studied the mass of Shefferman bills, bank accounts and deposit tickets. One odd sum stuck in his mind—a deposit slip showing that $8826.98 had been credited to Shefferman's account on March 31, 1953. The check had come from the Bank of California, where Bellino knew the Teamsters had some accounts. He telephoned Los Angeles and asked the bank to forward the records.

When the bank records arrived, Bellino was disappointed. There was no trace of a check for $8826.98. Then he remembered that the Teamsters had kept "special public-relations accounts" in Seattle whose purpose was never clear to him. He asked the Bank of California to see if there were any special Teamster accounts it might have overlooked. Sure enough, there was a "special public-relations account" in Los Angeles and, sure enough, an $8826.98 item had been charged to it on April 1, 1953, the day after Shefferman had cashed the check. The special account also showed that the same amount had been deposited there on March 18, 1953, on a check that had originated at the First National Bank of Seattle, where the Teamsters kept several accounts.

During the week of January fifth, Bellino traced twenty-two other amounts which from 1950 through 1953 had made this strange triangular ricochet from Seattle to Los Angeles to Shefferman's pocket in Chicago. But he still could not be certain these checks had been drawn on the union treasury. He was itching to get his hands on the Seattle First National Bank records, but the Teamsters had stalled their delivery. They were questioning the subcommittee's jurisdiction, and had even won a temporary court injunction forbidding the bank to honor a subcommittee subpoena.

But now Bellino could afford to bide his time before fitting the final piece into his jigsaw puzzle. On January thirtieth, the Senate set up a special eight-man committee with broad jurisdiction for an investigation of "improper activities" in labor-management relations. The new committee immediately took over Kennedy and his staff. On the same day, Bellino flew back to Seattle. The First National Bank records there showed that the twenty-three checks which had started the money moving toward Shefferman had been signed by Beck and were indeed drawn on the union treasury.

Could the twenty-three checks represent work done for the union by Shefferman? Both Brewster and Shefferman had said no such work was done. Yet Bellino asked himself: despite the suspicious movements of the twenty-three payments, could the sums conceivably have been lent to Beck by the union? If Bellino could establish that the Union's books contained no record of such a loan, Beck would be on the spot for fair.

Bellino hurried to the Teamster building in Seattle and asked for the 1950–54 records of both the Western Conference and its important subsidiary, the Joint Council 28 Building Association. He was blandly informed that none of these records was available; it was a pity, but it seemed that the janitor had accidentally thrown them out as trash. The janitor subsequently told Bellino he had never thrown away any bound account books.

However, in their anxiety to cover up for Beck, the Teamsters had not thought of everything. Bellino did. He asked Donol McDonald, the union's accountant, for copies of Treasury Form 990, on which tax-exempt organizations must file annual financial reports. Bellino knew he could get these copies from the Treasury Department, but what he was really after were the work sheets on which they were based. McDonald, whom Bellino calls an "honest Scotchman," handed them over. On these work sheets, Bellino found monthly records of all the payments that had gone to Shefferman; and the crucial discovery was that all of them had been recorded as "organization expenses"—none as "loans."

Now Bellino wanted one thing more: some corroborative documentation for the size of the Beck misappropriation. Scanning the cash-disbursement book of the Western Conference for 1955, he noticed a payment "for professional services" to Haskins and Sells, an accounting firm. Curious, he subpoenaed the Haskins and Sells report. It revealed that, in all, some $306,000 could definitely be established as having gone to Beck from the union during 1950–53. Haskins and Sells later explained to Bellino that the union had retained the firm to find out how much Beck should pay back to the treasury.

The next morning—which was two days before the Select Committee was due to open its first hearings—Bellino telephoned Kennedy in Washington.

"This is amazing!" he said excitedly. "The total amount is over three hundred thousand and the way they've been doing it is fantastic."

Bellino later settled on $320,000 as the minimum amount of union-dues money Beck had siphoned off for himself. This included $196,516.59 in Beck-signed checks which Bellino traced to John Lindsay, a Seattle architect, for work done on Beck's palatial home, his swimming pool and homes of relatives and friends on his Lake Washington property.

The brief testimony with which Bellino torpedoed Beck on March twenty-second had required two months of day-and-night drudgery. As the weeks went by, Bellino kept fishing up further examples of Beck's greed. Each time, one of the most bellicose blusterers in the country was reduced—under oath—to reciting that single sad sentence, "I must decline to answer on the grounds that it might tend to incriminate me."

Was John Hanson Our First President? (Continued from Page 25)

Under Hanson's presidency, Congress established the Consular Service, the first national bank, and the Post Office Department; and adopted the emblem of an American eagle holding an olive branch, thirteen arrows and a scroll with the motto E Pluribus Unum as the Great Seal of the United States. It was Hanson, too, who proclaimed Thanksgiving a national holiday. He picked November 28.

Under the Articles of Confederation, Hanson was followed as President by seven other men, so that by Hansonian reckoning Washington came ninth in the presidential succession. But in 1787, when Congress ratified a Constitution to replace the articles, John Hanson was already a fading memory.

Only within this century have the Hansonians managed to reclaim their hero from oblivion. His statue was not unveiled in the Capitol until 1903. Calvin Coolidge was probably the first public official to describe Hanson as the first President, which he did in a 1926 address praising the accomplishments of Swedish-Americans, Hanson having descended from Swedish royalty. The Encyclopaedia Britannica mentioned Hanson for the first time in its fourteenth edition, published in 1929; the Encyclopedia Americana not until 1942.

Lately, memorial tablets have been affixed at or near the two Maryland houses Hanson occupied: Mulberry Grove, in Port Tobacco, Charles County, about thirty miles south of Washington; the second in Frederick, west of Baltimore. There is another tablet at the house where he died in Oxon Hill, a twenty-minute drive from the Capitol.

It was a Connecticut Yankee, Seymour Wemyss Smith, who launched the drive to recognize Hanson as our first President. A financial reporter and collector of historical curiosities, Smith worked during the '20's for the Hartford Courant, America's oldest newspaper. Browsing through old files, dating back to 1764, he stumbled upon a brief account of Hanson's election.

Smith urged another Courant reporter, Herbert J. Stoeckel, to help him dig for more details. Together they began searching the nation's archives, and in the Library of Congress they made a prize find—a letter written by Charles Thomson, the Secretary of Congress in 1781, to Washington.

"I have the honor to inform you," it read, "that this day (November 5) pursuant to the Articles of Confederation, the United States in Congress Assembled proceeded to the choice of a President and have elected for the ensuing year his Excellency John Hanson."

Smith left the Courant to found the Financial Digest, a monthly economic review, and in the April, 1925, issue he published an article giving Hanson his due. Following seven years of additional research, in which he was valiantly assisted by Stoeckel, he wrote a full-length biography, dedicated "To all great men who have been passed over in history." He died of pneumonia shortly thereafter, and Stoeckel has carried the Hansonian torch ever since, agitating for the issue of Hanson postage stamps, the transfer of the Hanson statue to a place in the main Capitol hall facing Washington's, and producing reams of literature. His latest: The Strange Story of John Hanson, First President of the United States, a Guide to Oxon Hill Manor and Mulberry Grove in Maryland.

A bouncy, voluble little man of sixty, Stoeckel wages (*Continued on Page 62*)

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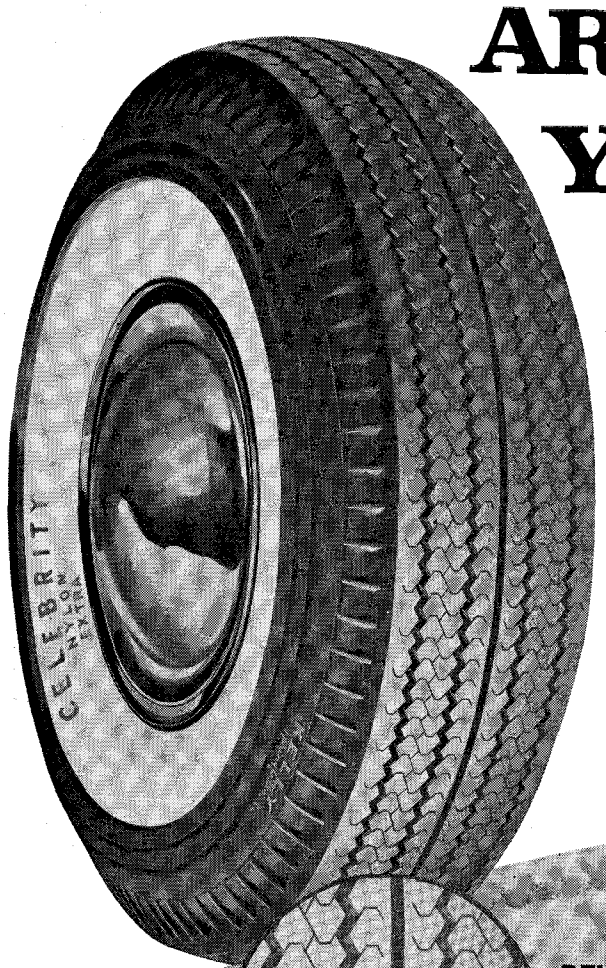

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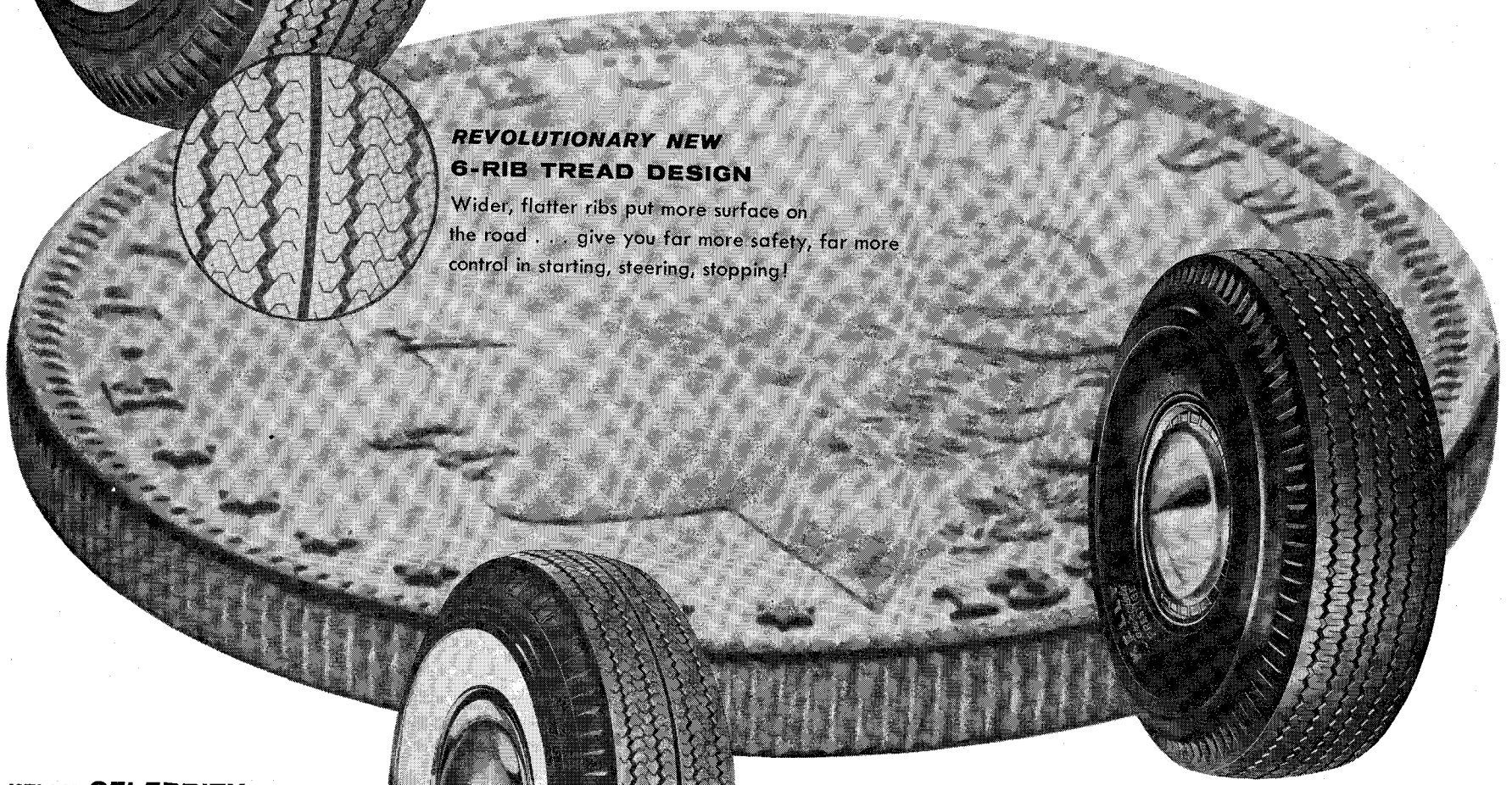

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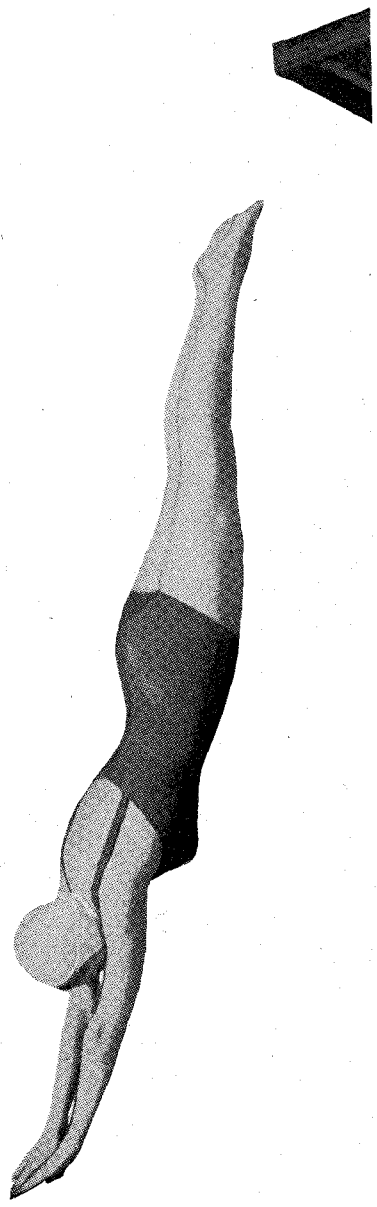

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Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women

(*Continued from Page 60*) a continuous paper war with the Washingtonian historians who try to minimize Hanson's importance. The pros and cons run about like this:

Washingtonian: Hanson was no United States President in the same sense as the Father of His Country, because neither he nor the Congress that chose him wielded much executive authority. Each state delegated only such business as it felt it could not handle alone.

Hansonian: Nonsense! Granted that Constitution II invested Washington and the Federal Government with greater central power, Congress, after the ratification of the Articles of Confederation, could and did make treaties, contract loans, standardize currency, maintain a standing army and wage war. Washington himself referred to the Articles as "the Federal Constitution." Furthermore, many of its provisions were incorporated into Constitution II. "The Union is much older than the Constitution," Abraham Lincoln declared in his first inaugural address, when he quoted the Articles to show that the South could not secede: "The faith of all the then thirteen States expressly plighted and engaged that it should be perpetual . . ."

Washingtonian: At most, Hanson was merely a presiding officer of Congress, as the last three words of his title indicated: "in Congress Assembled."

Hansonian: President Eisenhower, like every President since Hanson, so signs all bills and vetoes.

Washingtonian: But Hanson wasn't elected by the democratic process prevailing today. The delegates appointed him.

Hansonian: Washington's election was still less democratic. All thirteen states participated in Hanson's election, only ten in Washington's, North Carolina and Rhode Island having reverted to the status of independent governments and New York ignoring the election altogether. First, electors were chosen, a few by popular state vote, but most by state legislative appointment. Then, these electors simply agreed upon one of the men approved by Congress.

Washingtonian: Even if we accept the Articles as Constitution I, Hanson would still not have been the first President. Three men preceded him in that office.

Hansonian: Wrong. The Articles were ratified on March 1, 1781, but could not take effect until November fifth, when the new Congress would sit. In the interim no constitutional government existed, though a good deal of business remained to be transacted. So Samuel Huntington, of Connecticut, who had been no more than a presiding officer of the old Congress, continued to serve until July, when the outgoing delegates offered the thankless job to Samuel Johnston, of North Carolina. Johnston served one day and resigned. The delegates then chose Thomas McKean, of Delaware. The appointment was a stopgap, and McKean considered it of secondary importance to his functions as Chief Justice of Pennsylvania. Beyond cavil, John Hanson was the first President of the United States—and a great one.

Whatever the merits of this claim, Hanson undoubtedly deserves higher honors than posterity has accorded him. Genealogists trace his lineage to a thirteenth-century Englishman, Roger de Rastrick. During the next century a John of Rastrick took the surname Hanson, a corruption of "Henry's son," and there has been a John Hanson in every generation since.

Near the turn of the sixteenth century, the John Hanson of his generation toured Sweden, where he wooed and won Margaret Vasa, granddaughter of Gustavus Vasa, who had founded a royal dynasty. The Hansons made Sweden their home, a circumstance which engages the sympathies of Swedish-Americans for the Hansonian cause. Stoeckel counts among his supporters the Vasa Order of America, the leading Swedish-American fraternal organization, 50,000 strong.

The English John Hanson and his royal wife died young. Their only son, John, was killed in the Thirty Years' War, falling with his cousin, Gustavus II. Hanson had sired four sons. Gustavus' daughter, Christina, who inherited the throne, made them her wards.

Shortly before his death, Gustavus had drawn up plans for the founding of a "New Sweden" on the coast of North America, and in 1638 Swedish pioneers landed near what is now Wilmington, Delaware. They built Fort Christina, the first Swedish settlement in the New World. Another band of compatriots crossed the Atlantic in 1642, among them the four Hanson boys. Eventually they moved to Maryland, married into wealthy and influential families, and acquired vast tobacco plantations.

The future President John Hanson was born April 3, 1715 at Mulberry Grove, a 1000-acre estate rolling majestically down to Port Tobacco River, an arm of the Potomac. The town of Port Tobacco was then one of the South's busiest trading centers. Fifteen miles north, on the opposite shore of the Potomac, stood Washington's plantation, Mount Vernon. Its owners often ferried across to attend a party at the Hansons'.

Until middle age John Hanson led the life of a landed aristocrat, paying little attention to politics. Two portraits of him survive. One, by John Hesselius, hangs in the Boston home of Hanson's great-great-great-granddaughter, Mrs. Robert H. Stevenson. The other, in Independence Hall, was painted by Charles Willson Peale. Both pictures show a long-faced man with a powerful jaw and deeply bowed, humorous mouth.

After studying in Europe and at Oxford University, Hanson returned to America and married Jane Contee, a slender, dark-haired beauty of French Huguenot origin. She bore four sons and four daughters. The youngest son, Alexander Contee, a lawyer, became Washington's secretary. Afterward he was Chancellor of Maryland and the compiler of Hanson's Laws, a state legal code. Two other sons were killed fighting in the War for Independence.

John Hanson first appeared on the political scene in 1757, as a delegate to the Maryland Assembly. Soon after the Battle of Bunker Hill, he rose in the Assembly and thundered, "We will repel force by force!"

Maryland promptly drafted its Declaration of Free Men, which quite possibly inspired the Declaration of Independence. Having already accumulated a war chest, largely through Hanson's efforts, Maryland plunged headlong into the struggle. In twenty-two days two companies of her riflemen covered the 550 miles to colonial headquarters near Boston; they were the first Southern reinforcements to reach General Washington.

"There is too much reason to believe," Hanson warned the Continental Congress at this time, "that an expedition will be set on foot by the British and Indians in Canada against the western frontiers of this state, Virginia and Pennsylvania.

"Agents and allies of the King . . . it is believed, in this place are now operating with the Delaware and Shawnee Indians in Ohio, and bands in Kentucky and Canada, with a view to destroy our frontier towns and desolate our homes and firesides. We are determined to keep a vigilant eye on all such agents. . . ."

Under Hanson's instructions, scouts patrolled the countryside, challenging every stranger. Near Hagerstown, Maryland, they arrested a John Conolly and three companions, laden with papers revealing them to be the chief negotiators between the British and the Indians. The plot collapsed. "This wonderful man (Conolly)," Richard Henry Lee ironically informed Washington, "is now close in jail."

"I liked the part where you said, 'This is MY house and I'm going to sit right here and watch the fights, hen party or no hen party!'"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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When it came to ratifying the Articles of Confederation, Maryland alone balked, and that, too, reflected Hanson's wisdom. Several states claimed title to immense tracts of land beyond the Appalachians. As the Articles originally stood, they neither invalidated those claims nor provided for the creation of future states. But Hanson led Maryland to insist upon an amendment declaring the Western lands common property to be apportioned later by Congress.

It took courage to hold out. Hanson and his fellow Marylanders were accused of obstructing the war effort. But no pressure could budge them, and in the end, after four years of bitter contention, they prevailed. Thus, the Marylanders helped to assure the perpetuity of the Union and the eventual creation of thirty-five additional states.

When Hanson was named President he was an exhausted, ailing old man, saddened by the loss of two sons. He shouldered his duties with misgivings. "The load of business," he confided to a relative, "which I have very unwillingly and *very imprudently taken on me, I* am afraid will be more than my constitution will be able to bear and the form and ceremony necessary to be observed by a President of Congress is to me extremely irksome."

But his political outlook was optimistic. To Washington he wrote: "I cannot avoid mentioning that the present aspect of our public affairs is particularly pleasing, and so much do we seem extricated from our perplexing difficulties, and such, I hope, is the power and force of recent experience, that we shall not relapse into our former state of imbecility and distress. May heaven still continue to smile on our efforts!"

Hanson's fears for his health were justified. A year after his term ended, while at Oxon Hill Manor, the estate of his nephew, Thomas Hanson, he fell mortally ill. "During his last hours (November 15, 1783)," reported the Maryland Journal & Baltimore Advertiser, "amidst lingering torments he steadily preserved the fortitude of a philosopher and at length met the King of Terror with the meek resignation and elevated hopes of a Christian."

Oxon Hill Manor had its own cemetery, and local tradition holds that Hanson was buried there. But if so, no headstone *marks his* grave.

Why did history pay Hanson such scant tribute? The Hansonians hint at a conspiracy of silence which they attribute primarily to Alexander Hamilton, the principal agitator for a new constitution. They contend that Hamilton and his fellow Federalists were plutocrats who wanted a strong federal government, but one run by propertied men like themselves. Under the Articles of Confederation wealth could not dominate, because Congress was empowered to tax the states according to their respective wealth. The Federalists therefore—so the Hansonian line goes—strove to consign the Articles and those who had championed them to oblivion.

"Here's a curious fact," says Stoeckel: "Washington knew the Hansons intimately and mentioned them in the voluminous diaries he kept for some twenty years. Yet the pages of those diaries from the day of Hanson's election to a year after his death are mysteriously missing. If found, they would unquestionably show how highly Washington valued Hanson."

Recent years have brought more encouragement to the Hansonians. In 1951, a prominent Charles County physician, Dr. Edward J. Edelen, purchased Mulberry Grove. The original Hanson mansion had been destroyed by fire in 1934, but the doctor and his wife built a replica and furnished it with eighteenth-century pieces. It has become a focus of Hansonian interest. "Scarcely a week passes," says Mrs. Edelen, who occasionally receives tourists in a gown such as Jane Hanson wore, "that we don't get inquiries about the first President."

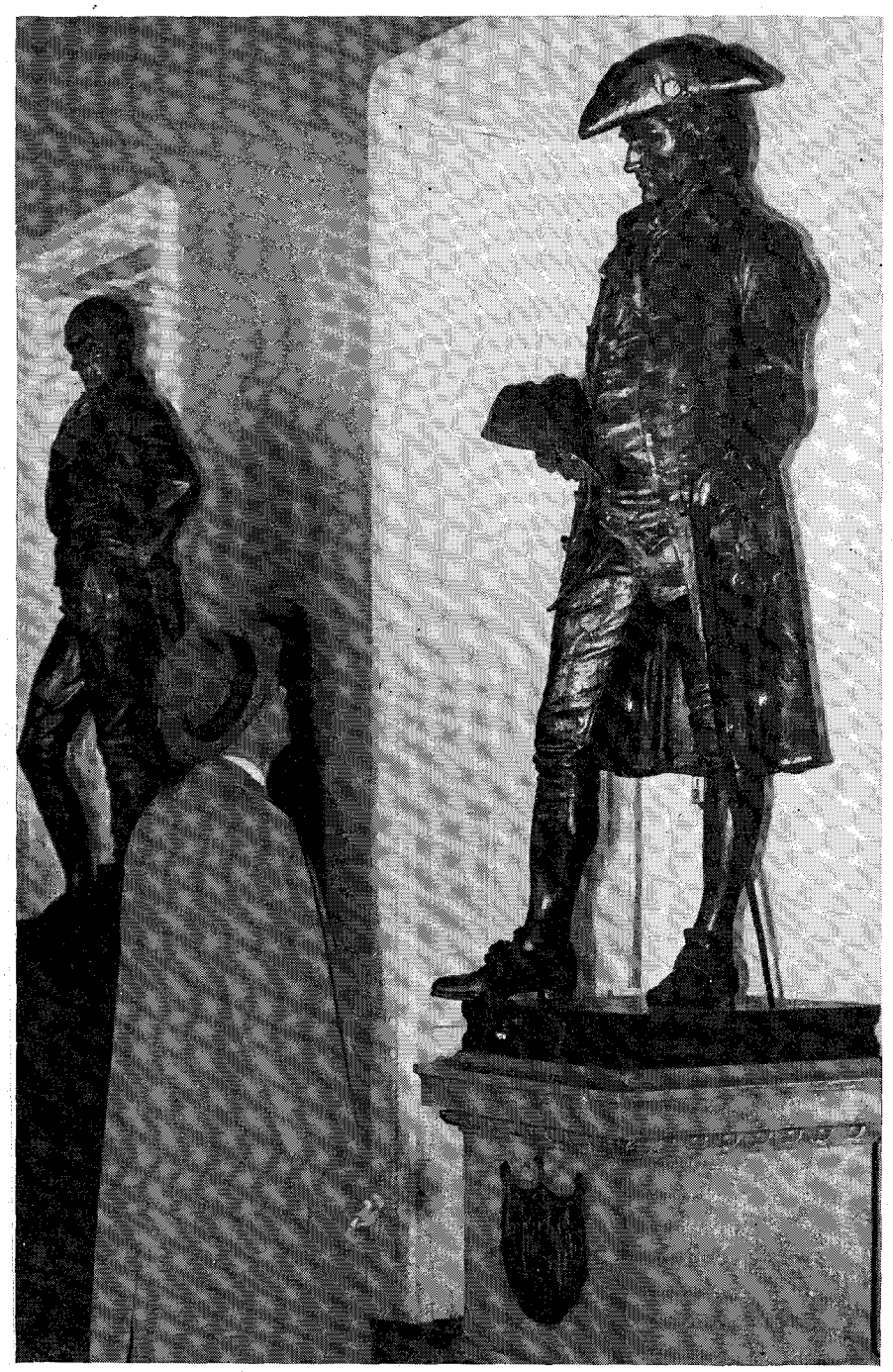
Recently, the Maryland Roads Commission renamed the Annapolis-Washington Expressway the John Hanson Highway. Last November, in Oxon Hill, the million-dollar John Hanson Junior High School was dedicated. Its pupils are told that Hanson was the first President by a teacher, Mrs. Earle Marshall, who happens to be among his lateral descendants.

With the object of tracing all branches of the family tree, other descendants have formed the John Hanson Society of Maryland. As progenitors of soldiers, statesmen and legislators, the Hansons equaled the Adamses of Massachusetts and the Lees of Virginia. They produced nine officers of the Revolutionary Army, five signers of the Maryland Declaration of Free Men, one signer of the Declaration of Independence (Thomas Stone), and one signer of the Constitution (Daniel Jenifer of St. Thomas); three Presidents of the United States—William Henry Harrison, Benjamin Harrison and Grover Cleveland—and a runner-up, Samuel J. Tilden.

The estate of Oxon Hill Manor, where Hanson breathed his last, belonged to Sumner Welles throughout his public career. The manor house, like that of Mulberry Grove, had been razed by fire. Welles replaced it with one of the finest specimens of Georgian architecture in America. Four years ago he sold it to a retired art dealer, Fred N. Maloof by name, a small, round man of Lebanese extraction with a taste for gigantic properties. Until recently Maloof was known in North Carolina as "the Baron of Dare County," because he owned most of it, 200,000 acres, one of the biggest private tracts east of the Mississippi.

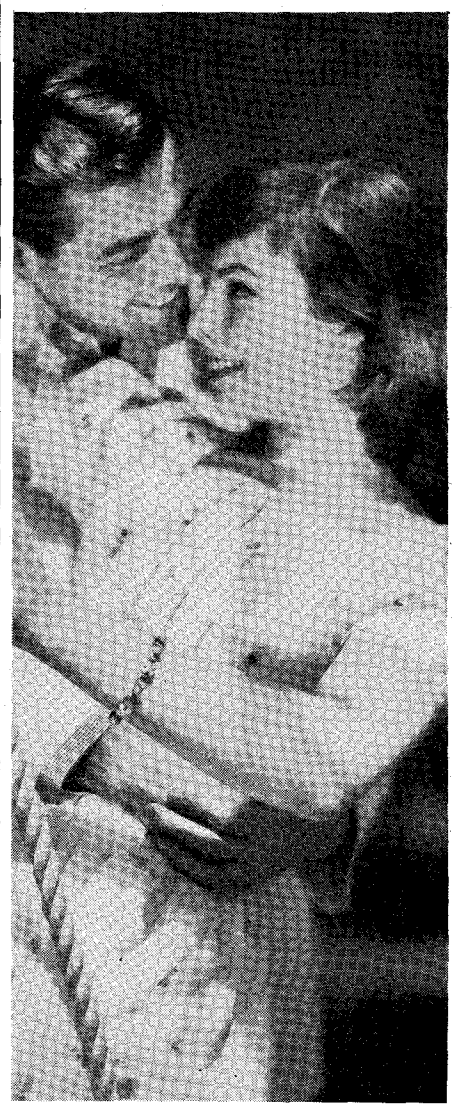
Maloof proposes to convert Oxon Hill Manor into a museum of American history, with special attention to Hansoniana. As a starter, Maloof, occasionally accompanied by Stoeckel, roots around the weed-choked manor cemetery in hopes of uncovering Hanson's tombstone.

Meantime, Stoeckel pushes forward on other fronts. "I will not be satisfied," says he, "until I see John Hanson's profile on a postage stamp. Just think of it—the Post Office Department failing to honor its own anniversary!" THE END



Each state may erect statues of two distinguished sons in the Capitol at Washington. Maryland chose to be represented by "President" John Hanson (above) and Charles Carroll, a signer of the Declaration of Independence. Statue at far left is of Kentucky's Ephraim McDowell.

Brush Your Teeth with Colgate's... Brush Bad Breath Away!



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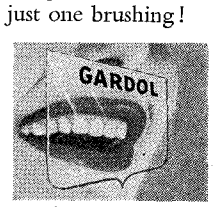
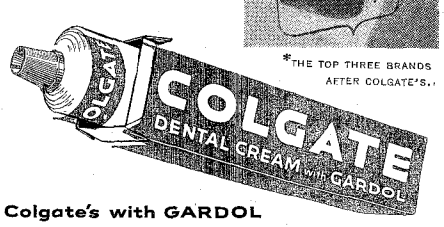
Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol stops mouth odor all day for most people . . . with just one brushing! Gives you that fresh-clean feeling that comes from brushing your teeth with Colgate Dental Cream.

And unlike other leading toothpastes,* Colgate Dental Cream contains Gardol to form an invisible, protective shield around your teeth that fights tooth decay all day . . . with just one brushing!

Gardol's invisible shield fights tooth decay all day . . . with just one brushing.



*THE TOP THREE BRANDS AFTER COLGATE'S..



Colgate's with GARDOL

CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH

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This Lady's Army (Continued from Page 22)

photograph, and had copies made for each of the 150 women in her company. On inspection day, when the company commander came through the barracks with the sergeant, he found the sergeant's picture pasted on the inside lid of every woman's foot locker! After the sergeant finished trying to convince the captain that he really wasn't the pin-up boy of the whole company, he negotiated a truce with the girls, and became the best friend the Waacs at Des Moines had."

The Women's Army Corps, now a part of the Regular Army, numbers 8500. It has come a long way since the early days of World War II, when the initial handful of dedicated women who joined the hastily organized group were regarded as "freaks in khaki girdles." Even today, the most sensitive topic in the WAC is the public's preoccupation with its undergarments.

Male officers originally dreamed up the most appalling specifications for WAC underthings—all made of depressing khaki. During the Italian campaign, Gen. Mark Clark became the hero of his contingent of Wacs when he authorized them to throw the khaki stuff away and wear whatever they could buy or scrounge.

"Soldiers used to detour from miles away just to see our Wacs' wash line," a Clark aide of those days recently recalled. "It was a better morale builder than mail from home."

For the record, let it be stated that WAC undergarments no longer are G.I. The girls are allowed thirty dollars each to buy their own, color not specified.

Today's postwar corps has a permanent training center at Fort McClellan, near Anniston, Alabama. After basic training, the Wacs work and train alongside male soldiers. Pay and privileges are equal, except that WAC officers may not rise above the rank of colonel, a rank now held only by the director.

"Colonel Mary Lou," now forty-five, is the fifth in a line of directors that began with Oveta Culp Hobby, who later became President Eisenhower's first Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare. Thoroughly feminine in appearance, with graying black hair, hazel eyes and a warm smile, Mary Louise Milligan has been described by society writers as "petite and pretty." Dancing is one of her favorite pastimes, and she is much in demand at Washington embassy and service parties. She has never married.

Colonel Milligan was in the first wartime class of women officers. Those who know her well assert that the WAC could not have a better pleader. In the words of one high-ranking general, "Mary Lou is capable of coming up with a solution to a complex problem, and she has the personality to sell the solution."

The colonel has another attribute—control. "Mary Louise is a strong-minded individual," said her mother, who lives with her, "but I have never seen her lose her temper. When she is angry or annoyed, she says nothing, but sits down and plays the piano until she has worked it out of her system."

During World War II, the WAC built to a peak strength of 100,000, and the women served with the Regular Army in every overseas theater, often close to the front lines. Colonel Milligan hopes to build up the WAC to its wartime strength and to have women used by the Army in a wider variety of jobs. She recognizes the fact that parents, in general, are not enthusiastic about having their daughters join the armed forces, and she is determined to sell the corps not only to potential recruits but to fathers and mothers as well, so there will be a constant flow of enlistments.

One of the earliest problems of the WAC and its sister services was the slander campaign waged against women volunteers. Every conceivable item of vicious gossip, some of it Axis-inspired, was spread. These fantastic fabrications ranged from "eyewitness" accounts of nonexistent "pregnancy ships" returning from overseas, laden with more Wacs than were enlisted in the entire corps, to stories of "wolf packs" of sex-hungry Wacs roaming the countryside, seizing upon and seducing innocent sailors.

While these libels were being broadcast, heroic women were being torpedoed en route to North Africa, undergoing the blitz in England, and hitting the ditch under Japanese strafing in Leyte. Eventually, most of the public came to recognize that military service is an honorable career followed by honorable women. Through a vigorous informational campaign, Colonel Milligan and her sister directors of the other women's military services hope to root out whatever prejudice remains.

... ...

Night of Fog

By Gladys McKee

This suits my mood,
A night like this.
No thing is bright;
If lovers kiss,
No one will notice;
Street lights and signs
Are muffled colors
And misty lines.
I like this night
After day's riot,
It is earth's own
Gray weave of quiet.

... ...

The new director of the WAC was born in East Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, where her late father, George V. Milligan, was in the real estate business. Her French-born mother, Alice Graff, came to this country as a young girl. "My only military ancestor," Colonel Milligan says "was my Great-great-grandfather Bohne, who served with Napoleon." During World War II, she had two brothers in the service, both of whom she outranked. Her younger brother, Malcolm, is an Air Force major.

It was a combination of patriotism and the dramatic example of what British women were doing to help win the war that led Mary Lou Milligan—then an assistant supervising principal of a Pittsburgh suburban school district—to join the first contingent of WAAC volunteers. Out of the thousands who volunteered, the present director became a member of the carefully picked group of 440 women who formed the first officer-candidate class that began training at Fort Des Moines on July 20, 1942.

Even the corps' official biographer, former Lt. Col. Mattie E. Treadwell, had disparaging things to say of the uniforms handed out to the new arrivals. "The rich mud-brown color of slips and panties was disconcerting," she noted. "The heavy, cotton khaki skirts were cut as if to fit men's hips, and buckled and wrinkled across the stomach, so that even the slimmest Waac presented a potbellied appearance after she had sat down once. When Waacs walked or marched, the skirts climbed well above the knee, unless a desperate grip on the skirt was substituted for the required arm swing. Shrieks of dismay arose as the women tried on the WAAC caps, uncharitably christened (after the first director) 'Hobby hats,' which were unbecoming to many women."

Since then, the WAC uniform has gone through many evolutions, and has emerged as a taupe-colored, high-collared creation by Hattie Carnegie; the stiff-brimmed, flat-topped Hobby hat is no more. For the past year and a half, one of the Pentagon's prettiest WAC officers, Capt. Zetta Jones, a former San Francisco model, has been modeling a proposed new uniform. It is cut with a more flattering open collar, and is made of a cloth already grabbed by the male Army, and known as "Army Green, Shade 44." According to Captain Jones, it "does complimentary things for any color of skin and hair," and, as soon as the quartermaster O.K.'s the new uniform, a rush of Wacs into Shade 44 is expected.

Colonel Milligan graduated from OCS in August, 1942, and was immediately given an administrative job at the training center. In less than a year she became women's director of the center. She remained at Fort Des Moines throughout the war, with time out for a special mission to England.

When the war was over and the WAC began demobilizing, Colonel Milligan remained at Fort Des Moines, which was one of the WAC separation centers, to assist in the breaking up of the corps. "We had no status in the Regular Army," she says. "I intended to return to my school post, until I was asked to go to Washington to work on the program for perpetuating the WAC as an integral part of the Army. I felt this job was important, so I went. By the time the bill was passed, the WAC was part of me and I was part of it, and I stayed on."

Colonel Milligan's next promotion made her deputy director of the WAC, under Col. Mary A. Hallaren. In 1952 she went to Heidelberg, Germany, as WAC staff adviser for the United States Army in Europe. On her return last fall, before taking over the WAC directorship, she was assigned to fill a male officer's staff job at Headquarters, Continental Army Command, Fort Monroe, Virginia.

The big battle that the women's army had to win in the early days was acceptance by hidebound male officers. Today, there still are a few die-hards in the Army, but no longer is there any serious question of acceptance of the smartly trained, competent officers and enlisted personnel of the Women's Army Corps.

Though recruiting is not supplying the quotas which the women's military services would like to fill, there are approximately 35,000 women in uniform today—all volunteers. The WAC accounts for 8500 of this total. The WAF (Women's Air Force) has a strength of 9000; the WAVES (Navy) number around 6000; the Women Marines approximate 2500, and the balance of 9000 is divided among five women's medical services—the Army, Navy and Air Force Nurse Corps, and the Army and Air Force Medical Specialist Corps. All these services are integrated into the regular military forces. The SPARS (Coast Guard), which has not been taken into the regular armed services, was out of existence between 1947 and 1949, but there now is a cadre of approximately twenty officers and enlisted women to serve as a nucleus if expansion is ever deemed necessary.

To see how career women in uniform are trained, I visited the "West Point of the WAC"—officially the United States Army Training Center, Women's Army Corps—at Fort McClellan. The center, commanded by Lt. Col. Frances M. Lathrope, a former schoolteacher from Kankakee, Illinois, and run by an all-female staff, was opened in 1954.

Within the center's 333 acres I found only three male employees: a civilian warehouseman, a military chaplain, and, ironically, an Army cook. "This male cook isn't SOP (standard operating procedure)," explained WAC Maj. Lane Carlson, the center's information officer. "It just happens that right now we're well stocked on WAC drill sergeants, but a little short on cooks."

I have visited many well-run Army training posts, but never have I been on one during peacetime where trainees displayed more snap. I haven't seen so many salutes thrown since the early days of World War II, and not once in my hearing did a Wac forget the required "ma'am"—the women's-army equivalent of "sir"—when addressing a superior officer.

Enlistment in the WAC now is open to women from 18 through 34, who are citizens or aliens with first papers. They must be physically fit, of good character, and have the equivalent of a high-school education. At the time of enlistment, a Wac must be single and without dependents. She may remain in the service if she marries, but any Wac who becomes a mother must be discharged. Occasionally some unhappily married young woman will seek to "disappear" with the WAC, *à la* the Foreign Legion, by concealing her marital status. When such a case is discovered at the McClellan center—or later—the girl is quietly sent away.

It is WAC recruiting practice to screen applicants carefully, including a psychiatric examination. "We don't oversell the WAC," Madeline Barbour, recruiting officer in the District of Columbia area, told me. "We tell the applicants about all the less agreeable features—the hard work, discipline during training, and so forth—so the weak sisters will back out. Personally, we think the WAC is a wonderful career, but we'd rather eliminate those who are unlikely to make the grade before we sign them up, not after."

Lieutenant Barbour, a trim brunette, often teams up with recruiters from the other women's services to visit high-school senior classes and tell the teen-age girls what the armed services have to offer. "Invariably," she said, "I am asked if enlistment is any bar to marriage, what the rules are on dating, and how soon they can expect to be sent overseas and 'see the world.' One girl wanted to know if she could keep on bleaching her hair if she joined the WAC. The answer was, yes—if it didn't make her look too freakish. And once a girl wanted to know if she would have to go into combat and shoot Russians if war broke out."

A recruiting officer usually escorts the enlistee to the airport, train or bus station and sees her off for Fort McClellan. The new arrival is met in Anniston and taken to the reception center. Recruits may be young women with experience in business and travel, but often they are frightened small-town girls who have never been away from home before.

In a matter of hours, they are taken to an orientation room at the quartermaster clothing outlet, where a sign informs them: "The cost of the clothing you will receive is $172.34." Maj. Kathleen Foye, the quartermaster officer, also tells them that they will receive a thirty-dollar cash allowance for underwear, three dollars for tennis (Continued on Page 66)

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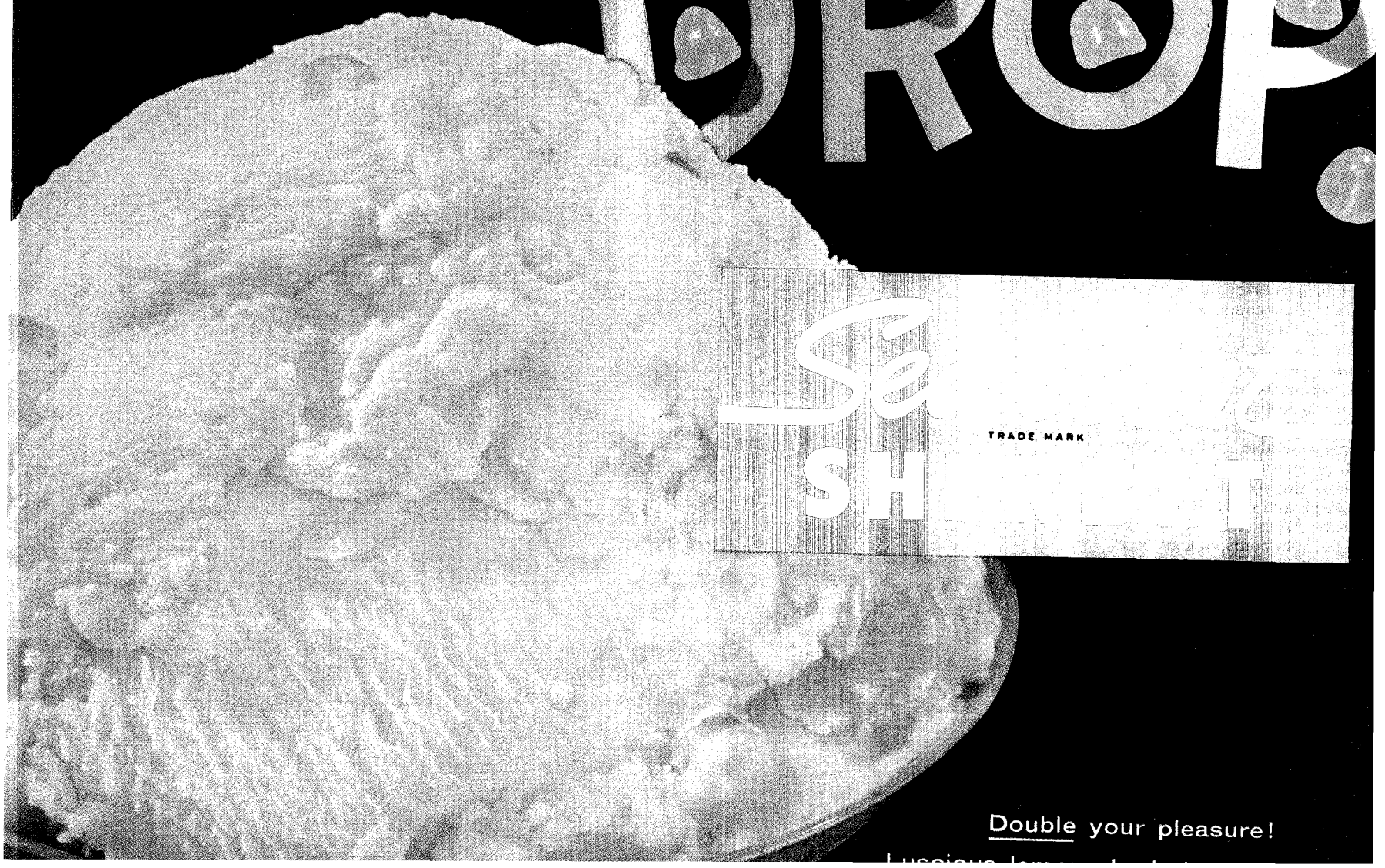

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(*Continued from Page 64*) shoes, and—in the fifth week—twelve dollars for purchase of dress pumps. After the first six months, the recruit gets a monthly allowance for clothing replacements.

"The girls then are asked to shed their outer civilian clothing, which they will not wear again during basic training, and we start outfitting them," Major Foye explained. "They previously have been advised to appear in a slip and, if necessary, a girdle.

"The girls get three fittings," Major Foye continued. "The first is when they come in; the second is in the third week, after the flabby ones have dropped pounds and the skinny ones have filled out; and the final is eleven days before their graduation, so that they will look well-turned-out when they report to their assignments."

The recruits are issued the basic uniform, plus slacks, seersucker exercise and work dresses, overcoats and raincoats, cotton dresses; accessories, such as caps, bag, gloves, stockings, one pair of heavy-duty shoes, known as "Li'l Abners," and two pairs of dress oxfords. If a girl has corns or blisters, she will not be fitted until corrective treatment has been given.

Enlisted recruits receive eight weeks' basic training, consisting of drill, some field training, and orientation in military fundamentals. Though Wacs do not carry or use firearms, recruits who want to learn how to shoot may take a course in how to handle weapons.

After graduation, recruits go on to their assignments or to further specialized training. The center operates clerical courses for enlisted Wacs, but instruction in other specialties is given at Regular Army schools, where the Wacs train with men.

For newly commissioned officers and officer candidates, the center conducts a twenty-week basic course; also, a twenty-three-week advanced course for qualified captains and majors.

Unlike the trainees, who must dress and live strictly G.I., enlisted personnel assigned to permanent staff duty at the center are free to decorate their private or semiprivate living quarters as they please. Some rooms resemble college dormitories, with pictures of boy friends and movie stars on display—not to mention fancy bedspreads and stuffed animals.

The enlisted Wacs are free to wear civilian clothes after hours, though "good taste" is a guiding rule. While off duty, Wacs may wear almost anything they like in their quarters, including velvet toreador pants and shorts and halters. But instructions issued to recruits specifically forbid the wearing of blue jeans.

WAC military police are a familiar sight at Fort McClellan, and, since they are assigned to the post provost marshal's office, rather than to the WAC center, they have authority to apprehend male as well as female transgressors. There are five enlisted women serving as MP's under Maj. Joan Ellis. Once a student of the theater in New York City, Major Ellis is deputy provost marshal for the entire post. She takes over, in effect, as "chief of police" when the provost marshal is absent.

In general, the WAC MP's are used for traffic and security patrols, mostly within the women's area. They wear MP armbands and carry night sticks, but no firearms. Service men and women regularly assigned to McClellan know that the lady MP's are no joke, but the National Guardsmen and reservists who go there for summer encampment find them a great novelty. Some of these summertime soldiers try to get themselves picked up by a WAC MP. They will do such things as appearing without a cap or otherwise wearing the uniform improperly, and, when the lady policeman halts them, they eagerly demand, "Arrest me!"

"Needless to say," Major Ellis dryly remarks, "one of the primary qualifications for our WAC MP's is a sense of humor and an ability to handle situations not included in the military-police courses."

Turnover is high in the WAC, and marriage is not the only reason for women's leaving the corps. Some wash out early in training because, despite the initial screening, they are not mentally or physically attuned to WAC routine. Others quit because they don't like Army life. Many drop out after their first enlistment period—a minimum of two years—for better-paying jobs. Some quit to have a good time on the money they have accumulated while in service, and then re-enlist when their savings are spent. Others leave to advance their education, and quite a few have re-enlisted after they have earned college degrees.

Why do women join the WAC? Immediately after Pearl Harbor, the answer was simple—patriotism. Many of today's recruits assert that they, too, want to serve their country. Others state they joined to further their education through the Army's extension courses, while some are lured by job security. Many admit they were tempted by the glamour of a military career—especially the opportunity to see the world. Some of the senior officers who were successful career women in civilian life say that they came in because, as one of them put it, "the WAC offers us the opportunity to exercise more responsibility than institutions and industry ordinarily entrust to women."

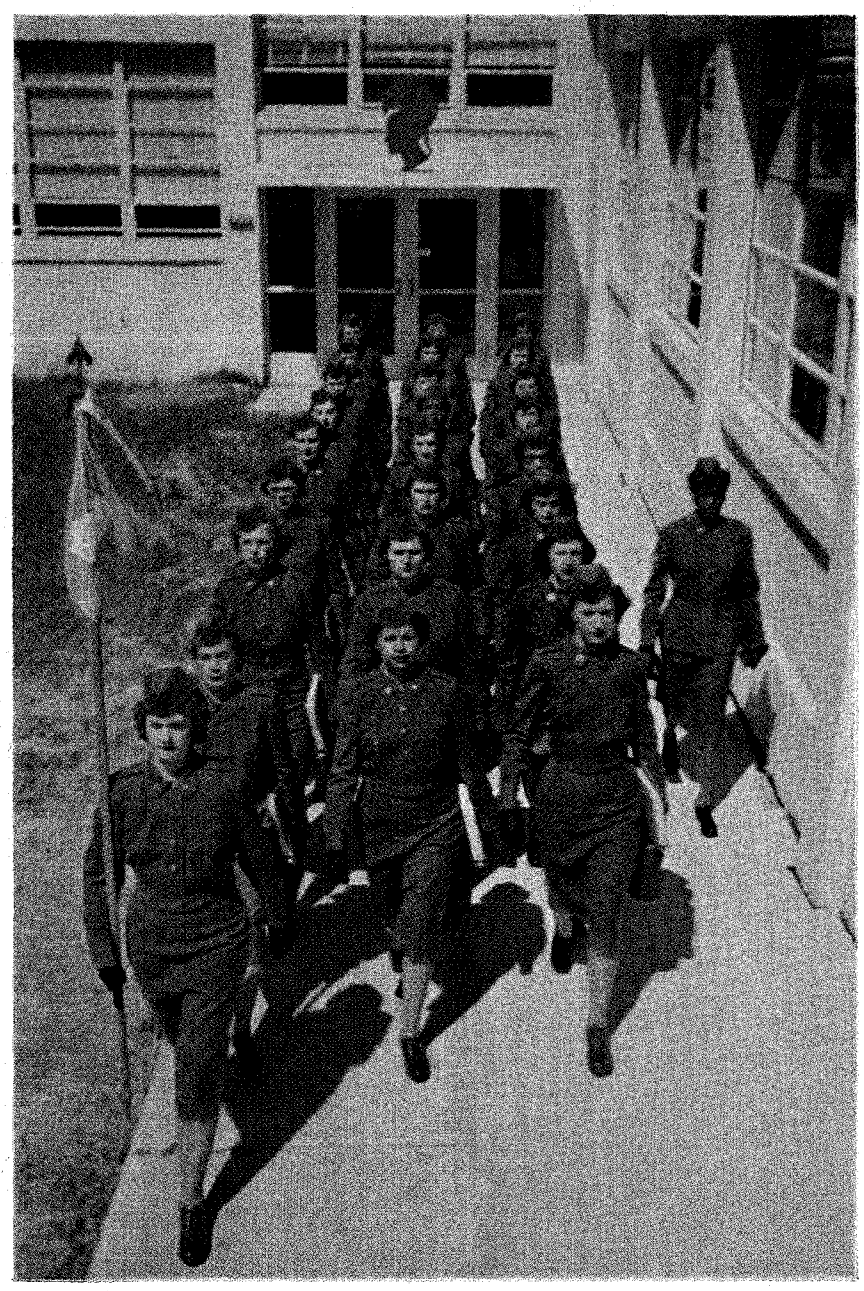
I talked at the WAC center with 1st Lt. Vashti Jefferies, an outstanding Negro WAC staff officer, who had taught high school in Clover, South Carolina, for five years. She told me how she picked up recruiting pamphlets in a post office one day, compared what the WAC had to offer with the possibilities of her teaching job, and joined. In ten months she was commissioned as an officer, and is looking forward to a career in the corps. "I have been completely happy," she said.

In Washington, I met Sgt. Minnie L. (Mom) Barber, sixty-four years old, who proudly claims to be "one of the oldest Wacs in the corps." Mom Barber, who looks much younger than her age, is in charge of the women's officers' quarters at Forest Glenn, an annex of Walter Reed Army Hospital. She has three children, eight grandchildren, and a great-grandson. Mom, who had been a chicken raiser in Salamonia, Indiana, joined during World War II, after her husband died. She said she has had a fabulous time, including a seven-year tour of duty in Japan, where, "in spare time," she ran a language school for Japanese waitresses, a Sunday-school class, and a clothing factory for war orphans.

"It's kept me feeling young," Mom Barber said. "My family thinks I ought to retire when my present enlistment is up, but when I see how some of my old friends are tottering around, and compare it with how good I feel, I think I may try for another hitch if the corps will have me."

I asked a number of Wacs if they found Army life dull. They laughed at the question. "With better than one hundred men in the Army to every woman," a vivacious medical specialist remarked, "how could it be dull?"

Among the other Wacs who scouted the idea that life in the women's army is dull were Scottish-born Warrant Officer Margaret Finnegan, who went to Paris with Generals Eisenhower and Gruenther to set up SHAPE; Lt. Col. Alice Parrish, former Washington, D.C., policewoman, who helped set up the South Korean women's national police auxiliary; Sgt. Josephine Dannegger, chief therapist at Fort Myer, Virginia, who has massaged the aching back of many a star-studded general; Swiss-born Maj. Silvia Cortesi, who gave up a career as a concert violinist to become an intelligence officer, and who served as interpreter for the neutral-nation truce teams that went into Korea; and Capt. Olive Marsh, who has served as confidential secretary to three five-star Generals of the Army—Marshall, Eisenhower and Bradley—and who now works at the White House. Ike himself once pinned a commendation ribbon on Captain Marsh. He fumbled, and apologized for his awkwardness by saying, "I'm not used to pinning these things on women!"



Company C, Fourth Platoon leaves the WAC Training Battalion Basic School at Ft. McClellan, Ala., after morning classes. Their green and yellow banner was won for excellence in marching.

These are some of the types of jobs, apart from stations at typewriters and filing cabinets, that are being filled by the women who graduate from Fort McClellan. They work in administrative posts, medical installations, weather stations, airways communications, military intelligence, cryptography, secret Chemical Corps projects and other hush-hush assignments. New vistas are constantly opening. In this age of electronic warfare, the Army has decided that women can staff some of the listening posts and put into operation the mechanisms that will activate our defenses in case of an enemy missile attack.

Both Colonel Milligan and her predecessor, Col. Irene O. Galloway, agree that the big job today is to present the WAC to American women as a useful, satisfying, and exciting career. Colonel Milligan is smart enough to know that there always will be some male generals who will continue to think of the WAC as the "petticoat army" and the "lipstick brigade"—terms which the WAC abhors. She also is smart enough to smile sweetly as she goes about the business of combating that attitude.

"One day," she recalled, "a lieutenant general concerned with personnel summoned me to his office for a conference. When our business was concluded, he told me of having once reviewed a regiment of Wacs.

"'I noticed them as they marched by,' the general said, 'and you know what? In each company, every woman was wearing exactly the same shade of lipstick as her company commander!'"

The little colonel, whose favorite shade of lipstick is something called Paradise Pink, smiled and concluded: "I thought to myself, 'Well, Mary Lou, if we have a few generals observant enough to notice that women wear different shades of lipstick, maybe the Women's Army Corps is in pretty good hands!'" THE END

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Iron Curtain Incident (Continued from Page 31)

"Drunk! Both of 'em!" The big man who would miss his conference snapped out the words. He'd taken the stuffed chair by my bench.

Well, they did act queerly. The boy stared up at the ceiling, that had indirect lighting; he hunted around until he came to a heating vent, and took off his gloves to feel the warm air. Then the man took him to the machines in the corridor, where they fed in dimes to make music and get out chocolate bars and a small carton of milk. Calhoun came back to sit bow-legged on the floor near us, and the boy squatted down to extract milk from the carton—which isn't easy if you don't know how.

My knowledgeable companion watched him narrowly, and asked abruptly, "What's your name, boy?"

The kid looked at him in silence and moved away out of reach.

"His name's David now," explained the man over his shoulder.

"Is he dumb?"

"No, sir, he's only counting his blessings."

That didn't make sense, of course. My companion grunted to me that this must be one of the Hungarian refugees coming over at the expense of American taxpayers. A holdup of a plane can make some passengers sour.

My neighbor pulled papers impatiently out of a saddle-leather brief case stamped in gold with the name of a law firm. I suppose, being an attorney, he was used to pinning down witnesses to get answers out of them. He said he couldn't see any blessing whatever in this weather.

"There's the light without candles," said Johnny Calhoun softly. "There's the music without a gypsy fiddler, along with warmth and no fire, not to mention milk without a cow."

Then an odd thing happened. The boy stowed the chocolate bar Calhoun had got for him in a small bag at his belt. It was a skin bag, and in repacking it the kid took out a long leather thong with a leather patch strung on it, and a handful of smooth round stones, bigger than pebbles.

"Let's see one, kid," I asked, pointing at them. He didn't pull away as he'd done with the big lawyer, but handed one over, watching me. Yes, it was a stone, worn smooth by water. And this leather sling of David's was no rubber-band toy, but an operative weapon capable of knocking out a mountain lion or small bear. I said as much, because it stirred something in my memory, and all at once I knew where I'd read about it. "And he kept his father's sheep," I added, looking at those queer clothes.

"His grandfather's," amended Johnny Calhoun, and laughed. "But how'd you know it, Mac?"

"I read it in some book of the Bible," I explained, and told him about it.

This Calhoun wasn't tight; for some reason he just felt happy, like the foreign boy. Well, during that winter out beyond, we dogfaces used to read everything in hand, the Bible included. One thing struck me about the David of the Bible. I'd always supposed that he was no more than a simple shepherd lad who downed a heavyweight Goliath guy with a lucky hit from his slingshot. But it seems that the real David, who kept his father's sheep, figured the fight out in advance. Saul or somebody wanted him to go out with body armor, complete with brass hat and shield and sword. That was the equipment Goliath had—the champion of the Philistines. But David took off all his equipment and went to face Goliath with only his sling and sheep staff. Well, then Goliath felt so sure of himself, he swore how he'd feed the boy to the birds—and he never dodged the water-smoothed stone that got him in the head.

Johnny Calhoun listened carefully, and nodded. "That's how it happened with us."

The attorney beside me slapped his papers down on his brief case and gave his opinion. "You don't expect me to believe that anything like that story of the Bible happened today!"

Johnny Calhoun looked around the crowded room at all the people sitting, waiting, and at the boy, David, watching us; he moved his thin head to the rhythm of the faint music. "It was a different country from this, mister," he said. "You can judge for yourself."

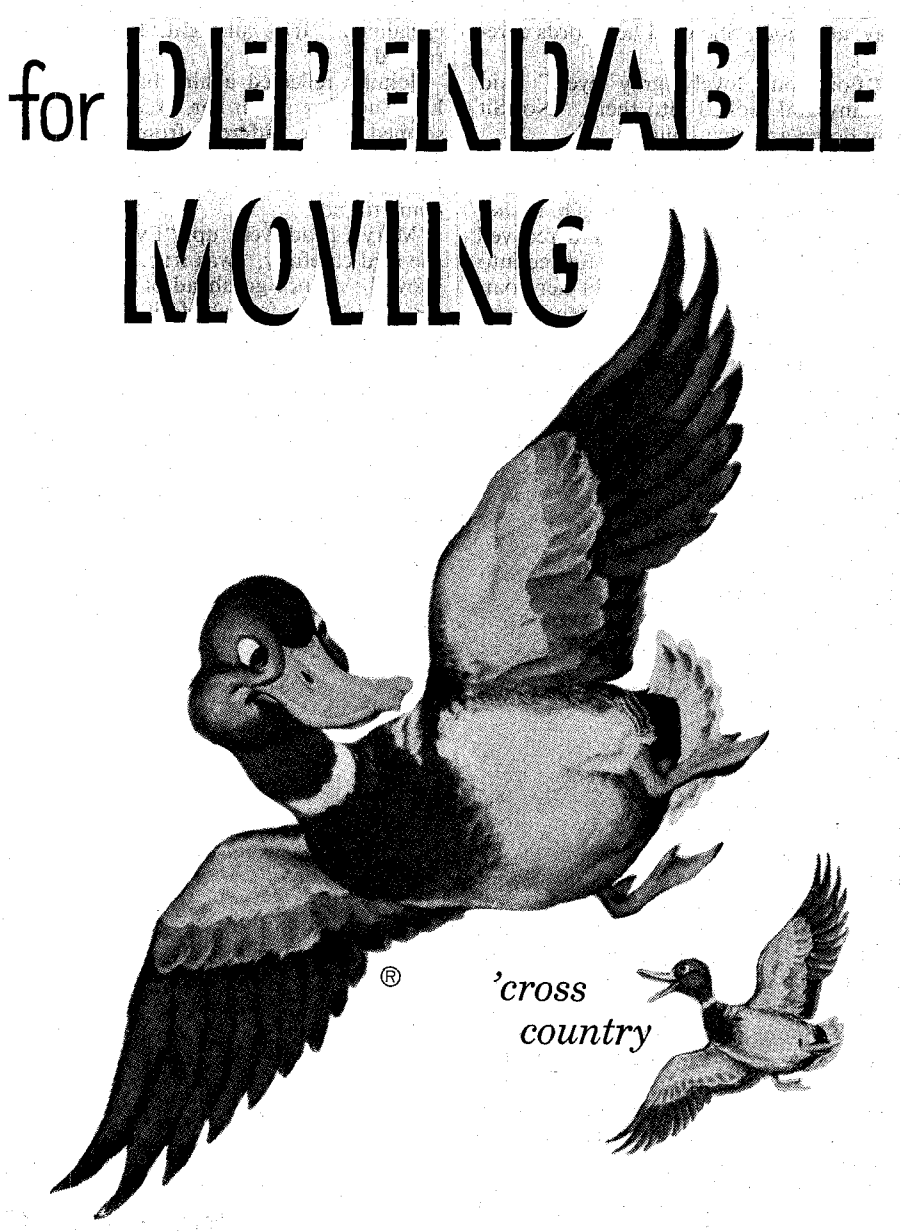
It began to snow that night in the Caucasus Mountains, Johnny told us. So after supper he started packing his kit in the guesthouse room. As a medico and captain in the United States Army, attached to AMAT—American Mission for Aid to Turkey—he had taken the post at Suyun, a mountain town on the eastern frontier, far from the plush hotels of Ankara. Suyun was a Turkish regimental H.Q. high up in the pine forests beneath the red cliffs of the Russian border, and pretty well isolated in the winter freeze. Captain Calhoun was probably the only American within a thousand miles just at that time. In two days he would leave his post to drive his jeep back to Erzurum, division H.Q., where he'd get air transport to the States.

Most of his Turkish officer friends had told him good-by at the supper in the club. He noticed the snow coming down, and he'd turned up the kerosene stove, when he had a caller. This was a young woman, about the only one he knew in Suyun—Miriam Thavad, the district nurse, for the Red Crescent. A smart young lady with slant gray eyes and a way of keeping her own counsel. Usually, being overworked, she was out of sight in the distant villages. Now she had a going-away present for him, a nice Caucasian knife with a gold inscription on the blade. She said it would bring him comfort if he was ever lonely. "Because sometimes I think you are lonely, doctor."

It was a good knife, old and well used. Johnny thanked Mary—as he called her—and presented her with all his old American magazines, which she'd borrowed from time to time to read. But it turned out that Mary, as district nurse, had

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"... being of sound ... Alll abooooard ... mind and body ..."



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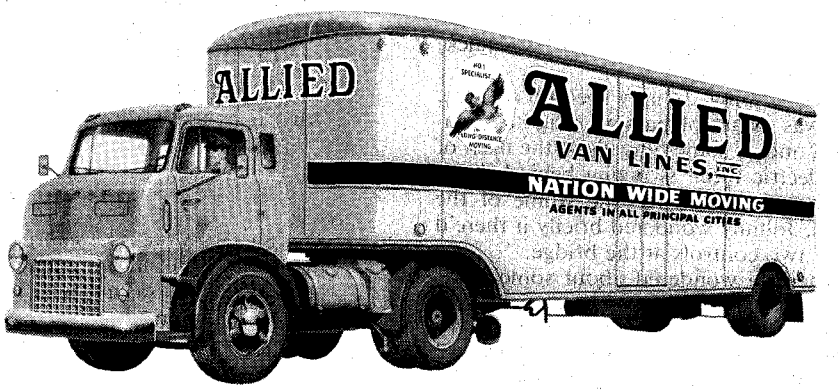

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something else on her mind. Would the doctor please make one last visit to a patient who couldn't come to him?

Now Captain Calhoun had specific technical duties connected with the study of the effects of altitude and cold on soldiers, but the citizens of Suyun believed that a doctor, especially an American, had the know-how to cure all ills of the flesh. Accordingly, and largely by Mary's persuasion, Johnny had pulled teeth, diagnosed pyemia, and extracted a necklace from a baby.

"Not this night, Mary," he said hastily. "Not even for your *beaux yeux*."

"For my what, please?"

Mary had learned English the hard way, at school. She used her words carefully.

"For your lovely gray eyes," said Johnny and looked into them. "No. Sit you down and thaw out."

Instead Mary smiled at him. She had her own way of persuading. And this evening she had added a touch to her getup. The edge of an embroidered veil showed against her dark hair, tucked into the upturned karakul collar of her coat. "I know it will not be safe to drive," she confided. "But you see, it is something special." Her eyes slanted up at his face. "It is in my home. You do not know my home, but it is comfortable, with a fire. You do not want me to tell them how you would not come."

So it happened that against his better judgment Captain Calhoun drove away from his quarters that evening in his jeep, with chains on all wheels and Mary in the seat beside him, and a basket of two pigeons deposited by her in the back. It was odd but true that he had no idea where she lived, yet the prospect of spending the end of the evening alone with the eye-filling young nurse by a heart-warming fire stirred his blood and slightly affected his judgment. This conditioned reflex was not helped when the girl pressed close to him to peer at the gleam of the headlights through the gusts of hard snow and point out the turnings. It did not occur to him that the girl might have counted on this reflex in him.

He had to concentrate on driving. In this higher *Kavkas*—as the inhabitants called the Caucasus Mountains—all roads climbed ridges or dropped into ravines, and the roads were made for cattle, not cars. Before they had gone a dozen miles, Mary was snuggled against him, praising his driving, while Johnny trusted altogether to her direction.

The road leveled off as they came abreast a lighted shack. A soldier, well muffled, swung a lantern, and a young officer appeared to exchange some words with Mary Thavad. Captain Calhoun failed to catch any Turkish words he knew, but he thought nothing of that. Along this closed frontier area, the industrious Turkish Army maintained guard posts at all intersections and bridges. Then the lieutenant, who seemed to know Mary, saluted Johnny and said, "*Shabuk get!*" That meant to go on, quick.

The jeep slid across a stone bridge, and Mary exclaimed in his ear, "Go quick, now. It is steep, up."

Accelerating, Johnny sped up a grade. He was aware of passing a lighted window, and of something else—the flash of an electric torch swinging behind them. A shout cut through the whine of the wind. Johnny wondered briefly if there'd been two controls at the bridge.

Then he wondered about some other matters. Their road did go up, steep; it didn't go down any. The snow flurry ceased and white cloud wreathed around him. When it cleared for a moment he saw a stone church with boulders piled against the door and shrubs growing out of cracks in the walls. Johnny had not seen any such church in Turkey, nor had he climbed any such height around Suyun. When he added up those facts, he felt a sharp suspicion. Mary had certainly picked a dark and snowy hour for their ride. "Was that bridge by any chance the frontier control?" he asked.

"Yes."

That meant they were climbing a mountain of the Caucasus, within the Georgian Republic of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. Johnny reflected that all officers of AMAT had been cautioned to keep away from the Soviet border.

The girl looked at him quickly and exclaimed, "It is all right. It is all arranged."

Johnny reflected again that he really knew nothing about her, except that she seemed to be different from the other Turks. "Sure," he told her, "even to the fast talk about the patient who couldn't come to me."

Mary's head went up. "Every word," she said carefully, "was true. We have a proverb: do not go ahead of a wise person, and do not follow a fool. How could you come, doctor, if you knew the truth? This is my country. Look!"

Ahead, in the maw of a canyon, a torch of fire danced. Wind swooped upon the car, and Johnny braked to a stop where the trail ended in steps cut into a face of rock. Down the steps the torch danced in the hands of a boy who seemed to be all shining teeth and eyes.

Glancing around, Johnny found no sign of a Red Army guard post or anything that looked Russian. "Now, young lady"—he started to have it out with Mary.

But Mary switched off the headlights, caught up her pigeon basket and slid out of the jeep's canvas. "Follow Arg," she bade him. "His name means eaglet."

The boy wasn't named David then. He grabbed up Johnny's first-aid bag, and ushered him up the steps, keeping the sparks of the pine torch carefully clear of him. They climbed to a stone house set into the canyon slope. On its flat turf roof some sheep milled and blatted. Inside the door, the boy Arg pushed a cow away and led Johnny up a wooden ladder through a trap into glowing warmth on the upper floor. From a chair like a throne by a roaring log fire, an aged giant of a man rose up, his white head bending under the roof beams. "*Gumarabo!*" he shouted.

His caftan was belted in with silver-decked leather; his lean flesh was hard as ancient wood.

"Issachar gives you greeting," explained Mary, who was also there. "It means, 'Be victorious.'"

"Arg!" breathed Issachar, and the stone walls echoed. The youngster stepped up from the hearth with two horns of mountain sheep. Seizing one, Issachar drank from it and turned it over, empty. Doing as he did, Johnny felt steaming, pungent liquor flow into his vitals. "What ——"

"They call it lion's milk," said Mary. "Technically, it's raki, made from our grapes." She took a tray from a woman at the fire and offered it to Johnny. "You'd better cushion it with barley cakes, and then you'll have a chaser, as you say."

Johnny had only bit into a bread cake when Issachar intoned again. This time, Arg came up with full copper bowls, inlaid with turquoise. This drink was cool, and tasted of wine and honey. Two years in Suyun had conditioned Johnny to accept everything offered him as a guest. With the greeting over, the patriarch took notice of Mary, and the girl pulled off her lambskin hat. An embroidered veil hung over her shoulder-length bob, a silver band shone on her forehead. Peering at her, Issachar brushed his mustache over her forehead in approval.

"He says you have a good heart to come so far in a storm," explained Mary. "He is sorry indeed his house is so bare, but these are hard times."

"What's bare about this?" demanded Johnny. More pigeons roosted under the roof, and a chained falcon drowsed in the smoke of a corner. On a turning spit, haunches dripped fat into the fire, and the scent of roasting boar mingled with the aura of lion's milk. Embroidered quilts spread comfortably before the hearth. The ache of windy cold diminished within Johnny, and he slipped off his parka. *This party*, he thought, *was set up for me, but why?*

Issachar seemed to note with approval the service stripes—put on for the farewell shindig at the officers' club—on Johnny's blouse. "*Gumarabo!*"

"Be victorious," said Johnny politely, and they emptied the horns again.

The boy Arg watched every move from the hearth. Shy as any youngster, he had picked up something that he wanted the visitor to notice. It was an American magazine, and by the picture of a farm on the cover Johnny recognized the magazine as one that he'd lent Mary. He felt more than a faint suspicion that this party had been arranged by the Red Crescent nurse for a purpose undisclosed as yet. These mountain folk might be glad enough to see him, but this girl had not slipped him across the frontier to drink lion's milk.

"And where's your patient, Mary?" he asked mildly.

She pointed at Issachar, and said, "Sh-h—please."

Wiping his mustache, Issachar waved his guest to a seat on the hearth quilts, and lowered himself into the lofty chair carved with a design of lions' heads. Except for his age, he showed no trace of any ailment as he rumbled into speech.

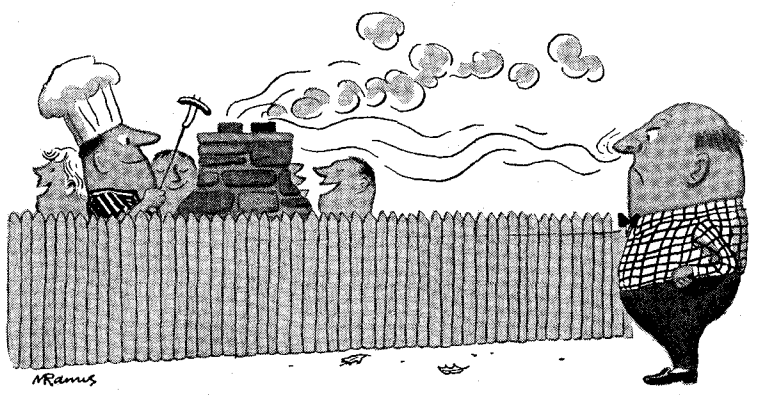
"He says," explained the girl quickly, "how once the Georgians grazed their horse herds on all these mountains, and their sheep on the valley streams. Now, since the war, times are bad. The Soviet soldiers took Issachar's horses and his rifle-gun, leaving him only his knife."

Johnny remembered how pictures of these same Georgians had revealed some fine upstanding women with floating veils, and tough tall hombres all with Bowie-type knives in their belts. He noticed that Issachar had no such knife—and Mary had bestowed a fine old Caucasian blade on Johnny very recently.

"But Issachar still had four blessings of the Lord," she went on interpreting the rumble. "Four grandchildren, three boys and one girl. Their father, his son, became killed in the war, and then his son's wife died of a sickness of heart."

"The last world war?"

"Not the German war, doctor. The Germans came only to our Mount Elburz, but at that time the Kuban Cossacks revolted in their regiments, and all the Chechens and many Georgians. Now, please listen. Issachar says how he was not old-fashioned. He wanted all the grandchildren to go to school. You see, he had their fate in his hands. But Georgian boys who went to the Russian school in Tiflis did not come back to the mountains. (*Continued on Page 70*)



You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

The Swanks moved into their luxurious ranch-type home and immediately gave a house-warming party. It featured steaks, charcoal-broiled on the fancy stone barbecue grill out back. The party was a success. Soon afterward, however, their rich neighbors, the Smythe-Smythes, sued them.

"We want the court to enjoin the Swanks from cooking outdoors," the Smythe-Smythes said. "The law bans open incinerators in residential neighborhoods. This grill is as bad as an open incinerator. Both emit smells and smoke."

"Our grill doesn't smell; it gives off delicious aromas," the Swanks retorted. "Furthermore, the object is to cook food, not to burn it as in an incinerator. To compare the two is silly."

If you were the judge, would you ban the Swanks' grill?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The Swanks won. The court said that a normal charcoal grill which gives off little smoke and only "such odors as we commonly associate with the preparation of food" is not a nuisance. But, it added, it could become one if operated with a fuel which emits excessive smoke or dangerous sparks.

Based upon a 1955 Pennsylvania decision.

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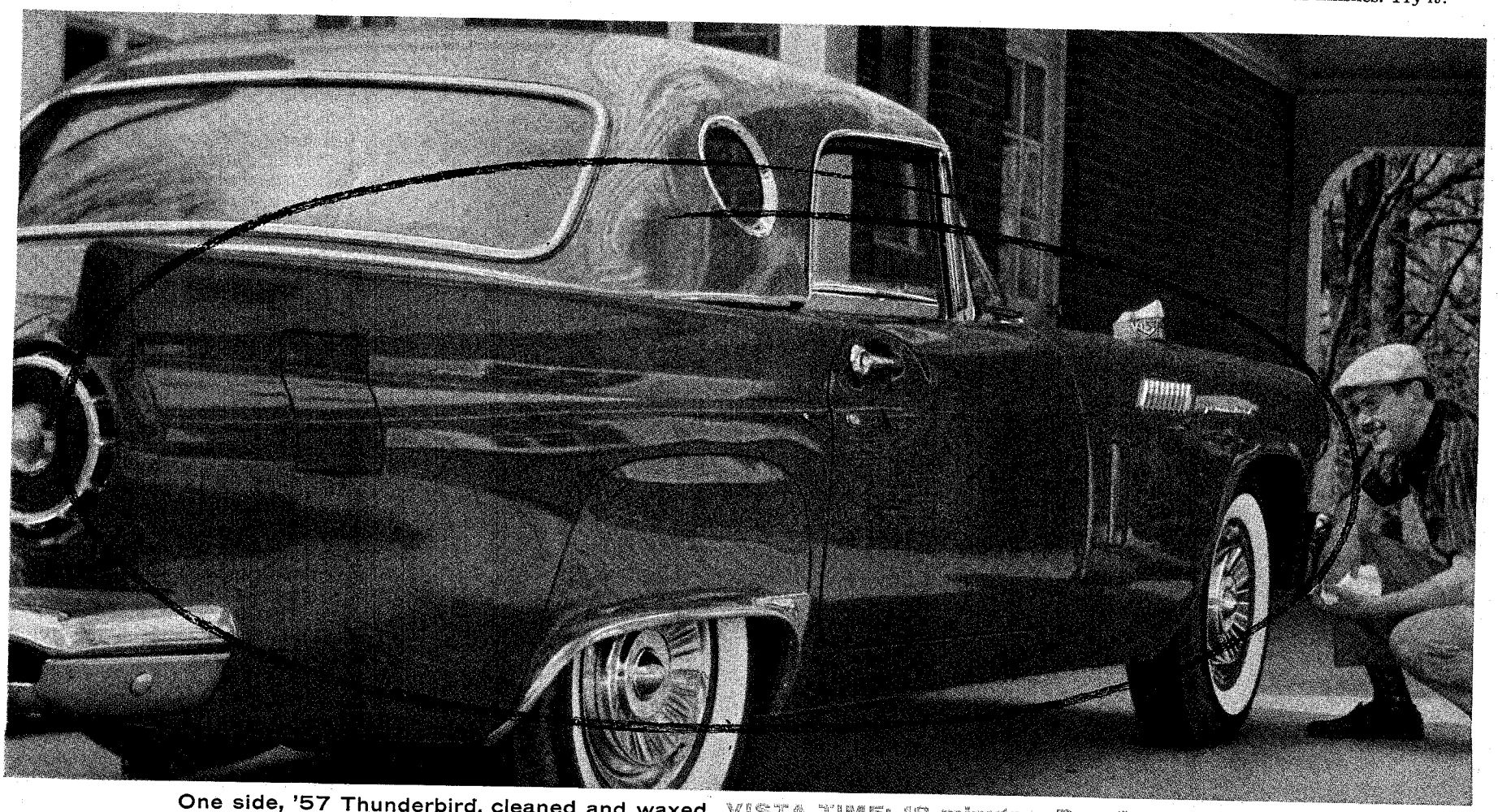

One side, '57 Thunderbird, cleaned and waxed. VISTA TIME: 18 minutes. Duration: up to 6 months.

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(*Continued from Page 68*) The oldest grandson of Issachar had a head for figures, and he went off to school out of the mountains in Turkey, and now he does figuring in a bank at Ankara and rides in an automobile. The next, Turgot, swore he would go where someday he might turn his rifle on the Red Army. So in the Turkish infantry he is now an officer."

"A lieutenant," suggested Johnny.

"How did you know? Yes, and he sent a message that there was an American school actually for girls in Istanbul."

"And so you, the granddaughter, Miriam Thavad, went there to study for a nurse's certificate." It may have been the glow from the lion's milk that made Johnny's mind so clear and outgiving. Glancing up at the roosting pigeons, he nodded. "Messenger pigeons can carry messages across any frontier."

"But it was not so easy after the priest was taken away, and our church closed. You see Issachar can write very little except only his name. And now he has no rifle, so Arg must do the meat hunting with his—I do not know how you call it." Mary swung her slim arm over her head and snapped her wrist.

"Sling-shot."

"He uses it also to keep the wolves and other beasts from the sheep, who are few now. He sows and reaps in the barley because no women are here to do it for Issachar. You see Arg is very much the youngest of us."

All the others were quiet, watching Johnny expectantly. More heads of Georgians, men and women, appeared in the floor door. Johnny thought that the cow, secure on the ground floor, provided the milk, while the roasting meat must be from wild boar and venison. And he was aware of something more. The custom of the Caucasus country. Hereabouts a man gave back a blow for a blow and a gift for a gift. For this evening banquet, the Georgians would expect something from him. But what?

Mary seemed to track his thoughts. "Arg knows that now American soldiers are in Turkey," she explained without her usual assurance. "Issachar says that the Americans won the war in Europe even without cavalry, and if they did that, their schools must be best of all for boys. He wants Arg to go to an American school."

Johnny lowered his voice, as if any others could understand English. He told her it wasn't so simple as that. Most any boy hereabouts hankered to get to the U.S.A. But how many of them could adjust themselves to an utterly new environment? How happy would Arg be in the treadmill of a city's streets, without a mountain or an animal in sight?

Reluctantly, Mary nodded. Her training had taught her such psychological aspects. "I know, doctor. But he'd be company for you. And Issachar wants to send him—look!"

The neighbors had been piling in. Arg and the neighbor's wife carried over the smoking spit, and hungry men whipped out their knives to cut the haunches apart. The bowls of wine passed around—Issachar tasting each one. He clapped his gaunt hands, and an old fellow with a gypsy's headcloth began to pull a bow across a three-string fiddle. The chained hawk screamed at the whine of the fiddle, and the guests fell to on the food.

"It is what you call a going-away party," Mary explained over a barley cake. "Issachar invited them because Arg will be taking the road to America."

The girl's English began to have a Georgian twist. Apparently she had given up trying to persuade Johnny, who chewed morosely at a strip of venison. Suddenly she slipped over to her grandfather, taking a wine bowl away from him. Coming back with the bowl she explained. "Excuse me. Issachar should not drink more. It is true that he is sick."

"In what way?"

The fiddle struck up a jump dance, and booted feet stamped the time. Mary touched her body. It was cancer, she was almost sure.

Johnny looked at her. "Why in the world don't you have him examined?"

"Where?" The girl gulped some wine; under the shining veil her head tossed up with sudden temper. "This is not what you call the treadmill of your cities! No—my grandfather has outlived his son, and he says only a fool would want more years than the Lord gave to him. He only wanted to live to see his last grandson provided for."

Over on the hearth one person was watching the American's face as if it were the face of Michael the archangel, who held the scales of judgment. Arg's brown hands squeezed down on the magazine with the picture of the farm and the horse corral. Johnny thought: *he doesn't even think about taking a chance—he's willing to step out of his life into someplace else.* And he said, "Listen, girl!"

Issachar peered at them, and the fiddle quieted, the guests stopped stomping. "Tell him," ordered Johnny, "my home is in Denver, Colorado, where we have mountains like these, and the boys can ride horses to school if they like. Tell him when I look out from my door I view a hundred miles, up and down, of God's country, with deer hunting thrown in. And say that I'm taking Arg to my home, so help me."

When he heard that, Issachar answered, "*Gumarabo!*" and the guests drank healths all around. What with that, and the clamoring of voices he didn't understand, and the high altitude, Johnny began to feel drowsy. He felt pretty good, too, because he'd done what he could for Mary's patient.

When he woke up, Mary had taken off her veil to curl up in a quilt by Issachar. Everything was quiet; even the wind had stopped. In the gray light from a window, the room really looked bare, with poverty spelled all over it. Only the boy moved about, making up the fire, while he packed some things into his belt sack—his oiled leather sling, a knife handle and what looked like large marbles.

Through Johnny's throbbing head flashed sharp foreboding. Clear daylight outside meant the end of the storm. Going to a window, he stared out past the black wall of the canyon, with snow summits rearing up beyond over white clouds, and a blue sky over all. Only too well he remembered that in the festivity of the night he had promised to take the Georgian boy out of all this through a Soviet frontier post, not to mention Mary and himself, without authority of any kind. There'd be no convenient murk of snow to screen them going back.

After Mary roused out, she did not seem to worry. "My brother will be looking for us," she explained while Arg finished his packing. Issachar helped, and the daylight showed the telltale film over his gray eyes, and the yellowish tinge to his skin. When they both stood by the ladder door, Issachar patted the boy's shoulder and murmured something. To start going, Mary said.

The boy took one long look around the room—at his folded quilt, at the falcon on its perch—as if fixing it all in his mind. Then he disappeared down the ladder.

"He has skis," said Mary, "and he will find his way down the mountain. Then while we are making an explanation to the soldiers he will find his way across the river, which is frozen. Now we should go, because it will take us longer. I told you it would not be safe."

Before Johnny could think that out, Issachar kissed the girl's forehead, and waved them on. As he followed Mary down the ladder, the American thought that this house would soon be empty, like the church, and before long these mountain folk who belonged to another time, would all be gone. They were careless enough of their lives—but were they careless of what meant the most to them?

Starting the half-frozen machine and heading down the grade, Johnny wondered what explanation he could make at the control post. The chance of arguing their way through armed Soviet frontier guards was very slim, from all he'd heard.

He had his papers, of course, and he fixed it up with Mary to explain that they'd lost their way returning to Suyun in the storm after visiting a patient. She said she'd try, but the best chance was that her brother, Lieutenant Thavad, would be looking out for them.

"As your proverb says, 'Never go ahead of a wise man,'" muttered Johnny, who had all he could do to keep traction on the jeep, sliding on the frozen snow, and bumping off rocks down the steep pitch. They skidded through a pine growth, plowing into snowbanks, and came out on the river flat with all the chains singing. Johnny's hope that they might escape observation on that lonely trail vanished quickly.

Before the bridge stood a tall member of the Red Army, with boots planted wide beneath his greatcoat and a tommy gun resting on one arm, and no glove on that hand. The other, gloved hand was raised for them to stop. From the doorway of the adjoining hut two gray soldiers watched expectantly.

Johnny braked to a stop beside the sentry. The muzzle of the tommy gun was tracking him, and the man's bare hand was on the grip. Mary started speaking her piece in Turkish, but after a minute the sentry hardly listened; he jerked his head toward the hut. Johnny only wondered where they'd go from that hut—in the area closed to visitors by Soviet military authority.

Then there was a call from the doorway. The guard glanced quickly across the river, and Johnny's pulse missed a beat. At the other end of the bridge several figures in the khaki brown of the Turkish Army seemed to be going through a morning drill. One soldier pulled the cover away from a heavy machine gun. Two hundred yards away over dazzling snow and ice, a young lieutenant bent over the weapon's sights, bearing on the sentry. Mary's brother was waiting for her.

The sentry grunted and swiveled the other way. Johnny took a quick look back of the jeep. He saw only the boy Arg sliding to a stop ten yards away, using a long stick for a brake. Leather thongs trailed from his other hand.

Paying no more attention to the boy, the big guard reached for Mary to pull her out of the vehicle. After one look at his face, Johnny grabbed the girl's arm and shoved her down to the floorboards. His hand clamped on the gearshift, while the rest of him tightened against the explosion of weapons spitting slugs. He heard nothing except a hiss of air.

Beside him the gray-coated guard sat down in the snow. The gun dropped down, and a smooth stone rolled away. The man's hand groped at his head.

In less than no time Johnny jammed in the gear; the wheels spun, the chains gripped, and the jeep streaked across the bridge to the Turkish post. Arg was with it, hanging on behind. No shot had been fired. The next moment Mary was crying while she hugged her two brothers. After that, Johnny said the boy's name could only be David.

In the lounge of the Chicago airport, they had all forgotten about waiting, while they listened. The marine corporal chewed gum steadily; the small boy had ditched the comic. His mother and dad didn't look so tired, and the baby slept. The big attorney grunted and took up his papers.

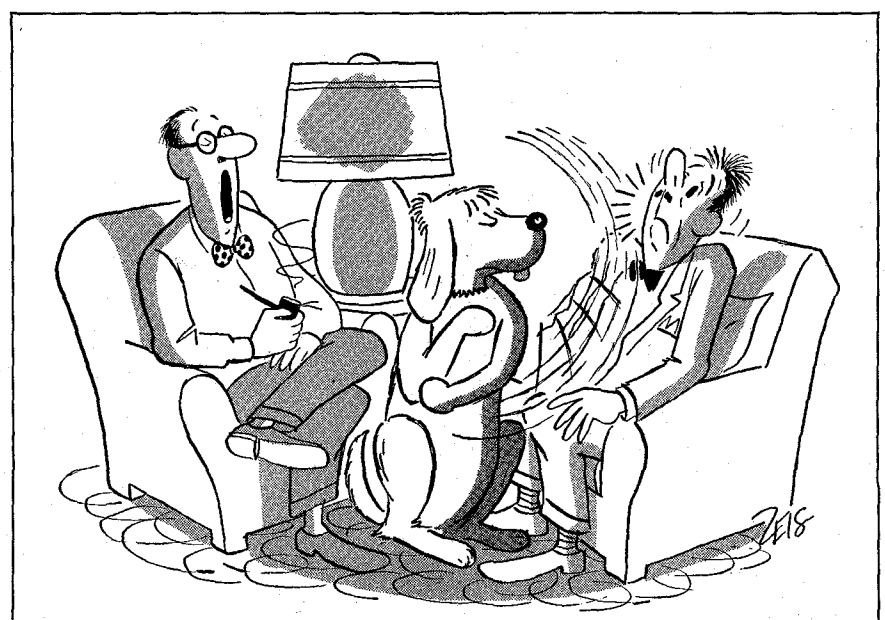
"If all that happened as you say, captain," he said, still with an objection, "how did this boy get into the United States?"

Johnny moved his head to the rhythm of the music. Then he stopped as the loud-speaker rasped. "Passengers for flight T-117 now loading at Gate Eleven. All aboard, please."

The people stirred and gathered up their stuff. The lady with the poodle said it was about time. They moved toward the exit gratefully, turning their backs on the crowded waiting room. Johnny Calhoun glanced after them and said to me, "Well, he's here now, isn't he?" He nodded to the watching boy. "Hoist up, son."

David got up quickly. He followed us close to the exit. Then he turned to look once more at the mystery of the hidden lights, the waiting food machines. As if he was fixing in his mind this warmth and music of the room in his new world.

THE END



"He's part boxer."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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California Passage (Continued from Page 35)

probably imagined that he was still in funds. Regardless of what he had said to Tracy Menafee, he again decided to roll his meager pack, saddle his sorrel and leave the turmoil and the dust of Independence behind him.

Still, a nagging curiosity tugged at him. There were tantalizing questions that kept arising in his thoughts in regard to this Mrs. Edward Jarrett. He remembered the way she carried herself, and her manner of talking during the excitement when she had tried to intervene in his clash with Cameron had been in contrast to the cheap adornment she wore. He debated it and kept walking. Now he saw Vance Cameron's tall, stylish figure some distance ahead of him.

The celebration at the wagon camp on the fringe of town was in full swing. They were dancing. The music drifted through the night. Luke joined the bystanders. The music grew livelier. More fuel was added to the crackling fires. The shadows of the dancers raced across the background of hooded wagons.

Luke saw the pert, gray-eyed missionary girl dancing with a stolid, determined wagon man. Abbie Wallace was laughing, her face merry. Her uncle stood frowning on the platform, disapproving of such frivolity.

Now the girl discovered Luke's presence. Her chin tilted up as she remembered the way he had greeted her singing and playing.

When the dance ended, her escort led her toward the platform, where the harp stood among the banjo and fiddle musicians.

Then Vance Cameron stood, hat in hand, in her path. Cameron offered his arm for the next dance. Abbie Wallace gazed up at him, and it was plain that she was tempted. But Emery Dixon came striding up, shaking his head. Cameron turned and walked out of the wagon camp.

Luke retraced his way into town. Ahead of him, Cameron entered a tavern. He was drinking alone at the bar when Luke passed by.

Luke headed directly for the Overland Inn, suddenly resolving to settle, once and for all, the matter of Mrs. Edward Jarrett and her message. Remembering her apparent assurance that he would be glad to obey her summons he let hostility rise within him.

And so he wrapped his pride stiffly around him and walked again with his superior, bullying stride among the passers-by. Reaching the Overland Inn, he strode through the tavern and mounted the stairs. He found himself in a barren hallway whose only light came from a bracket lamp which hung near an open door at the rear. The door led to the platform of an outside stairway.

Treading the dry boards, he finally came to a door which bore the number he sought—16. Lamplight showed at the threshold. He tapped peremptorily on the panel.

A woman's voice sounded, "Who is it?"

"Luke Storm," he answered tartly. "Or was you maybe expectin' others?"

The bolt was freed and the door opened. She motioned him in and murmured, "Please keep your voice down. These walls are thin."

She quickly bolted the door after he had entered. He looked her over, and now saw that she was younger than he had thought—and was decidedly more attractive. Her hair and eyes were very dark, her skin fair and clear, her features finely cut. She had removed the dangling earrings and tawdry bracelet, and had rubbed the rouge and powder from her face. That made quite a difference.

Grinning a little, Luke moved toward her. "You went to a lot o' trouble to bring me up here, little one," he said. "I——"

She backed away from him. There was no fear in her, Luke saw. Her reticule stood on the bed, and now she lifted her pistol from it. She did not raise the weapon, but merely stood with it hanging at her side in her hand.

"I can understand that you may have gained the wrong impression of me," she said levelly. "I do not blame you. However, I must make it clear that I will never condone an attempt at familiarity. I will shoot if you make this error again."

"You won't need the gun," he said. "It wouldn't stop me anyway. I won't harm you."

She studied him a moment, then returned the pistol to the reticule. "First," she said, "I have a question or two. I heard what you said at the wagon camp tonight. You don't seem to think there is too good a chance of getting through to the gold mines this season by the South Pass route."

"It can be done, but they'll have to move mighty fast an' be lucky."

"You made a remark about Tracy Menafee. It got you into trouble with his crew. You implied that Menafee had some underhanded intention in this matter."

"Danged if you don't use long-handled words," Luke snorted. "I wasn't implyin', as you put it. I was sayin' it straight an' plain enough."

"I stand corrected," she said. "At least you are frank."

Luke gazed at her smokily. He felt that he was being appraised as one would study a horse that was to be bought. "I'm sound o' wind an' limb, too, Mrs. Jarrett," he drawled. "Want to look at my teeth?"

Ellen smiled coolly. "So you know my name?"

"Looked it up on the book at the desk."

"Mr. Menafee insists that the company will make it to California ahead of winter. Why is he so positive, if you consider it such a risk?"

"Menafee's a businessman," Luke said. "He'd skin a gnat for its coat. Right now he owns a tradin' post called Fort Relief, out in the Shoshone country. It's near the fork o' the Oregon and California trails. He makes his money off stampeders."

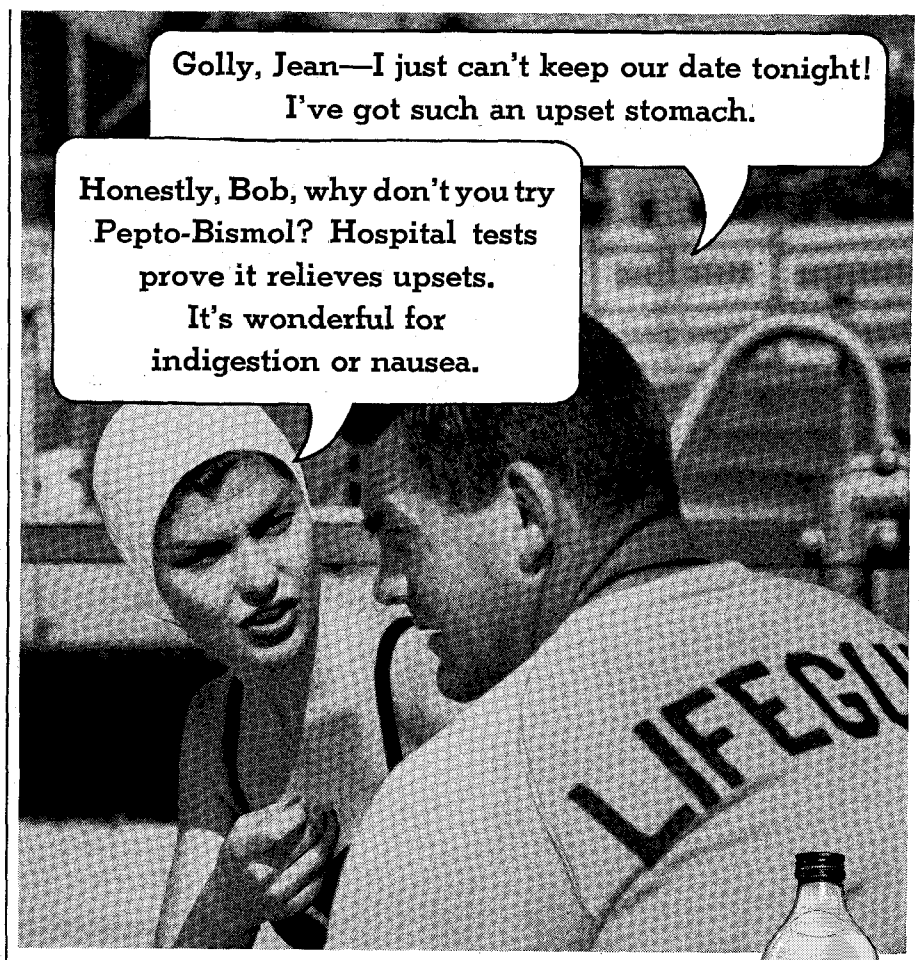
"I'm beginning to see your viewpoint," Ellen said.

"Fort Relief is just a little more'n halfway to everywhere an' nowhere," Luke nodded. "It's where immigrants start runnin' low on grub an' their cattle an' horses are givin' out. They're growin' mighty scared. Menafee will sell 'em stock and food too—at prices that only a man with hungry kids an' womenfolk on his hands will pay."

"I understand," Ellen said.

"Menafee would like nothin' better'n to have twenty, thirty wagons of boomers marooned at his tradin' post all winter," Luke went on. "Come spring, he'd have everything they own."

He watched her consider this for a time before she spoke. "It happens that I am traveling with this wagon party," she said. "I can't afford to be marooned at Fort Relief or anywhere else. I must reach California this fall at all costs. That is why I wanted to talk to you. Have you ever been over the trail to California?"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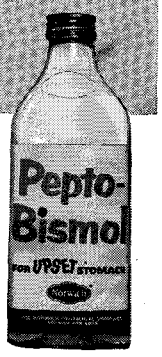

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"Most of 'em, I reckon," Luke sniffed.

"Most of them?" she said incredulously. "How many?"

"I've made it by way o' the Pima villages an' the Gila River," Luke shrugged. "That's long travelin' through a devil's desert whar trees grow thorns instead o' leaves. I've been over the Spanish trail also, which is purely hell fer canyons an' mountains. I've traveled this South Pass, too, an' have clumb the mountains the Californios call the Sierra Nevadas. They're as high as the big Rockies, an' in winter they look like big white tombstones waitin' for you. I know all the trails. An' there is no easy one."

"I bought a wagon and six oxen today," Ellen said. "It's a medium-weight Pittsburgh wagon that Tracy Menafee assures me will be adequate for my purpose. He also offered to find a driver for me. But I prefer to do my own hiring. I have you in mind."

Luke glared at her. She was taken aback by the sudden storm in his face. "Me, hire out as a bullwhacker?" he exploded. "Me, work for a female, an' a snob at thet?"

He discovered that this dark-eyed girl could give him glare for glare. "Bullwhacking, as you call it, is honest work at least," she flashed. "But that would be only a part of your duties. The real reason I am offering you the position is that I intend to strike out for California by myself if the other wagons do not go through this season. In that event I will need a guide who knows the trail."

Luke backed off a pace and looked her over. He laughed. "Hell, ma'am!" he snorted. "You won't even tough it out as fur as the first Platte crossin'!"

For an instant he saw dismay in her eyes. "What kind of foolish talk is that?" she demanded. "I'm the wife of a man of ordinary means. It's true that I know little about wagon travel, but I assure you I will learn. I'm certain that if a girl like Abbie Wallace can make it, I can too."

"Abbie Wallace?" Luke questioned.

"She's the missionary girl whose singing and harp playing you insulted with your wolf howling."

"Oh, her! Cute as a spotted pony, wasn't she? I reckon she might make it, at that. Bein' a missionary, she'll have the Lord on her side. But who've you got?"

"You," Ellen said. "I'll pay a dollar a day."

Luke sniffed disdainfully. "Did I hear straight when you allowed thet you meant to strike out alone for California if the others decide they can't make it? Just you an' me?"

"Any others will be welcome to join us, if they can keep up," she said. "If not, then it will be the way you stated it."

"Danged if you ain't a bold one," Luke admitted. "Why are you in such a lather to get to the gold mines?"

"Not that it's any of your concern, but let us say I am anxious to join my husband there."

Apparently she did not care whether he believed that or not. Luke glanced at the wedding band on her finger. Suddenly he was certain that this was no more a real part of her life than the garb she wore or the drab room in which they stood.

"I've got no yearnin' to go to California again," Luke said. "I'm sick of distance."

"Two dollars a day," she said. Then, seeing the look in his face, she added swiftly, "No! I'll put it another way. The way I really feel. I would appreciate it if you would help me, but not for pay alone."

"You've got a quick mind, ma'am," Luke said approvingly. "An' you learn to read people in a hurry, don't you?" He turned toward the door. "But I still don't hanker for the job. You'll have to look somewhere else."

She accepted that as final. "Just a moment, please, until the hallway is vacant," she murmured. "I would prefer that no one was to learn a man had been here in my room. You understand, I imagine."

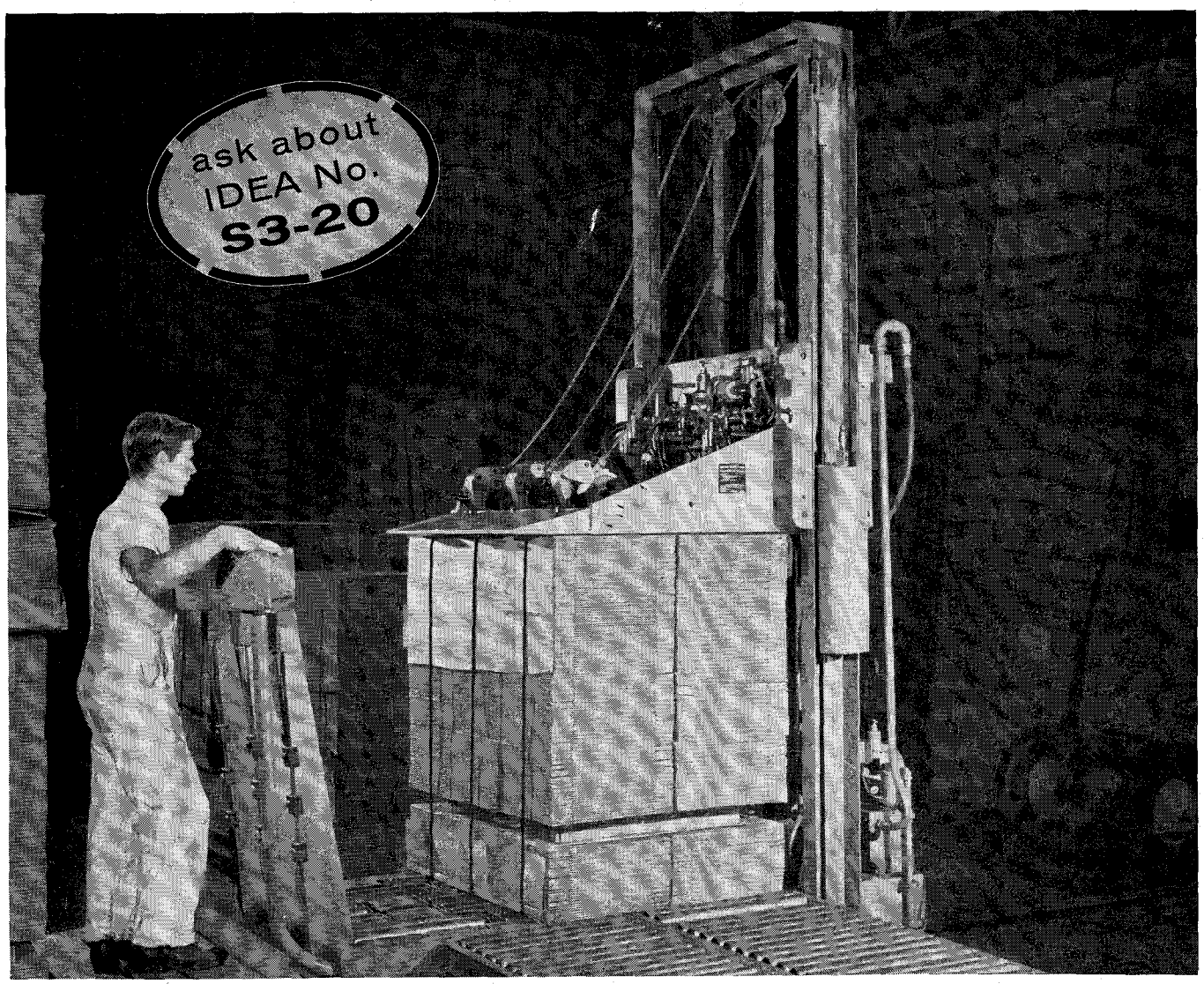
Luke waited, his hand on the knob, for heavy footsteps were approaching in the hallway. They passed on by the door. A key rattled in a lock a few doors farther on.

That aroused a stunning burst of sound. First a startled shout, then the crash of two gunshots shook the flimsy building. Running footfalls sped past the door in the direction of the stairway at the rear. They were followed by another uncertain pair of running feet. Luke heard the gasping, blood-strangled breathing of a man in agony.

Another gunshot crashed in the hall, the concussion rattling the door. It had all happened in swift seconds. Luke tugged frantically at the knob. The door would not open. He had forgotten that it was bolted. The bolt resisted for moments. Then he finally got the door open.

The hall was fogged with powder smoke. A figure lay sprawled through the open outer door and on the platform of the rear stairway. Luke stepped out and closed the door behind him. He walked down the hall and stood over the fallen man. He discovered now that it was the gray-haired stranger he had seen enter Tracy Menafee's office little more than half an hour earlier.

The man was dead in a spreading stain of crimson. He lay face down, one out-



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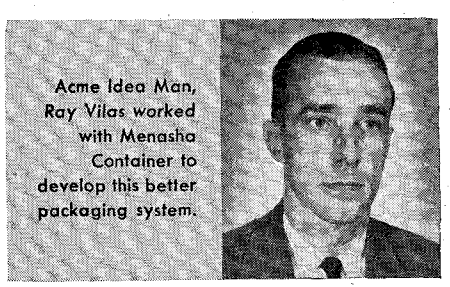

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stretched arm dangling over the outer edge of the platform, which was guarded only by an open wooden railing. Luke noticed that this hand held what appeared to be a few folded papers of the size of legal documents. Then the fingers relaxed, releasing their grip, and the papers fluttered downward into the darkness of the alleyway below.

Luke peered down the flight of stairs. Whoever the person was who had poured those bullets into the gray-haired man had reached ground level and had fled.

Heads were now appearing cautiously at other doors along the hallway. And now a flood of men came pounding up the inner stairs from the tavern below. Then all of them slowed to a stop and stood looking at Luke as he stood there in the lamplight near the outside platform with a dead man at his feet.

Luke now realized that he had instinctively drawn his pistol when he had first emerged from the girl's room. An uneasy premonition chilled him. It built up into consternation as he suddenly guessed what they were thinking.

Someone in the crowd said uneasily, "Better put down that shootin' piece, mister. You've done enough harm."

The hall continued to fill with men who kept staring at him. Vance Cameron came pushing roughly up the stairs and into the foreground. He pulled up, gazing at the gray-haired dead man, a horrified, shaken look forming in his face.

"Stand there, fellow," Luke said. "Until we talk this over. I didn't kill this poor man. I don't even know who he is."

Tracy Menafee, followed by Al Thorne, now came up the stairs.

"Why, it's that drunken mountain man who's been hunting trouble all day," Menafee exclaimed. "It looks like he's finally killed somebody. He should have been locked up long ago. Now he'll likely need hanging."

Vance Cameron spoke. "Lay down your gun, my friend. We want to take a look at it."

Luke was now remembering another factor that might help put a noose around his neck within minutes. His pistol had empty chambers. He was not sure how many, for he had touched off his gun once or twice during the day, shooting in the air in the exuberance of his celebration.

"I've got empties in my gun," he said. "I did some poppin' when I was feeling happy. They were fired hours ago, but I couldn't prove it here in this place reekin' with fresh-burned gunpowder. It's my guess this fellow surprised a sneak thief in his room. The thief began shootin'. This man chased him down the hall, but he got clean away."

"Grab him, men!" Menafee ordered. "He's the sneak thief himself. I recognize the man he killed. His name was Dan Slater. He had just bought a trail outfit at my trading store. He displayed his wallet. Luke Storm must have seen that, and followed him here to rob him."

Al Thorne took up the cue. "Lynch the cussed murderer!" Thorne led a surge of movement toward Luke. Luke had seen mobs form under just such sudden circumstances, seen them lynch men without trial or mercy, and regret it later. He moved back, but there was no escape.

Then a woman's voice made itself heard above the shouting. "Wait! Wait! You are making a mistake!"

It was the dark-eyed young woman who called herself Mrs. Edward Jarrett. She had flung open the door of her room and was standing there, an arm uplifted for attention.

Again she screamed, "Wait, I say!"

That brought a spreading silence. When she could make herself clearly heard, she spoke again. "This man, Luke Storm, had absolutely nothing to do with the shooting. I can testify to that. Under oath, if you wish."

"Why are you so sure, ma'am?" Vance Cameron asked.

She stood a trifle straighter. Her chin lifted. Color came up from her throat and stained her cheeks, but her voice was composed. "Because he was here—in my room."

Nobody spoke for a moment. And Ellen, with taut pride, refused to add any explanation. Then a drunken teamster in the front rank laughed knowingly. Luke moved forward and struck the man a teeth-jarring slap across the mouth. He turned to Ellen.

"That took spunk, Mrs. Jarrett," he said. "I reckon that everyone here now understands there was nothin' immodest about my bein' in your room. And I've changed my mind. I'll see to it that you get to California."

"Thank you," Ellen said.

Luke looked at Menafee and Al Thorne. "Any questions?" he asked.

The lynching mania had been cooled by Ellen's intervention as swiftly as it had been incited. Menafee accepted that. "Who am I to oppose a lady's word?" he said. "My apologies, Mrs. Jarrett."

But Luke knew that, though all their faces were now circumspectly blank, they shared the viewpoint of the man he had chastised. And he was sure Ellen was aware of it also.

Now, for the first time, she had a clear view of the body on the stair platform. All the new color abruptly drained out of her features. She stood motionless, staring. Then she suddenly retreated into her room and closed the door. Luke heard the bolt slide into place.

An officious man wearing a constable's badge appeared and took charge. "I'll have some questions to ask you tomorrow when we hold the inquiry over the body," he told Luke.

Dan Slater's body was carried away on a stretcher. The hallway cleared as the crowd began to drift back to the tavern. Luke's gaze stonily followed Menafee and Al Thorne as they descended the stairs. They avoided his eyes.

Vance Cameron lingered. "Menafee saw a chance to pay you off for those remarks you made about him tonight at the wagon camp," he said to Luke. "He almost more than evened up matters."

"He did for a fact," Luke nodded. "Tracy always was a man to take quick advantage of an opening."

"Such as prodding thirty wagons into making a trip that might be very profitable—but only to him?"

Luke eyed Cameron speculatively. "You must know Tracy Menafee too?" he observed.

"I know only his type," Cameron shrugged. "But I happen to have a personal interest in this matter. You see, I have decided to head West with this company tomorrow, if I can arrange to join one of the wagons."

"Sounds like a sudden decision," Luke said. "Did a little missionary girl have anything to do with it?"

"Could be," Cameron said. "Good night, Storm. If I were you, I'd be mighty careful not to outline myself against lighted doors and windows tonight." He started down the stairs. "And beware of women who pass secret messages to you on dark streets," he murmured. "Those kind usually are using a man only for their own purposes."

He vanished below then. Luke stood frowning. Evidently Cameron had seen Mrs. Edward Jarrett hand him that written note, after all. The fellow was not so ingenuous as he pretended. Luke gazed speculatively at the bolted door of the dark-eyed girl's room. Then he, too, left the inn. He made his way to a quiet tavern some distance away and sat at a table while he thought it over.

He recalled the ashen disbelief that had rushed into the girl's face when she had seen Dan Slater's body. A corpse lying in its own blood was not a pretty sight, but Luke sensed there had been some deeper reason for her agitation.

He had not forgotten the papers that had fallen from Dan Slater's dead hand into the darkness. He was waiting until the excitement had died down. Presently he strolled to the street. Making sure he was not being watched, he circled through back lanes and made his way to the rear of the Overland Inn.

The alley was deserted. There was no sign of activity in the hallway above the stairs. The lamplight from the open door cast faint radiance over the rubbish heaps below. That enabled Luke to find three folded slips of paper. With them in his hand, he mounted the stairs to where he had better light for reading.

He stood staring at the same two warrants and the reward poster that Tracy Menafee had read earlier. A cold and growing horror worked through him as he read the description of the young woman. There was no doubt about it. Mrs. Edward Jarrett was in reality a person named Ellen Marie Jessup, who was wanted for connivance in the murder of her fiancé in Baltimore and the embezzlement of two hundred thousand dollars. It was some time before Luke could move. It was like a punch to the heart. He finally thrust the papers inside his hunting shirt and made his way to the street.

The celebration at the wagon camp was ending and the singers were joining in a final song. It was one whose theme had become that of the great trail:

Oh! Susanna! Oh!
Don't you cry for me!
I'm goin' to California,
Some gold dust for to see!

The refrain drifted over the town. Luke could make out Abbie Wallace's voice, clear and high above all others. She sang the song with boisterous challenge. But Luke sensed that there was no such certainty in the others. Already this wagon company was beset by doubt of its own destiny.

He walked to the livery, got his bedroll and spread his blankets in the hayloft. He lay pondering. The pseudo Mrs. Edward Jarrett, whatever she might be, had saved him from lynchers. In doing so she had exposed herself to shame and disgrace. But, beyond that, she had risked disclosure of her identity by facing so many men, for there was always the chance that in this boom town, crowded with travelers from every corner of the nation, there might be someone from Baltimore who would recognize her and warn the authorities. She had, in fact, chanced the gallows herself to speak for him.

Luke's independent spirit writhed. He resented obligation to anyone, most of all to a girl who seemed to look down upon him as though he were little more than an uncultured savage.

He tried to plan some way out, but he was beaten from the start. His debt to her was too great. He could never bring himself to repay the favor she had done him by exposing her as a person wanted for murder.

He was pledged to see her safely to California. It was a promise given as lightly as though he had offered to escort her across the street. In reality it meant months of danger and privation, and perhaps death in mountain snows. It also meant that he was helping her escape from the law. For it seemed clear to him now that this was why she had sought to hire him as a guide.

A perfunctory inquiry was held by town officials the next morning over the body of Dan Slater. Luke was the principal witness. He related what he had seen and heard, but did not mention the papers that had fallen from Slater's hand. He now had those papers hidden in his possible sack.

The mysterious Mrs. Edward Jarrett was not called to testify. Tracy Menafee, who attended the inquiry, vetoed the idea when it was proposed.

"What good would that do?" he had wanted to know. "I don't imagine she would change her story."

Menafee's voice was guileless, his big face bland. But again onlookers tittered. Luke smoldered inwardly, but remained silent. Again to attempt to refute the insinuation that the dark-haired young woman had protected him from the lynchers because of reasons of intimacy between them would only stir the embers of the gossip.

In any event, Menafee seemed to wield influence in the town, for the inquiry was rushed to a quick conclusion. It was brought out that papers in Dan Slater's wallet had (*Continued on Page 75*)

"As I was saying . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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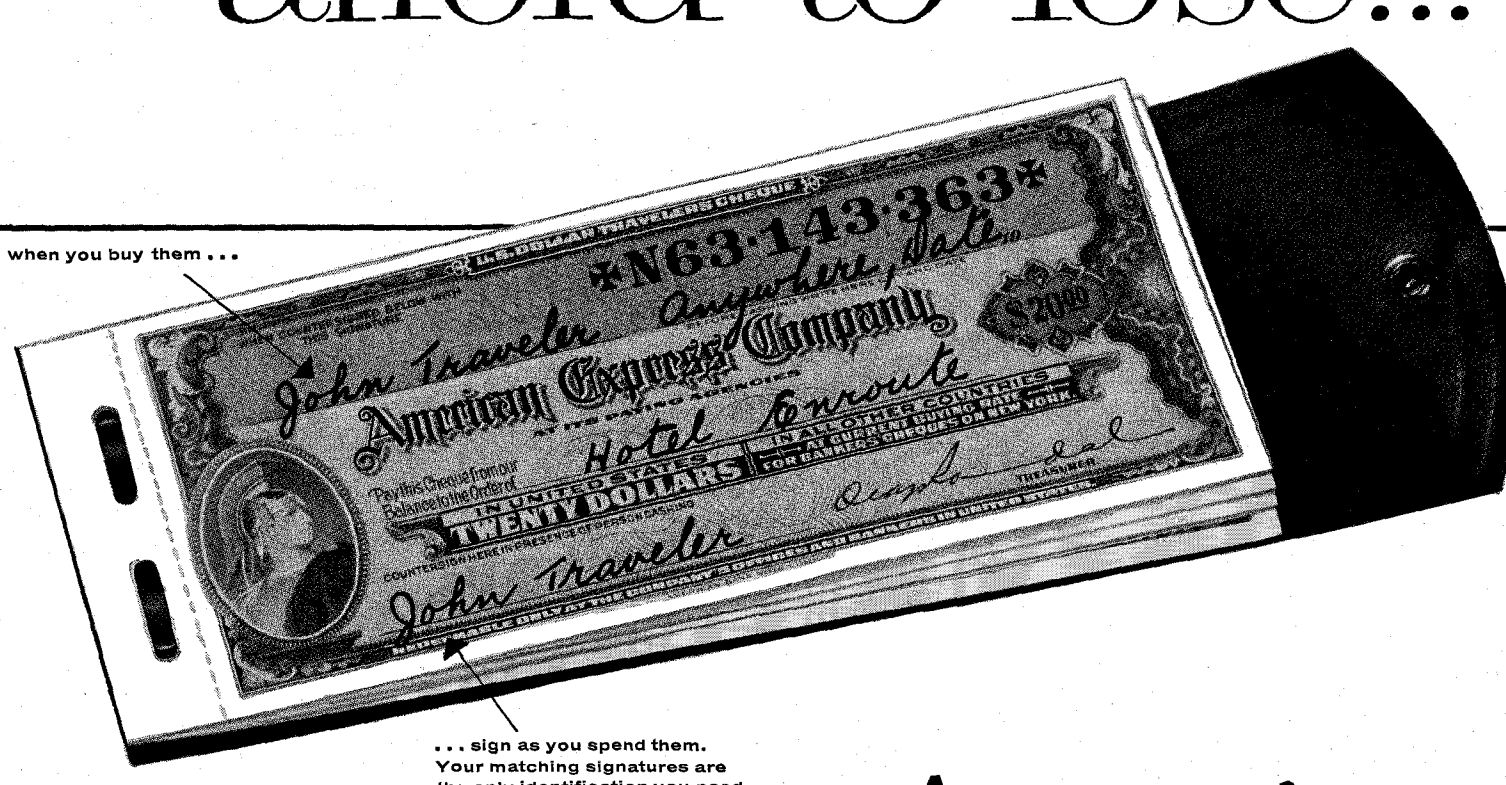
Never carry more cash than you can afford to lose...

For business or pleasure trips, long weekends or extended vacations...



play safe—insist on...

American Express Travelers Cheques

- Prompt refund if lost or stolen.
- Accepted everywhere—easy to spend as cash.
- Good until used—keep unused cheques for emergencies.
- Buy them at your BANK . . . and at Railway Express and Western Union offices. Charges—only a penny a dollar!

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(*Continued from Page 73*) revealed that he was an investigator connected with a well-known detective agency in the city of New York. He had a letter of credit from a group of persons in Baltimore known as the Stockholders' Protective Association.

All this was an enigma to the men conducting the inquiry. The verdict was: "Murder by a person or by persons unknown, for purposes of robbery."

However, to Luke, the reason for Dan Slater's presence in Independence seemed plain enough. Slater must have been retained to track down Ellen Jessup and her father.

At least it was certain that Slater had surprised someone in his room in the act of going through his effects. Still there was the matter of those murder warrants and the reward poster. Why had those papers been in Dan Slater's hand when he had pursued the fleeing intruder?

Luke, from the sounds he had heard, believed Slater had struggled briefly with the man. Then the intruder had broken away, and Slater, with the papers in his hand, had chased him. That meant that Slater must have snatched the papers from his opponent during their first clash.

That brought up the possibility that the papers had been the real reason for the entrance into Slater's room. And even if this was not so, the intruder might have been reading the warrants and the descriptions of the fugitives when he was interrupted by the detective. If so, the person might be aware that the woman who was registered in that same inn as Mrs. Edward Jarrett was Ellen Jessup, who was wanted for murder. That would mean that her secret was shared by one other person in the town in addition to Luke. And he wondered if there might be others.

According to the reward poster, she was accused of luring a man named Ralph Gilmore, whom she was pledged to marry, into a trap, where he was murdered and the blame for the bank embezzlement placed on him.

An ugly crime. And now another murder, perhaps, could be written to that same account. For Luke was faced with the stark possibility that perhaps she had an accomplice who took care of such matters as Dan Slater's pursuit.

He kept remembering her reaction when she had seen Slater's body on the stair platform. Luke was certain she had recognized the detective. That meant she must have been aware that Slater had been trailing her. Still the horror and shock in her expression had seemed to be completely genuine. That hardly could have been the emotion of a person who had had any hand in the killing.

Luke was caught between conflicting forces. He could understand why it was so important for her to reach California before winter blocked the passes. The chaotic gold fields offered an ideal refuge. And it was probable that she and her father had agreed on some meeting place in California where they could share the stolen money.

It was Luke's duty to turn her over to the law. But that was impossible, according to his stern code of honor. He was at odds with everything she represented. She patronized him from her superior heights of breeding and education. But he had to admit grudgingly that she had displayed a considerable streak of grit, and also an utter indifference to her own personal safety when she had intervened to cool the lynching spirit that Tracy Menafee had aroused. And the final truth was that Luke had little respect for the law as he had seen it represented at the inquiry or in the hallway at the Overland Inn.

Saddling his horse at the livery, he rode to the wagon camp. He had replaced his ragged buckskins with a new elkskin shirt and buckskin breeches and moccasins that were unadorned and stiff with newness. The garments were of not too high a quality, and the fit left considerable to be desired, but he had been forced to hunt diligently to find even these articles, now that civilization had descended on Independence. Even so, they were far more acceptable, in his viewpoint, than the wool and linsey and cowhide boots that were the commonplace garb of the boomers.

"These will have to do," he told the storekeeper sourly. "I'll raise myself a decent outfit first thing after I find me a 'Rapahoe or Cheyenne village where the squaws know how to tan hides proper an' chaw moccasin soles watertight."

Then, contrarily, he added white cotton shirts and heavy socks and underwear to his wardrobe—items that many mountain men would have scorned.

The caravan was waiting, the oxen standing idle in the growing heat. The people were gathered in the shade of the vehicles, talking in a stew of impatience. The sun was already mid-high in the morning sky.

Eyes turned expectantly toward Luke, but without any real welcome. "Why didn't you boomers stretch out long ago?" he demanded as he rode up.

"Tracy Menafee said it would be better if we all started together," Emery Dixon said stiffly. "Mr. Menafee had to attend the hearing over the poor soul who was shot down in cold blood last night."

Mr. Dixon's tone indicated that he held Luke responsible not only for the delay but for Dan Slater's murder.

"Menafee could have caught up later," Luke said. "And so could I. You people would be three, four miles on your way by this time, if you had an ounce of sense instead of standing around like a flock of sheep. Hear me now! Every mile, every minute, will count if you aim to make it to the mines this year."

"But Mr. Menafee is captain and ——"

"Who elected him?" Luke demanded.

"There has been no formal election as yet," Mr. Dixon said testily. "There seems to be no need for one. Tracy Menafee is eminently qualified for the position."

"It's customary to wait 'til a trail outfit has made a few camps before it decides on its leaders," Luke said. "By that time even roundheads like you people will begin to know which way is directly up or down. That's how it will be done in this outfit."

He stood up in the stirrups, peering up and down the waiting line of wagons.

Abbie Wallace spoke up. "Mrs. Jarrett's wagon is down that way, about third from the rear." She added, with a toss of her head, "So we're nothing but a bunch of roundheads? You evidently hold a very high opinion of your own intelligence, Mr. Storm?"

Luke grinned at her. "You're purtier in daylight even than in the dark," he said. "It takes a mighty comely gal to meet a test like that. But you want to take care o' that crop of long sorrel hair. There are Cheyenne an' Sioux an' Utes out where we're headin' that'd sell their chances of the Happy Land to own a long scalp like that." He added over his shoulder as he rode onward, "An' they'd rather have the gal than the scalp. Who wouldn't?"

He now sighted Ellen standing waiting beside a wagon near the end of the line. Her dark eyes lighted as he rode up, and he surmised, by her expression, that she had been worried, doubting that he would keep his word. She evidently had managed to increase her wardrobe. She wore quite a lot of clothes. Her full-skirted dress, underlain with petticoats and stays, would have been more in place at a garden party. She, too, was even more attractive in open daylight than he had expected. He decided that this, perhaps, was partly because she no longer wore the gaudy earrings and the rouge. She was a very fetching and alluring female.

She said, "Good morning, Mr. Storm!" and was careful to hide any apprehension his absence might have brought to her.

A huge man came into view from around the wagon and moved up. It was Mack Sledge, the bulking, shaggy-whiskered bullwhacker who worked for Tracy Menafee and had been with Al Thorne and the Missouri Kid the night before during the clash at the wagon-camp party.

Luke dismounted. He looked at the wagon and the oxen in the yokes.

"This is the outfit I bought from Mr. Menafee," Ellen explained. "He had Mr. Sledge harness the oxen and take care of everything."

"We didn't figger you'd show up, Storm," Mack Sledge grumbled.

He had a cud of tobacco in his loose-lipped face. He weighed two hundred and forty pounds and his shoulders were wide and sloping and thick with both muscle and fat. He had a reputation as a wrestler and had broken the ribs of more than one opponent. It was said that he could lift the wheel of a loaded prairie wagon clear of the ground.

"I'm here," Luke said briefly.

Sledge had been hoping he would inherit the chore of acting as driver for the fascinating Mrs. Edward Jarrett all the way across the plains. He resented Luke's last-minute appearance. He knew that Luke did not rate high in the opinion of his boss, Tracy Menafee. And the defeat he and Al Thorne and the Missouri Kid had suffered at Luke's hands still rankled.

"'T won't be quite as cozy in the wagon as it was at the inn," he said with a knowing laugh, "but I reckon you two won't mind."

Ellen's mouth tightened, her dark eyes flashing angrily. But Luke gave no sign that he had noticed the insult.

Sledge, a slow-witted man, was disappointed. He had hoped to goad Luke into a fight, and had meant to maim and cripple him so that Ellen would have to hire another driver. He waited a moment, in anticipation. Then, when Luke made no move, he squirted tobacco juice and laughed ironically.

In the next instant, before he realized what was coming, Luke was upon him in one long stride. An arm clamped about him, wheeling him, and he felt the sharp edge of Luke's hunting knife, chill and deadly, across his windpipe. Sledge stood rigid, knowing that he was within a fraction of an inch from death.

"Tell the young lady that you are a filthy liar and that you humbly apologize," Luke said.

A tiny strand of blood began to show where he held the knife against Sledge's skin. He meant what he said, and Sledge knew it. The man's wide, loose face was the color of wet flour, and he stood stiff and rigid.

"Please!" Ellen cried. "I would prefer that you do not make an issue of the matter!"

"Speak out, Sledge," Luke murmured inexorably. "The lady is waitin'. An' so am I."

"I 'pologize, lady," Sledge croaked. "I didn't mean nothin' agin yuh."

"All right," Luke said.

Faces were staring. Mack Sledge realized that dozens of wagon people had seen his abnegation.

Now that he was out of range of Luke's knife, he tried to gather some of his reputation as a strong man around him. "Next time," he raged, "it'll be my turn! I'll bust you bone by bone! Arm by arm, an' leg by leg! Then I'll let you live, like a sick, crippled rabbit!"

Luke sheathed his knife. "Let's settle it for keeps, here an' now, Sledge," he said.

TO BE CONTINUED

"Go ahead, shovel it in, shovel it in! You're not on a diet!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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The Artless Heiress (Continued from Page 41)

"Which fat and what fire?" Barbara asked.

"The kitchen staff is deserting after breakfast tomorrow, without notice."

"Do they know you've caught them at it?"

"No. Where do I get replacements?"

"First thing will be to call the hotel association. They might be able to help. Then try employment agencies. Then telephone Los Angeles."

Columbine reached for the telephone. She was connected with the secretary of the association and stated her problem. He tried to be helpful. But the result was that there was not available in Phoenix a competent chef or pastry cook. The various employment agencies could supply everything but what was necessary. Los Angeles could put no one on an airplane at once, but hoped to be able to send competent people in forty-eight hours, with good luck.

"Can you cook?" Barbara asked.

"Scrambled eggs and Welsh rarebit," Columbine answered.

"In a pinch," Barbara boasted, "I could toss together a flapjack or a bowl of milk toast. But a crepe suzette would put me down for the count."

"Your job here is hostess," Columbine said. "Part of your duty is to devise novel entertainments."

"A foodless meal," Barbara said with tart dryness, "doesn't come under the heading of novel fun."

Columbine narrowed her eyes and seemed lost in thought. "Maybe," she said, "we could paste a silver lining on the cloud."

"Using what for argent?" Barbara asked.

"It's about time for the real tourist season to open."

"And here we are without a can opener," Barbara said.

"Maybe not. We could celebrate it. Announce a formal opening of the season. We're a Western resort. Cowboys and remudas and all like that. Would it be possible to go utterly Western for a couple of days?"

"Such as how?"

"Let the guests believe they are home on the range."

"Not the kitchen range," Barbara snapped.

"I read an advertisement," Columbine went on. "It told about a thing called a chuck wagon. The man who owns it guarantees to feed any number from half a dozen to five hundred. Like on an old-fashioned cattle drive."

"I attended one once. Beef. Sour-dough biscuits. Frijoles. Coffee in big tin cups. And a cowboy orchestra. Could run to a barbecue. *Madame la Marquise*, maybe you've got an elite idea. Maybe you got tinfoil to tack on that black cloud."

Columbine was flipping through the telephone book. She found what she wanted and gave the number to the operator.

"Chuck Wagon?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am."

"This is The Grove of Daphne. Are you available for tomorrow and tomorrow night?"

"We got an open date."

"*Can you handle a hundred people?*"

"Ma'am, like fallin' off a buckin' hoss."

"How about a barbecue?"

"Can do."

"Will you come here and look over the ground?"

"Be there in half an hour," was the reply.

"Can you cook in a kitchen?"

"I druther not. Better use my outfit."

In thirty minutes a young man in dungarees and high-heeled boots and a ten-gallon hat came into the office. He introduced himself as Slim.

"Most folks call me Sundown Slim," he said with a grin. "Naow, ma'am, leave us have the low-down. Most high-toned hotels don't call in no chuck wagon."

Columbine looked into his gray eyes and liked what she saw. "It's an emergency. We're caught in a cleft stick." She nodded. "You can take advantage of the situation."

"What's this here situation I kin take advantage of?"

Columbine explained, and he rolled a cigarette and watched her gravely.

"They didn't ketch ye nappin'," he said with approval. "Take me, I make me a livin' givin' folks good food and their money's wuth. A feller that would gouge a perty gal like you hain't a full-size man. Leave us now survey the battle ground. Ye don't want these here skunks to know you've figgered out a caper?"

"No, indeed," Columbine answered.

"Then I won't fetch in my wagon an' crew till mornin'," he said. They walked around the premises. Slim figured out a spot for his barbecue pit and planned the service. "Ma'am, ye kin rest from naow on. I furnish everythin'. Ye don't need to have so much as a pinch of salt. Jest set back while I go to whizzin'."

Barbara and her duplicating machine made themselves busy with notices to the guests. Tomorrow would be Western Day, the formal opening of the season. They were urged to go Western. There would be a cowboy orchestra. There would be a troupe of square dancers. There would be the Big Surprise.

"This I will declare far and wide," Barbara said in her expressionless voice: "You got yourself a set of resourcefulness."

Columbine sniffed. "You cope with the elite little bundles of malicious mischief in a girls' school as long as I have, and resourcefulness is what it takes to keep alive."

She halted suddenly and peered at Barbara as if seeing her for the first time. "How old are you?" she asked.

"Twenty-four," Barbara said.

Columbine continued to regard her attentively, and nodded her head affirmatively. "Am I in error in thinking you are attractive?" she asked.

"Children don't scream with terror when they see me," Barbara said dryly. "Strong men don't collapse."

"Why are you working here?"

"Because," Barbara said, "I like to eat."

"Why," Columbine probed, "aren't you married?"

"I can't knock a man over the head with a war club and drag him home to my lair."

"Would you prefer to be married?"

"Who wouldn't?" Barbara asked.

"Possibly I wouldn't," said Columbine thoughtfully. "On the other hand, after due consideration, possibly I would. I have thought of it only in the most fragmentary and cursory way. I suppose it is normal."

"The majority seem to go for it," Barbara said.

"If one may rely upon fiction, or even upon history," Columbine said, "the emotion of love is prominently involved in marriage."

"In its ideal state, yes."

"What is love?" Columbine asked.

Barbara made a snorting noise. "I can only quote J. M. Barrie, who was a romanticist. His definition was that love is a mixture of affection and passion sanctioned by Divine Providence for the perpetuation of mankind."

"That," said Columbine after reflection, "is utilitarian rather than attractive."

"Don't you," asked Barbara in her crackling voice, "ever dream? I mean vine-covered cottage and a yardful of brats with noses to wipe, and a man coming home at night simply quivering for lamb chops and pumpkin pie? Beautiful domesticity. The wild, pulsating passion aroused by watching a man who needs a shave read his evening newspaper. Don't rose-colored mirages like that ever set you all aquiver?"

"I fear," Columbine said, "that I am inhibited. I am apprehensive that my life has been such as to ——"

"Atrophy," interrupted Barbara.

"That word again! But it is apt. —— atrophy normal feminine impulses and emotions and desires. I can remember doing nothing but cope. As I stand here I can envision no future but one of coping."

"All ye who cope abandon hope," said Barbara.

"I've spent all my life circumventing. The first part in circumventing little girls; the present part circumventing such individuals as Lucius Quentin and Peter Martinus and Artemus Thumb, with their assistants, accessories and cat's-paws. There has not been, and it seems impossible there ever shall be, a spare moment to experience this very common mixture of affection and passion of which you speak."

"I've heard tell," Barbara said, "that it strikes in a twinkling and floors you in what is scientifically described as a trice. Like being hit by a taxi while crossing the street to buy a new girdle."

"It is a subject," said Columbine distastefully, "which as Ellen Wright, aged ten, once said of English grammar, gives you the screaming meemies. 'It doesn't send me,' she said. 'It skids me off the beam.' She was a most precocious child."

"What, beloved boss," asked Barbara, "is the opposite of precocious?"

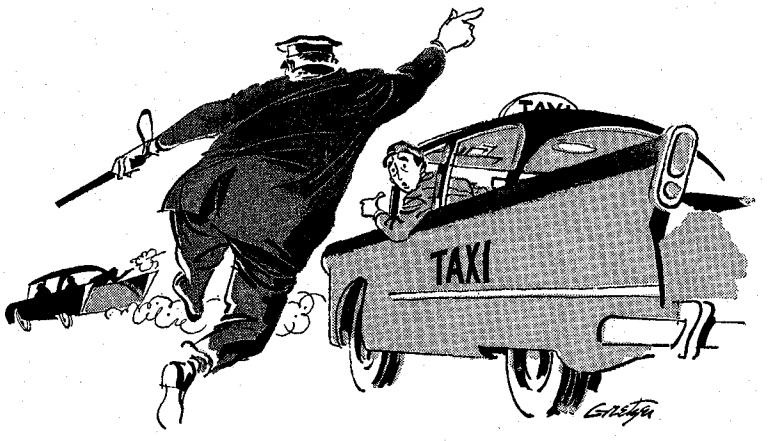
"Retarded," Columbine said.

"So you are," Barbara said gratingly. "So you gol-darned precisely are."

Columbine was sitting in the office of her attorney. She had come seeking legal advice. She was wearing a tailored suit which fitted admirably and made it difficult for the attorney to keep his mind on jurisprudence. She sat in the client's chair primly, both feet on the floor, and, much to her surprise and somewhat to her consternation, she, too, found it difficult to keep her attention strictly upon the questions she had come to ask.

She bent her brows and stared at the young man with curious fixity. Certainly he was not handsome in a Hollywood manner, nor even in a Phoenix manner. On the other hand, he was not homely. His face was, of course, a young face, but in ten or twenty years it would become an impressive face. It was, she said to herself, the face of an embryonic personage. It appealed to her. He was not overly large, but his stature was sufficient. He carried himself well and his reflexes were competent if not graceful.

Suddenly she felt that her cheeks were hot. She had thought a thought that shocked her and made her flush. Never had her mind wandered in precisely this manner before. She found herself curious



You be the Judge

By BRUCE M. JONES

The bank robbers sped off in their getaway car just as Farrington came cruising along in his taxi in search of a fare. A policeman flagged him and ordered him to chase the bandits. The chase ended in a collision in which Farrington was badly injured. He claimed workman's compensation from his employer. The employer refused to pay, so Farrington sued.

"I was in a company car on company time looking for company business when this happened," he pointed out. "As the law requires all citizens to help pursue criminals, I had to do as the policeman ordered."

"Chasing criminals is no part of your job," the employer replied sharply. "When you began doing your duty as a citizen, you technically became an employee of the police department. They should compensate you if anyone does."

If you were the judge, would you make the employer compensate Farrington?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Farrington won. "Insofar as the danger of pursuit was a danger incidental to the management of the taxicab," the court ruled, "it was one of the risks of employment." The employer, it added, should have known that all along.

Based upon a 1928 New York case.

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to know how it would feel if he suddenly pounced upon her and took her in his arms and crushed her lips against his.

"Shameful!" she exclaimed.

"What is shameful?" he asked.

"None of your business!" Columbine said sharply.

She found herself afraid of him, suddenly shy in his presence. It was a new experience.

"Very well, Miss Drugget," he said dryly. "Proceed to the next order of business."

"Is a rumor illegal?" she asked.

"Not *per se*," he answered.

"What is *per se?*"

"That means not alone by itself. What kind of rumor are you thinking of starting to float?"

"What kind of a rumor would get me into trouble?" she countered.

"If," he said, "you bruited it about that the president of the bank had three wives and had embezzled a million dollars, it might be regarded as slanderous and actionable."

"But if it were whispered that you, for instance, were thinking seriously of fabricating—er—nutmeg graters on a large scale, would that be regarded as malicious mischief?"

"I doubt if an action would lie."

"Even if it were hinted approximately where the factory would be?"

"I cannot see how anyone would be damaged."

She found her mind straying again and her attention focusing itself upon his personal appearance. Her eyes were big, her lips were parted a trifle and she seemed very young and inexperienced and eager.

"There is," she said involuntarily, "a thing I have noticed."

"And what would that be?" he asked.

"That," she said musingly, "a champion usually looks like a champion."

"Which champion?"

"Any champion," she answered intently. "What I mean is: you look at a picture of George Washington, and even if you didn't know who he was, you would know he was a great man. If you look at a picture of Mr. Jack Dempsey, you know he is a champion. Napoleon. General Grant. Ben Hogan. Every great champion has the champion look."

"Quite possibly," he said. "But what of it?"

"Isn't it possible a person could have that look of a champion before he got to be one? I mean, couldn't you spot a future champion if you noticed he had that look?"

"What's the point of this?" he asked. "Are you thinking of backing somebody to be a champion because he has a certain kind of face?"

She looked at him steadily a moment and nodded emphatically. "I might, at that," she said slowly; "and then, on the contrary, as little Myrtle Cook once said, I might be betting my dime on a palooka who never got as far as the prelims." She stared at him. "What, please, is a palooka and where are the prelims?"

"To make it perfectly clear to you," he said, "a palooka is a stumblebum, and the prelims are where they sort out the men from the boys."

"Oh, thank you," she said quite politely, not hearing a word that he said.

She stood upon her slender feet and straightened her skirt and smiled vaguely.

"This," she told him, "has been a very startling and enlightening interview. I may say, without fear of successful contradiction, that you have earned your retainer."

"I'm so grateful," he said sardonically. "I'm a very competent lawyer."

"Oh," she exclaimed, "it wasn't that at all."

She turned, with an unstudied flirt of her skirts which displayed for an instant two exceedingly lovely legs, and fled from the office.

Barbara, who had been doing some shopping, was waiting in the car. Her eyes were sardonic. "Was the legal advice satisfactory?" she asked in her clipped tones.

"Quite," Columbine answered.

"Try Dorothy Dix next time," Barbara said.

"Who, may I ask, is Dorothy Dix?"

"She," said Barbara, "gives advice in a field which a legal education doesn't cover."

They drove out Central Avenue, once the town's finest residential street, but now garish with shops and gas stations and restaurants of ultramodern architecture. Presently they turned eastward, and then, as they stopped at the first red light, they saw just ahead of them a somewhat seedy car with a pudgy, clerical figure at the wheel and a thinner, almost cadaverous figure beside him. It was the phony priest, Martinus, and his ally, Professor Thumb. They were deep in conversation and did not become aware of the presence of the two girls so close behind them. Barbara let a couple of cars pass and, screened by them, kept pace with the two strange individuals. In a couple of miles the leading car turned left on an unpaved desert road.

"I learned," said Columbine, "that it is inefficient to ignore even the most innocent-appearing conduct of a little girl under suspicion. Doubtless this applies equally to adults. An un-innocent child seldom does anything innocent. The most trivial things sometimes are most significant."

"How very knowing!" exclaimed Barbara with mock admiration.

Columbine looked at her watch. "It is still early," she said. "It can do no harm to find out why these men drive so straight out into the desert."

"It," said Barbara, "can do no harm unless they notice we are dogging them. If they do, we may be compelled to fight."

The leading car threw up a cloud of dust which, though uncomfortable, was a protection to the car that followed. On either side of the road grew greasewood and mesquite and varieties of cactus. Jack rabbits with enormous ears scurried and tiny gophers popped in and out on their private concerns. Just ahead were the foothills, and on top of a knoll at the left was the ruin of what had once been a pretentious house. Now it stood roofless, stark against the bluest of skies. It seemed to be the destination of the bogus priest and the counterfeit professor.

Columbine and Barbara saw the shabby car mount the rise, circle the ruin and come to a stop. Both men alighted and disappeared inside the jagged walls.

"Now what?" Barbara asked, half expecting the unpredictable Columbine would insist upon climbing the little hill and spying upon the purposes of the two men, but she did not. Sometimes Columbine was gifted with discretion.

"We would only get caught in the wringer, as Henrietta Juggins once most inelegantly said. The better part of valor will be to withdraw. Returning at a more inviting moment to explore."

"The vote in favor is unanimous," Barbara said fervently. "What I crave least is to be cornered in a ruined mansion by a pair of doubtless well-armed kleptomaniacs. Leave us begone."

She turned the car and hightailed for the main road, nor did she slacken speed until she turned in at the parking lot of The Grove of Daphne.

It still lacked half an hour of noon, but already savory odors were arising from the barbecue pit which had been dug in a suitable spot. The chuck wagon was anchored close by and a dozen guests, unused to such methods of cookery, were gathered about, watching every movement. Columbine found the kitchen deserted. The staff had taken its departure. A party in dungarees and high-heeled boots with shirts embellished with highly colored butterflies and flowers and other designs dear to the cowboy heart came marching stiffly in from the riding stables and squatted about the pit. Columbine's emergency measure promised to be a huge success.

But it was an emergency measure. Novel though it was, and entertaining to the guests, it was not a permanent substitute for an excellently run kitchen and superior food served by trained and competent waiters. For one day it would be a pleasing novelty, but a second day of it would fall abysmally flat. So Columbine used the telephone diligently to Los Angeles and San Francisco, and a kitchen crew was on its way by aeroplane. This accomplished, she sent for Lester Duchesne, the malingering chef, who presented himself lugubriously in her office.

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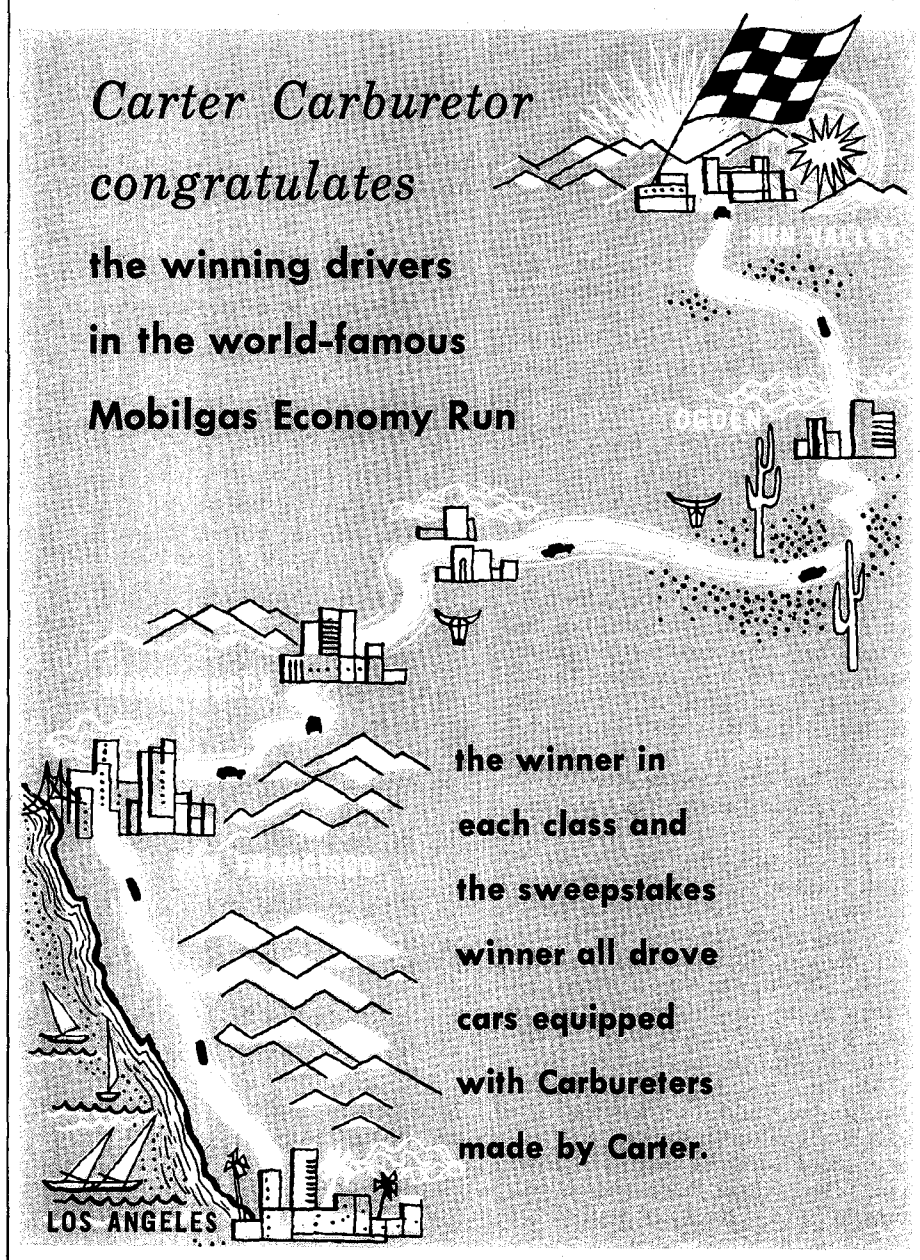

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She kept him standing while she gave attention to papers on her desk and then looked up at him bleakly.

"Your check," she said, "is waiting for you at the cashier's window."

"But, madame—— But, madame——"

"You," she said, "are expelled. The discipline of this institution can no longer tolerate your presence." This was a quotation from Miss Cordwainer. "I might tolerate a certain inefficiency; I might even overlook a lack of culinary artistry." She paused and narrowed her eyes at him. "But the double X, as Lucy Burns once remarked, entitles you to the swift boot."

"I am the gr-reat chef! I am the *cordon bleu!*" he spluttered.

"You are," Columbine said—"and I have no feeling that the language of diplomacy has a part in your dismissal—a droopy drip with an itching palm. So, without further protest, you will be so good as to scram. And carry this word for me to your real employer, Mr. Quentin. Tell him that his business ethics, if persisted in, will result in his doing a flip through the hoop. An unpleasant exercise which I shall supervise in person."

As Duchesne made his exit from the outer door, Simpkins rapped on the door connecting with the desk. Columbine called for him to enter.

"Two gentlemen wish to know if they can be served with luncheon," he said.

"We welcome transients," Columbine replied.

"But—but maybe you'd better look at these two."

She arose and peered through the half-open door. There at the desk stood the two men she had so recently followed out into the desert: Professor Artemus Thumb and Pastor Peter Martinus. She nodded to Simpkins. "For them, cash in advance," she said.

Outside in the patio there was the clatter of tin plates furnished by the chuck wagon and the savory aroma of barbecued beef. Coffee was being served in huge tin cups and frijoles were being ladled from an iron caldron. The guests were entering into the spirit of the cattle range. Some of them even tried to emulate the ease with which the wranglers sat on their heels. Lanky Susan Flint had paired off with Madame Roxy Thistlebun. Columbine, standing in her door, saw Martinus and Thumb step out into the patio and stand for a moment, surprised by the informal scene.

She heard Madame Roxy's raucous shout. "Hey, Father Pete," she bawled, "come 'n' save a couple of souls that's tottering on the brink! Fetch the learned perfessor with you! Go fill a couple plates and come back bringin' salvation and education!"

"Delighted, Madame Thistlebun!" Martinus said unctuously. "Delighted!"

Columbine watched them fill their plates and return to the two women and squat beside them on the grass. Madame displayed her most ornate manners. "Susan," she said to Miss Flint, "I wish the privilege of presentin' two of the dog-gonedest scalawags outside of jail. The heavy-set one claims to be Pastor Peter Martinus, but he's no more entitled to wear his collar backwards than I am. T'other one is Professor Artemus Thumb, and heaven only knows what his real name is."

Susan Flint went wholly Western. She extended a bony hand. "Put her there!" she said loudly. "Always glad to shake the hand of a sharper or a dealer in green goods. Which be you?"

Madame gave them no time to respond. "They snuggled up to me on the train," she said, "object skulduggery. Aimed to bilk the fathead widow of a Texas millionaire. I eluded 'em in Chi. Took a plane. . . . How rich are you, Susan?"

"Me? My pa left me well fixed."

"Take your pick," Madame said tersely. "It'll be a satisfaction watchin' how they go to work. The slim one, he worships the devil, so he says. Kind of a he-witch, dealin' in black magic. I recommend you gaffle onto him, bein' as he's so full of novelties like black magic. I'll take the fake preacher. He's more my weight."

"Madame," said Pastor Martinus very softly, "your conversation endears you to me. Your sense of humor is delightful."

"It don't seem to tickle the professor," she said with a broad grin. "He looks like he could bite nails."

"The professor," said Martinus, "is not so amiable as I."

"On account," Madame said, "of fraternizin' with evil spirits."

Thumb's small eyes seemed to have a reddish tinge as he fixed them upon Madame's rotund face. He showed small sharp teeth in a sneer. "I'll send you an invitation to a witch's Sabbath," he snarled. "You would look well astride of a broomstick."

"Have you," asked Susan Flint curiously, "killed the black hen?"

"What do you know about the black hen?" Thumb demanded.

"Shucks," Susan responded dryly, "that kind of voodoo is child's play to me."

Columbine saw Barbara Green get up from the grass and stand over Madame and Susan and the two harassed characters. She cleared her throat with a metallic sound to attract their attention. And then she spoke chidingly to the two women.

"Ladies," she said in her crisp, toneless voice, "my mamma she tole me never to aggravate rattlesnakes and to speak polite to Gila monsters."

"Oh," Madame answered loftily, "we were just extracting their venom."

"What day of the week is it?" asked Barbara.

"Tuesday," said Miss Flint.

"Well," snapped Barbara, "Tuesday isn't a good day for it."

There was a moment's silence, which was broken by Martinus. "How very, very right the young lady is," he said. . . . "Professor, shall we leave the ladies?"

"I would enjoy very much," said Professor Thumb, "to inspect these pleasant premises."

Columbine retreated to her office and looked about her. She made certain that the safe door was closed, and twisted the knob of the combination lock to guarantee that it was locked.

Columbine had signed the contract for altering a part of the main building of her hotel into shops, and work had commenced and alert real-estate agents already were telephoning her in behalf of prospective tenants. Even Sam Jones was compelled reluctantly to admit that in this project she had shown good judgment.

The new crew of the kitchen had arrived by plane, and, being competent hotel people, had shaken down into their new jobs without delay, so that on the day following the barbecue, breakfast was served to the guests either in the dining room or in their own apartments. It seemed that efficient routine had been established. For a moment Columbine was able to breathe easily; though, when she sat down at her desk to relax for a moment, she became uneasily conscious of a sense of foreboding.

There was nothing specific to arouse apprehension, but she could not rid her mind of those two queer men who had eaten their lunch in the patio yesterday, and of the abnormal conversation between them and Madame Roxy. Nor could she convince herself that Lucius Quentin had ceased to cast a covetous eye upon The Daphne.

She recalled times in Miss Cordwainer's school when all seemed serene; when the pupils were docile, behaving like little lambs, and when routine slid along on well-oiled wheels. She had learned to be suspicious of such halcyon days because they usually portended some sort of outbreak of artful mischief. In such times of peace Columbine had prepared for war.

These uneasy reflections were interrupted by the bustling arrival of Madame Roxy, accompanied by a strange young woman whom she introduced as Maxine Swan, society editor of the evening newspaper.

"I telephoned Miss Swan," Madame said, "and told her about your debut. I told her I planned to show the state of Arizona how the state of Texas did things when it really busted loose. So here she is, all rigged out with a photographer, to interview you and get pictures for the Sunday society page." She beamed. "Miss Swan's right excited about it."

"I am indeed," Miss Swan said to the appalled Columbine. She eyed Columbine suspiciously. "First, before I stick my neck out, I want to know if this is a publicity stunt for this motel."

Madame shouted, "Publicity stunt! This hotel's got nothin' to do with it! It's my idea and I'm footin' the bill! What's the object of it? I'll teetotal well tell you the object. It's to introduce this little girl to society, of which she don't know any. And what's the notion back of any debut? It's to show off the debutante and kind of publicize her points. Object matrimony. I ain't one to beat around the bush."

"May I quote you, Madame Thistlebun?" asked the society editor.

"Quote and be damned!" Madame bellowed. "I'm telling the truth, ain't I?"

"May I see the guest list?" asked Miss Swan.

"Hain't got one yet. One reason I wanted to talk to you. You know everybody. You know who's who. Me, I don't know a blasted soul in this town, and neither does Columbine. What we want's the top crust."

"But, Madame Thistlebun, the top crust, as you call them, won't come to just any party. You, the hostess, are unknown to them. So is Miss Drugget. They'll toss your invitations into their wastebaskets."

"Not by a darn sight, they won't!" Madame detonated. "When I get through advertising this blowout, they'll be pullin' strings to get in. When you tell 'em how much I'm goin' to blow on it, and what bands are goin' to play, and where it's to be at, and what's goin' to be served up to eat and drink—why, you'll have to call out the police to hold back the crowds. Sister, you ain't hep to society."

Miss Swan directed her attention to Columbine. Possibly she was not getting an elite society item, but she was certainly getting a story that should make the front page.

"Miss Drugget," she asked smoothly, "what is your attitude toward all this?"

"It is time," Columbine said, "that someone asked me."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean," Columbine said, "that the entire project is abhorrent to me. I mean that my permission has not been asked. I mean that the whole thing is in execrable taste——"

"Hold your horses!" interrupted Madame. "When was any society whing-ding in good taste?"

Columbine ignored the interjection. "Miss Swan," she said, "I never have attended a party—what you would call a party. Until my father left me this hotel, I was secretary to the head of a select girls' school. I cannot dance. This awful plan of Madame's frightens me to death. It is, as one of our pupils said in another connection, what the cat dragged in. Do you realize, Miss Swan, that until a few days ago, I never had a gown? I wore a uniform. I'm sure Madame Thistlebun means only kindness, but this whole thing is—is just a three-ply wet smack."

Maxine Swan, a competent newspaperwoman, was still suspicious. There could not exist in real life two such incredible characters. She felt she was being had.

"Miss Drugget," she asked stiffly, "are you putting on an act?"

"She's not putting on an act!" Madame bellowed, waving her gross arms. "She's a doll! She's got no more savvy than a wax baby thet can't open and shut its eyes! Me, I've taken charge of her! She's my what-d'ye-call-it!"

"If you mean protégée, Madame," Columbine said sturdily, "I am not. I am Columbine Pepper Drugget. I belong to me. I'm myself." She was wringing her hands and pleading for understanding. "I can't expect Madame to understand, Miss Swan, because she's the great-grandmother of all extroverts. But you, can't you see that I'm an entity? I'm me. I'm myself!"

Maxine Swan studied Columbine for a moment and her face softened. "Darned," she said, "if I don't believe you're real!"

"Madame Thistlebun is real too," protested Columbine. "Only we're a different kind of real."

"Baby, you said it!" exclaimed Madame.

"Miss Swan," Columbine said gravely, "you doubtless consider me naïve and inexperienced of life. You are in error. I have lived and functioned in a miniature universe—a girls' school. If you can cope with the pupils in a girls' school, you can cope with anybody or anything anywhere. So I know all about life." She stopped and sat peering across at Miss Swan.

That young lady sat still, her hands in her lap, and was silent for moments. Then she shook her head slowly. "Now," she said, "I've seen and heard everything."

"Nevertheless," declared Madame, "I shall toss a party."

"But," Columbine declared firmly, "not with me as your debutante. You will have, as one of my children observed, to dig yourself up another patsy." She turned again to Miss Swan. "You," she said, "have it in

(*Continued on Page 80*)

Sneak Preview

By R. H. Grenville

When daughters play at
dressing up,
With mincing airs and
primping poses,
The peeping parent may
discern—
In spite of snub and freckled
noses,
And spindle legs with
knobby knees—
How, on some fair and
future dawn,
Each awkward duckling
will appear,
Transformed into a gorgeous
swan.
He also learns, to his
dismay,
How not-so-distant is the
day.

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(*Continued from Page 78*) your power to make me seem stupid and absurd and a figure of fun. You can make the city laugh at Madame Thistlebun, who is, in spite of somewhat comic eccentricities, a kind and generous woman." She reached out her slender hand and touched Madame's massive arm. "To whom," she said firmly, "I am grateful, whatever you may choose to write."

Madame was majestic. "Miss," she said, "nobody and nothing can stop me from doin' what I got a mind to do. And no newspaper story can make me out to be what I ain't. It's been tried. I got a scrapbook full of it, and I thrive on it." She grinned and showed rows of strong white teeth. "Do your dumdest, baby. I like it."

"I'll try to make you happy," Miss Swan assured her. . . . "But you, Miss Drugget, will not be mentioned."

"Thank you," Columbine said in her most self-possessed manner. "By the way, Miss Swan, are you interested in news that does not pertain to society?"

"A good newspaperwoman," smiled Maxine, "never passes up a story."

"Would it be news," Columbine asked, "if a large company were contemplating moving to Phoenix and erecting a plant there?"

"It certainly would."

"Would the mere rumor of it be desirable to print?"

"Let's hear about it," Maxine said.

"There are rumors to be heard around a hotel such as this. Some of them have a sound basis of fact. I think you may state it as fact that someone is interested in a certain tract of land and that at this moment negotiations are in progress to obtain what you call an —— I'm not familiar with the word, but it signifies the right to buy at a future date."

"An option?" suggested Maxine.

"That is it. An option."

"What company wants it?"

"The rumor is that it is a meat company. Like a stockyard and a plant where they cut cattle up into steaks and roasts."

"A packing plant?"

"That, I believe, is the technical term."

"Who started this—rumor?" asked Miss Swan.

"That, naturally, I would not be at liberty to disclose," Columbine said. "But the option I am sure of, and that the property is to be surveyed by—by surveyors. And now—and now I haven't any more to say. Not about anything. And I've simply got mountains of work. And would you excuse me for now, Miss Swan?"

Maxine smiled a puzzled smile at Columbine, and grinned with fellow feeling and understanding at Madame Thistlebun. "It's been a dandy interview," she said. "I've enjoyed meeting you both. . . . And thanks, Miss Drugget, for the tip about the packing company."

She took her departure in an aura of amiability. When she was gone, Madame scowled at Columbine. "Listen, chick," she rumbled, "nobody was ever hurt by bein' in the papers or by havin' fun poked at 'em. Me, I'm labeled the durndest, most eccentric, vulgar old gal in America. And what's the result? I got more adorin' friends and acquaintances than you can crowd onto an eighty-acre farm."

Columbine's eyes were not laughing, nor was her expression humorous as she asked, "Does that include Pastor Peter Martinus or Professor Artemus Thumb?"

"Meaning what by that?" Madame asked, suddenly attentive, her small, sharp eyes fixed upon the girl piercingly.

"What," asked Columbine, "would they want of an old, remote, ruined house?"

"Nothing good!" snapped Madame. "What house?"

Columbine told her how she and Barbara Green had followed the pair out into the desert and had watched them climb to the ruined house and enter it. "They went," she said positively, "as if they had a definite purpose. You could tell by their manner."

"And afterward they came here to lunch?" Madame asked.

"An hour and a half later," Columbine answered.

"So," Madame said calculatingly, "they probably dawdled around that ruin for better than an hour."

"About that length of time," Columbine said.

Madame Thistlebun was not now a fatuous fat woman with more money than brains. She was concise and efficient. "Telephone my chauffeur to come around," she said peremptorily.

"You're going to see?" Columbine asked.

"You and me," Madame said. "Them two don't cut up capers just for the fun of it."

In five minutes Madame's big car was at the front door and the two women seated themselves on its deep cushions.

"Giddap," Madame said to her driver, and then to Columbine, "You never met my shoffer, did you, chickadee? Name's Pea-Eye Perkins. Used to tote a typewriter for the Purple Gang in Detroit. After he done his stretch, the last of my husbands—the oil one—took a shine to him. And I kept him on. . . . Got a gat handy, Pea-Eye? In case."

Pea-Eye grunted and shrugged and responded hoarsely, "Sister, don't ask fool questions."

"He's always polite like that," Madame said. "He's awful fond of me. Tell him where to drive."

Columbine gave directions, and presently they turned off on the desert road which wound back to the foothill upon which perched the ruins that she and Barbara Green had seen earlier.

"Don't get too close before we looksee," ordered Madame.

Pea-Eye, having been brought up to take proper precautions, braked the car to a stop behind a clump of mesquites.

"What's the lay?" he demanded.

"Two characters," Madame explained. "I don't know about one of them, that calls himself Professor Thumb, but t'other, that's got up like a priest, he eats his meat raw. Carries a rod in a shoulder holster."

"You broads set," Pea-Eye said elegantly. "I'll case the joint."

He lumbered down from his seat behind the wheel, but muscle-bound and clumsy as he seemed, he moved with quiet skill, keeping under cover. They lost sight of him until he emerged near the crest of the hill. There they could see him crouching and listening. Presently he disappeared inside the ruin. A few minutes later, he emerged and scrambled back to the car.

"Me," he said, "no like."

Nevertheless, urged by Madame, he drove to the top of the hill and parked in what once had been a driveway.

"Look," he said uneasily, "I'm lookout, see? Inside I don't go again. It ain't canny in there. It's superstitious."

"Cross your fingers then," snapped Madame. Squeezing through the door of the car, she picked up a stout stick, took a firm grasp on it, and waddled toward what once had been the front door. The floor of the hall was covered with rubble through which a path had been cleared. They entered what must have been a stately living room, but which was now open to the sky, and passed through it into another apartment, whose roof was intact. Once this had been a study or library. Now its floor was swept clean. Its dimensions were some eighteen by thirty feet.

Columbine halted and gasped. At the farther end was an altar draped in black. Above the altar on the wall was a crucifix upside down. On the ebon altar cloth that covered the front was skillfully painted a circle inside of which were four smaller circles, and inside the smallest a six-pointed star made up of two triangles. At the apex of each triangle was a queerly shaped cross and there occurred the letters, *G, L, A, C, H.* Within the next smaller circle and the one next in size were the daemon names of Jessemon, Agia, Eloyn and Adonay. Mightier names were printed between the second and third circles: Erigion, Arpheton, Anasbona, Messiah. But the most potent of all were depicted in the outer ring, impiously: Jehovah, Emmanuel, Tetragrammaton, Jellah. Though neither of the women recognized it, here was the Great Magic Circle of Agrippa, powerful in black magic. And, alive and clucking in protest, made fast by one leg was the black hen, a hen that never had laid an egg. Of that Columbine had read.

The rites appertaining to it were that it must be taken to a crossroads at midnight; there to be severed in half while magic words were uttered and the magician knelt and faced the east, holding a cypress staff—and a horrid demon would appear to do the warlock's bidding.

Madame gasped and fluttered. "Let's scram the hell out of here!" she gasped.

"Wait," whispered Columbine. "The professor may be touched in the head, but Martinus isn't. If—if he goes along with this black-magic rigamarole, he has a reason."

She stood peering about the bare room. Nowhere was a hiding place except where the impious altar stood. Trembling with a dread she could not exorcise, Columbine approached. She forced herself to lift the altar cloth on which was depicted the diabolic circles. Underneath was a cabinet fitted with drawers. It took courage to open the top drawer. Inside it, she looked down upon a familiar leather case which she knew contained a set of burglar's tools. Also concealed there beside the illegal implements was a well-remembered chamois bag. She lifted it in her hand, unloosed the string and saw that it still contained a fortune in gems.

Before she could open either of the other drawers, Pea-Eye called urgently from the door, "Hey, you dames! Git a move on! A car just turned in from the main road!"

TO BE CONTINUED

Man Against Lion (Continued from Page 20)

up, the place it had quit but recently, and quite suddenly there was excitement in the trace, urgency to the tail-whipping chase, and Rouser quartered across a long slope curdled and clotted with old snow in clumps on the mostly bare earth.

Gil took the gelding across the steep and broken ground, feeling his own triumphant lift at the nearness of the quarry. This was the huntsman's moment, the first sure thrilling lift, and he rode to it as he had ridden as a boy, as he had since all his life. He was a herdsman, but he was a hunter too.

He caught his first view of the lion at the far reach of the broken slope—a single tawny flick, a fluid shift of color to color yonder, and he let out one quick, triumphant "Yip ha!" of his own. Rouser still worked the trail above, coming along fast, his deep-chested chant clear and stirring on the still, chill air.

The lion treed in the next canyon. It did not run far from its second lay-up place, for it was short-winded and short-tempered, at once cowardly and contemptuous. It treed, for instinct said so, but it was not run down, nor its confidence diminished.

He was a young male, in the prime of coat and condition, tawny hide sleek with good feeding, unscarred from hurtful battle, young and full of the almost-joyous, half-irritable readiness of youth grown full size and still untried.

Small currents of eddying air moved in the canyon, and Rouser caught the strong scent from the tree, and burst through brush below, hurdled a long-dead windfall with its barkless skin weathered into white silk, circled the tree, lifting his voice in the chopping treed signal.

The lion prowled out on a limb as thick as a man's body, prowled out and back and spat defiance and quarreled within himself between cautious instinct ingrown in a thousand surviving generations before him and the eager, urgent certainty that he could destroy anything to stand before his great and untried strength. He prowled thus, undecided, when Gil rode up to the tree.

He spotted the lion and lifted the carbine from its scabbard and swung out of the saddle, all in one motion. Midway through that motion the shifting breeze brought the lion scent full and rich and terrifying into the gelding's nostrils. It panicked and wheeled toward heedless flight, and panic brought out its own sour smell of fear. It wheeled, crashed sidelong into the bleached brittle bones of the windfall pine; it screamed in pain.

Gil, caught half dismounted, felt a terrible tearing pain, the crushing shock of his leg caught between horse and log; then the gelding screamed and lunged, half rearing, and Gil went in a tumbling helpless sprawl as the lion launched itself out of the tree. Rouser, caught between the frenzied trampling hoofs of the gelding and the lion's taloned might, was bowled, writhing and snapping, aside. The lion made a casual reaching swipe at the head of the plunging gelding; Gil, sprawled across the log, *snick-snacked* the lever of the carbine, fired, levered, fired again. The lion reared, clawing high at nothing, screaming, took the second bullet with the sound of a hand slapping flesh, went over backward in a tumbling, lashing frenzy. Gil tried to stand up, and for the first time in his life fainted.

He came out of it feeling dull and full of hurt. He stirred himself cautiously. The outer edges of his vision seemed swimmy, out of focus, and he rocked his head forward and squeezed his eyes tight shut and then opened them again. The windfall was at his back. The lever-action carbine lay across his thighs. He could locate the pain now, and carefully he lifted the carbine and rocked forward onto his knees, gritting his teeth, lifting his weight on his right leg, leaning for balance.

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Rouser, in a terrible silence, lay within the lion's embrace, the lion's head tipped up, Rouser's jaws locked on its throat. The gelding stood at the far end of the windfall, as if penned by the uptilted fan of roots, its head down, legs spread wide and braced, groaning breath in and out, in and out, and even as Gil watched, it buckled at the knees, lay down with a sound not gasping nor groaning, but something of both.

The lion was dead. It made a great reaching stretch as it lay on its side, back arching, forepaws reaching with splayed talons, hind legs stretched far back as if in leaping, but it moved in dying reflex only, and it reached a peak of tension and went limp in a series of little trembling releases. Rouser made one softly snarling sound. Gil held his teeth clenched and reached down to his own left calf and pulled a ragged tag of trousers cloth from the outraged orifice where the stub limb had torn.

The cloth brought a red-dyed, blade-like slab of wood with it, and a screaming rocket of pain ran through the leg and into his groin and belly, and only stiff-locked resolution kept him from doubling over at that pain. He clamped a hand on his thigh to slow the spurt of bleeding.

There wasn't much he could do about it. He fished the moderately clean blue bandanna from his hip pocket and bound the wound, cinching it up, with his mind disengaged from the hurt he was doing himself.

There wasn't anything he could do for the gelding, either. The spear-bladed stub limb which had torn through his own leg had gashed stirrup leather and laid bare the ribs beneath, and then had gone into the gelding's paunch with the terrible efficiency of a bayonet. Gil steadied himself against the windfall and loosed the crashing sound of the carbine. The gelding's head jerked to the impact and then was still.

Gil opened his eyes to a puzzled whine from Rouser. That gallant warrior came on three legs and crouched before him.

"Well, old-timer," said Gil, and was surprised at the faintness of his own voice.

Rouser didn't look any too fit either. One terrible lion paw had raked him from shoulder to flank, leaving the quadruple-furrowed hide torn and disordered and red-dripping. One hind leg was badly torn.

Gil leaned down, feeling queerly giddy, touched the dog, feeling a pang he might have felt for an old and good friend.

"Old boy," said Gil, "this is a hell of a mess."

He looked at the lion, stretched out on its side, graceful even in death. The grimly humorous thought came to him, *You sold out mighty dear, didn't you, friend?*

The thought held neither hatred nor resentment. How does one hate what is a part of himself? The pain was sickening strong in him; he was hurt and unhorsed and a long way from help or home, but he did not hate the beast. When his own time came, he hoped to sell out as dearly.

He essayed a tentative step and came near falling headlong. His outraged leg would not hold him or work to his bidding. All that had kept the wound from severing the muscles of the calf entirely had been the breaking of the brittle wood which had made it. That leg wasn't going to be any help at all to him for a good long while.

It was time to go, and still he lingered. The day was running out on him, but he delayed his leaving. He told himself he had to have a crutch, and he found himself a pair of forked sticks to do that work. There was a sickness and weakness in him, and he told himself he must eat, and so he fed himself from the meat and bread he'd brought.

He tried to share with Rouser. The dog raised his head and whined, but ignored the food. Gil crutched laboriously over to the dead gelding and made a halfhearted attempt to salvage the saddle. He couldn't. The heavy body pinned stirrup and cinch. After four tries, he managed to toss his lariat over a high limb. He tied on the carbine and hauled it up so that it swung in the air at the end of the rope. Might keep the porcupines from chewing up the stock. If they didn't climb up and cut the rope and let it fall. Time to go.

Which left Rouser. Finally he could admit why he lingered. Always there had been a dog or two around the place. When the kids were small, sometimes a half dozen. Working dogs, earning their keep like any hand.

But Rouser had been his companion these ten years past. The other dogs were casual memories; Rouser was the sleeper by the fire, the sharer of food, the listener to confidences, the—well, damn it, the friend.

Maybe, all unthinking, that was why he'd hung the carbine up so high so soon. He still had his old .44-40 single-action Colt's under his coat—in case. His mind touched that only fleetingly, moved quickly away. Time to go.

"Rouser," he said. "Old-timer. Let's go." He felt weak as he said it. His weight made the crotched sticks bite into his armpits. "Come on, boy," he said.

He made himself turn away. Because it had to be that way. He stopped to adjust his crutches, shift his grip. He looked back.

Rouser was struggling up. It was a pitiable thing to watch, but he was getting up. His jaws, still marked with lion blood and haired with lion fur, hung a trifle open; his head hung lower than his shoulders, and he stood on only three braced legs, but he got up, he moved, with a lift, a lurch, a pause, a lift.

Gil waited, then gripped his crutch sticks and thrust his way through the first narrow passageway in the brush.

Night came over him like a slow-settling blanket, only part way across the long slope. There was a chill in the coming dark, cold that seemed to slide under his hide and insinuatingly into flesh and bone. When he stopped and let the toe of his left boot touch the earth, the muscles of his thigh went from a hard—iron-hard—ache to a tremor as regular as a steady-ticking clock's sound. It wasn't the cold, really, and he could not stop it. Then the tremor came up through his belly and his chest and across his shoulders and down his arms until they shook the very crutch sticks braced under him.

By heaven, he told himself, *it got dark quick. It's a long way home.*

An odd feeling came on him, and he called into the encroaching dark, "Rouser! Come on up here, boy!"

The dog came, a lurching shape dimly seen in near darkness, and Gil swallowed dryly. He felt damp and chilled and incredibly tired. He turned alongside a windfall, pushed through a thin stand of spindling fir reproduction to where a more stalwart, rough-barked fir reared, the windfall trunk lying close. With his crutch ends he raked in a few limb chunks; with a solid chunk he broke more from the parent trunk; leaning on his crutches he got his jackknife from his pants pocket and laboriously made shavings. Grunting irefully against the hurt, he got down to his knees and built his fire, huddling over it, coaxing the flame of the wooden match, sheltering the first flicker of light in the shavings, until the pale, small, licking tongues of flame began to touch and blacken larger splinters. The fire seemed reluctant to catch. Despite the chill, all this downed dead wood seemed to have been permeated with dampness.

Gil found he could not rise nor lean back. Finally he went forward on his belly alongside the fire, legs extended; then rolled, gritting his teeth against the tearing pain in his leg; then, on his back, he could rise to a sitting position and drag himself back, with hands and one good leg, until his back rested against the rough bole of the standing fir. He raked a chunk for his left foot to lean against, felt the steady shaking tremor slowly ease off as the foot lay against that support; he took a deep breath and leaned his head against the tree at his back. The earth's damp chill came through his trousers, under one buttock something hard gouged spitefully through the shed needles covering, but the fire came up in a bright wavering of light and heat. Rouser whined and dragged himself close, almost huddling alongside Gil's leg. Gil fumbled the buttons of his coat, spread the lapels and let the heat in; he felt his lids come down like thick leaden shields over eyes suddenly hot and scratchy.

Dimly, through his skin, tough as any leather, but sensitive as any barometer, the warning came: Snow. Snow coming.

It was as though, through vast effort, he pulled loose from some deep and muddy stream bed. With dull reaction, almost of inertia, he floated upward through currents many-layered, first numbly chill and then warming. He opened his eyes to a dim light, pearly light, dawn light, with the new, soft, silent snow like the finest and cleanest and downiest of feathers.

His back was against the tree. His hands were tucked under the flaps of his coat. His legs, stretched out before him, were two long sticks covered with inches of snow. On his shoulders, his sleeves, his lap, the coat front, the snow lay soft and without weight.

Beyond the sheltered circle of the fir's limbs above, the new snow lay nearly a foot deep. The windfall was covered, each upright spike of stub limb capped with a soft pointed mushroom of snow. The blacked face where the fire had licked stared blandly at Gil, but the small heap where fire had burned wood to charcoal and then to ash, lay covered and unsmoldering. The fire had gone out.

Only Gil's eyes moved. Inertia still held him. He felt no urge to move, little need even to see or evaluate. He felt quite comfortable. His right boot toe pointed aside, bigger than life and blurred with its snow covering; the left pointed a trifle upward, propped as it was against its bolstering stick. It was only mildly interesting.

The big lumpish mass against his thigh seemed odd. After a while, he sent word down to his hand that it was time to move. The hand had gone off somewhere else and wasn't paying any attention. He tried the other one, and wasn't sure which moved. It was the right one, when he

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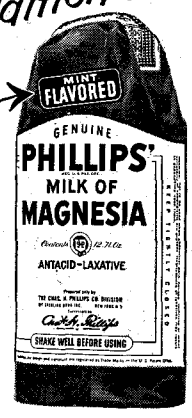

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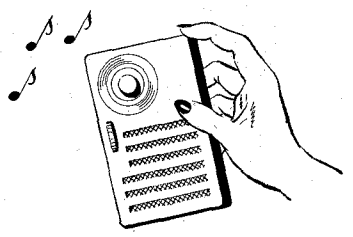

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looked. His head shook a little, to the effort of lifting his hand, and a minute white cascade of snow fell from his hat brim and spilled down his chest and belly. His hand went out, unsteadily groping. His stiff, almost completely unfeeling fingers went through the powdery snow, into the rough and crinkly coat of dog hair, groped and clenched and felt the stiffness and the lack of warmth, and a hot knife went through Gil's heart, went in deep and twisted, and in that instant a wild despair ran through him, a sense of terrible, awful loss.

He closed his eyes and retreated. His mind lunged backward, groping for forgetfulness, and could not find it. There was no comforting dark behind his closed eyelids. The fear came slithering after and took him by the throat and shook him. White fear—white and blinding fear.

He cringed before the white fear and raised his hand to his face to blot it out, and felt the nagging prickle of life coming to his arms. He rolled his head evasively, and life stirred deeper in his body. He opened his eyes to the pearly white, but this was a shadowed white of three-dimensioned substance. Without thinking really, he began a slow beating together of his hands. At first it was like beating two sticks together, and then the prickles turned to deep-driven needles, the needles to bodkins, bodkins to pointed icicles, which slowly melted and dispersed, all but a small drop of ice water in each knuckle and joint.

He raked through the snow and found his crutch sticks. He rolled himself and with infinite labor got to his knees. He reached into his pocket. He could not find his jackknife.

He went through his other pockets. Almost surely, at first; almost frantically, finally. He searched himself thrice over, and in the end he was kneeling, his hat on the ground before him, clawing the oddments out of his pockets, dumping them, needing his eye's assurance of what touch denied.

Bit of string and nails and washers and a few copper coins corroded green; cartridges—a couple for the carbine he hadn't brought with him, and several more for the .44-40 Colt's—some odd chunks of leather and copper rivets; matches and three horseshoe nails and a silver quarter dollar and a short quarter-inch bolt with no nut; the paper sack, rumpled and greasy and containing one small chunk of bread. No, he hadn't by any chance put the knife in there. The letter from his shirt pocket.

His hands had been going all around that, not touching it, not even pressing against the pocket to see if by some incredible chance, he might—just might—have dropped the knife in that pocket. He raked all the earth about him, clawing through snow and litter with fingers as cold and unfeeling as claws before he touched that pocket. Then his hand, like an independent willful thief, stole in and got the letter, brought it forth, dropped it in the upturned hat. The snow fell, softly, silently.

"Fool," the letter mocked him. "Old, proud fool. Old damned fool. Never make it, old fool. The boy offered you a home—warm and sunny, down there. Sit in the sun and watch your grandkids grow up. But no—too damn stiff-necked proud—so sit here and die, you old fool, without even a jackknife to whittle shavings to build a fire. Serves you right, old fool!"

The chill came on him softly, numbingly, soothingly almost. In his torn leg, pain was only the dullest and faintest of reminders. Snow sifted, filtered through the spreading limbs above, creeping under his collar. He let his head sag forward, chin against his chest.

Sure, Martin was right. Martin was just about always right.

The letter said: "Dad: We've all talked it over; we've all agreed. You've Siwashed it out there long enough, don't you think? It isn't as if you had to, you know, and, after all, the world keeps moving along. . . ."

Yes, it keeps moving—straight down that long string called Time. Martin hadn't said it, but it was there: Old, dad—too old.

". . . absolutely independent, dad; you can come and go as you please. Your own apartment over the garage."

He'd been there once. They called it a ranch—it was three acres at the edge of the sprawling city. They called the house a ranch house; it was an enormous sprawling of big rooms linked together, with the walls mostly glass, it seemed. Martin had done well. Martin Commerce Construction Company built roads and dug canals and drilled tunnels and moved mountains.

". . . so, actually, it's all settled, dad. We'll come after you right after Thanksgiving, before the snow piles up too high. That'll give you time to get rid of the horses, and we shouldn't have any trouble finding a buyer for the place. Mom willed us our shares, you know. . . ."

Deep, deep down, way down where he lived, Gil felt the warmth stir. The rebellious, angry warmth. Yes, Martin would sell. So would the others, likely, at Martin's example. The girls—all married, all mothers, all with woman's instinct toward the nest and security within its walls—would see only the lone man in the remote place, and they would agree, all the while preoccupied with their own families.

Yes, Martin would do it, because that was the way Martin was. He moved mountains with his mind before the bulldozers and the dynamiters moved in. He had decided how it would be with Gil, and that was that. What he did was founded not on conviction but on certainty. He had decided, and Gil could go along with it.

Like hell, thought Gil bitterly. *Like hell*, shouted Gil Commerce in his mind, not making a sound. He raised his head, and it was like raising the very earth. He clenched his hands and opened them, clenching and unclenching. He beat them against his chest and his belly, and, strangely enough, it made him shudder, at first, as if something still fought within for possession of his body; and finally the effort brought not ease but pain, as the numbness left him and life returned. Dully, anger warmed him; dully, it kept him alive.

He knew it was time, then, and he gathered in his two crutch sticks. With infinite labor and pain, he got himself to his feet. He swayed and nearly fell, but he angled the crutches far out and leaned into them and squeezed his eyes tight shut and wagged his head to and fro. Finally he essayed a lurching step, and then another.

He looked down at the snowy mound which was Rouser, sleeping his last long sleep, and he felt the salt moisture under his eyelids and was not ashamed. Then he turned away and moved out into the deep and hampering snow.

He crossed through the saddle sometime in the afternoon. He was tired, but he was moving, he was alive. The sky was still close and gray and oppressive, but the snow had stopped. Once he halted to breathe himself, and thought wryly, *Only yesterday, it was, I came through here, ahorseback and full of vinegar; going to kill myself a horse-thief lion.*

The thought held no real regret. It was simply the way things were. He did not feel righteous, but he did feel he was right; there was a rather terrible Old Testament righteousness about it perhaps, but it was the way things were. The lion had killed, and he had killed the lion.

The lion had sold out most dearly, which was no more than right. He'd said the same thing himself many a time: "Came into this world kickin' and yellin'. Aim to go out the same way."

Well, he'd come pretty near giving in there, once. He shook his head at that, breathing deeply. In that concentration he very nearly missed the first sound. Then he heard the second, distantly echoing gunshot signal. Suddenly a great choking bubble came up into his throat.

He fumbled at the buttons of his coat. Suddenly he was shaking so hard he had to clench his hand on one crutch stick while he dragged out the old .44-40 with the other. It shook in his hand as he tilted it up and fired it. The blasting explosion jolted him. He waited a moment and fired twice more, close-spaced shots.

Then he waited. It seemed a long time. He stood with head thrust forward, cocked to the left. His right ear rang with a steady irritating noise from the blasting of the revolver.

Then finally it came, unmistakably. Two shots; two more. It could not be an echo.

He stood with his head bowed long moments, not consciously prayerful, but with a wordless thankfulness welling all through him. It was very near his undoing. A great racking shuddering of reaction began within him. He started to sag forward, braced crutches or no.

He took himself sternly in hand. By heaven, people took the trouble to come looking for him, the least he could do was help. He put the pistol away and looked around. Pitchy-looking stump yonder. Likely they'd been out quite a spell—likely welcome a good fire to warm up to. He levered himself around on his crutch sticks.

He pulled splinters and bits of bark with his fingers, once pausing and lifting his voice in a shout of reply to a distant sound. He struck a match, but the wood, pitchy though it was, was too damp to catch readily. Impatiently he dragged out the letter, opened it, crumpled it, lighted it. It seemed to writhe before the flame; it lifted one crumpled fold as if in protest, and for just an instant he saw the words, ". . . all settled, dad . . ." and then the paper turned as black as the writing, and it was gone.

He knew what to tell Martin now. Martin might move mountains, but he hadn't tried to move Gil Commerce. Because Gil wasn't leaving. This was where he belonged. It had been a rough time and an almighty close thing, but there was no security in this world other than what a man held within himself, and was no more to be found behind glass ranch-house walls than those of a bark-roughened log cabin. And that was the end of it.

His mind went to the things still to be done. Have to get horses and go in and get the lion hide and the rest of the stuff he'd left. Bury old Rouser decent, the way he deserved. The cabin would need a bit of dirt banking before the real cold hit—a plenty of things to be done, and the gimp leg wouldn't be any help. But then, it's nothing a man couldn't handle.

His fire blazed up, and he sat by his fire, smiling a welcome, when the oldest Potter boy rode out of the trees to find him. The long hunt was over.

THE END

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The Deep South Says "Never!"

(Continued from Page 30)

Some are contemptuous of the Councils, one saying, "I once asked a Council member, 'What is your organization's program?' He said, 'To make people aware of the problem.' 'Do you think there is anybody south of the Mason-Dixon's line that isn't aware of it?' 'No.' 'Then what do you do at your meetings?' 'Well, we discuss the situation, discuss segregation.' 'It must get a little boring.' 'Well, yes, but we always get around to miscegenation.'"

One woman said, "I don't like 'em. And there's a lot of people feel that way. But you wouldn't dare say so. It's too late."

At present the Councils seem to be losing momentum, probably because no new moves have recently been made to desegregate the schools: Their members think they have won. Attendance is down at Council meetings, and many are no longer meeting. The Councils are a resistance force, and when there is nothing to resist, they wane. Would another crisis such as the Autherine Lucy case revive them? Probably. But could they maintain their original nonviolent character? This is less certain.

Some Council leaders see the Councils' future as a political one. But organizations built around a single issue often come a cropper when they try to widen their field. In the 1956 presidential election Councils in some states supported independent electors, but Adlai Stevenson carried the states anyway. Since their tendency is toward the Dixiecrats, they will be opposed by "loyalist" Democrats. But even if they win, what can the Councils accomplish in politics? Southern legislatures have already enacted every imaginable statute to maintain segregation. All Deep South governors are solid segregationists. So is virtually the entire Southern delegation in Washington.

A brighter future for the Councils would seem to lie in Klanlike activity—heavy economic pressure and, ultimately, violent resistance. Dedicated to a lawful course, the Councils can only go so far, inasmuch as the law seems firmly against them. The original Klan began after the Civil War as a respectable organization led by outstanding citizens, and turned into a lawless band of ruffians. Possibly today the planters in the Councils will stand fast for respectability. If so, the rednecks may leave the Councils, which would wither, and join the Klan.

Today the Klan is gaining, especially in South Carolina and Alabama and to a lesser extent in Georgia. A Georgia Klansman said, "The Klan offers you more vibrancy than the Citizens' Councils. You got a chance to get up and parade and burn a cross and listen to speeches damning Eleanor Roosevelt and Herb Brownell and Franklin D. and the Supreme Court—I know all the speeches by heart." The old Klan, powerful in the 1920's, succumbed in 1947. A new Klan arose in 1954. Its Imperial Wizard is Eldon L. Edwards, a rangy, middle-aged, mustached, six-foot paint sprayer in an Atlanta auto factory. Some people believe Edwards is only a front man for somebody else, unknown. No outsider knows how many members the Klan has. Membership costs ten dollars. An old-time Klansman says, "One thing may spoil it like it did before. Soon as anybody gets to be Grand Dragon"—head Klansman in a state—"he'll say there's too much money going to Atlanta and he'll pull out." Already there are said to be four competing Klans. In Alabama early this year, police said, it was Klansmen, not Council members, who violently fought bus desegregation. On Saturday nights Klansmen drive their cars in a slow procession through small towns, honking their horns, or gather in a field to burn a cross and listen to oratory from the back of a pickup truck. Watching crowds have been estimated as high as 5000. A few years ago the Klan was discredited and despised. No more. Citizens' Council leaders recognize it as something they may have to turn to; politicians know it as something they may have to live with. Sen. Herman Talmadge will not denounce it forthrightly.

In the past, the South, despite the Klan, has been as free of anti-Semitism as any section of the United States. Shortly after the first Citizens' Council was formed in Mississippi, one of its founders, Robert Patterson, sent a circular to its members recommending that they read such notoriously anti-Semitic publications as The Cross and the Flag, of Gerald L. K.

NEXT WEEK

THEY FLEW WITH TERROR
Ordeal of Eight American Airmen

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Unequal Punishment for Similar Crimes

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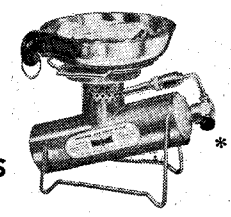

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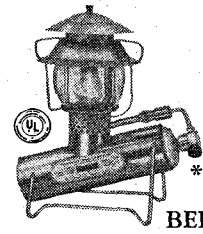

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Smith; Common Sense, of Conde McGinley; The American Nationalist, of Frank Britton; The White Sentinel, of John Hamilton; The Defenders, of Gerald Winrod. Such publications have enlarged their Southern circulation. To meet the new demand, they have increased their anti-Negro content. Several Northern anti-Semites have addressed Citizens' Council meetings. Some local Council leaders still make blatantly anti-Semitic speeches and mail out anti-Semitic literature. Top-level Council leaders, including Patterson, deny anti-Semitism. Many are naïve and wouldn't recognize anti-Semitism if they saw it. Anti-Semitism rose strongly during 1956. National Jewish leaders were concerned, though not alarmed. But Jews in the South "are scared to death," as a Southern Jewish leader puts it.

The resistance movement has also made trouble for organized labor. Most national unions favor desegregation. But in the Deep South many of their members belong to the Citizens' Councils and some are Klansmen. The Imperial Wizard of the Klan is a member of the United Auto Workers. To date, no national industrial union, with one possible exception, has dared risk a showdown. The Atlanta Federation of Teachers, ordered by the national federation to desegregate, seceded.

Perhaps the most serious by-product of the racial controversy is the abridgement of free speech. In a front-page editorial, the Jackson Daily News, praising Mississippi's political leaders and Citizens' Councils, said: "It is to their voices we should listen, and not the twaddle being talked by wishy-washy people who prate about 'academic freedom,' and 'freedom of thought and of speech,' and similar nonsense. . . . In this fight, you are either for us or against us. There is no middle ground." Books have been banned, professors fired. A Georgia politician proposed a door-to-door canvass to ferret out desegregationists.

"The price tag on dissent can be awfully high, especially in small towns or rural areas," says Harold Fleming, head of the Southern Regional Council in Atlanta, which favors desegregation. "Your children may suffer. Your neighbors won't let their kids play with yours. It may be rumored that you're a Communist because you've been 'known to mix and mingle.' You develop a sense of alienation, which is the highest price of all—you feel alienated from the society in which you live." For anyone who helps Federal authorities enforce the court decision, the attorney general of Georgia, Eugene Cook, urged the death penalty. Legislatures forbade state employees to belong to the N.A.A.C.P. School boards refused to hire teachers who even believed in desegregation. Alabama, Louisiana and Texas outlawed the N.A.A.C.P. Investigators raided its offices in Georgia, and a judge jailed its Atlanta leader for contempt. The South Carolina legislature, considering a resolution instructing the state librarian to remove a book from the shelves because it contained a picture of Negro and white children swimming together happily, was thrown into an uproar because a young legislator objected that "book burning's a little out of my line." The resolution passed. One legislator said privately, "This is just like Nazi Germany."

Virginia passed seven laws designed to hamper the N.A.A.C.P. in raising money, arranging lawsuits and engaging in "activities" that might "cause or tend to cause racial conflicts or violence." To one law the Richmond News-Leader objected: "This newspaper, as readers doubtless are aware, stands utterly opposed to the aims and objectives of the N.A.A.C.P., but we will defend to the very last ditch the right of the N.A.A.C.P.'s members freely to 'promote or oppose' legislation and to 'attempt to influence public opinion.'" And, similarly, Northern liberals have been disturbed by the course taken by their own side at Clinton, Tennessee. There a Federal judge, having ordered desegregation, issued a broad injunction forbidding anyone to interfere. The FBI arrested sixteen people for violating it. Their right of free speech was threatened, liberals believed. The Citizens' Councils agreed—and raised a defense fund.

On April 7, 1956, delegates from eleven states met in secret at New Orleans and formed the Citizens' Councils of America. Ostensibly an agency to co-ordinate the activities of local Councils, it may soon undertake a national propaganda campaign. It is considering opening an office in Washington to lobby with Congress, starting a national magazine for general sale, and buying a half hour of national television time. It already has a monthly newspaper which is increasingly aimed at a national audience. Its editor, W. J. Simmons, of Mississippi, says, "Now we're shifting to another gear, stepping up to another level." Simmons hopes the Council movement will spread to Northern states. "If this could catch on in other states as it has here, it could save this country from collectivism." The key men in the national organization, Simmons says, are those who run the state Council associations—Sam Engelhardt, of Alabama; Emory Rogers, of South Carolina; William Rainach, of Louisiana; and Patterson, of Mississippi. Opponents of the Councils, however, believe that other men behind the scenes make policy—Sen. James Eastland, of Mississippi; Senator Talmadge, of Georgia; and John U. Barr and Leander Perez, of Louisiana.

John U. Barr is a wealthy, elderly, retired rope manufacturer in New Orleans. Barr is opposed to much more than school desegregation—to Federal acquisition of tidelands oil, Federal control of natural gas, the wage-and-hour laws, revision of the McCarran-Walter Immigration Act. He favors the "right-to-work" laws and the Bricker amendment. In 1948 he helped lead the Dixiecrat movement. In 1956 he was national cochairman of the movement to elect T. Coleman Andrews President. Clarence Manion, of Indiana, then head of For America, was his cochairman. In 1955, Barr organized the Federation for Constitutional Government. He hopes it will promote co-ordination of all organizations which share his views, including the Citizens' Councils. Council leaders and such political leaders as Eastland and Talmadge are on its advisory committee. So is Leander Perez. Perez is a forceful, wealthy corporation lawyer, a behind-the-scenes power in Louisiana politics. To Perez, the court's school decision is merely one facet of a Communist plot. He firmly believes that the only remedy now is to impeach the Supreme Court justices.

No doubt Eastland, Talmadge, Barr and Perez, on the one hand, and the Citizens' Council leaders, on the other, visit one another, correspond, exchange mailing lists and views; many are on a first-name basis. But the Council leaders are wary of involving their own movement with any other. And issues pose problems: an all-out attack on the C.I.O., which Eastland has favored, might split the Councils, for many Council members belong to the C.I.O. Council leaders have a curious man-in-the-street distrust of politicians, one saying, "They have no influence on the Councils; we're bigger than they are."

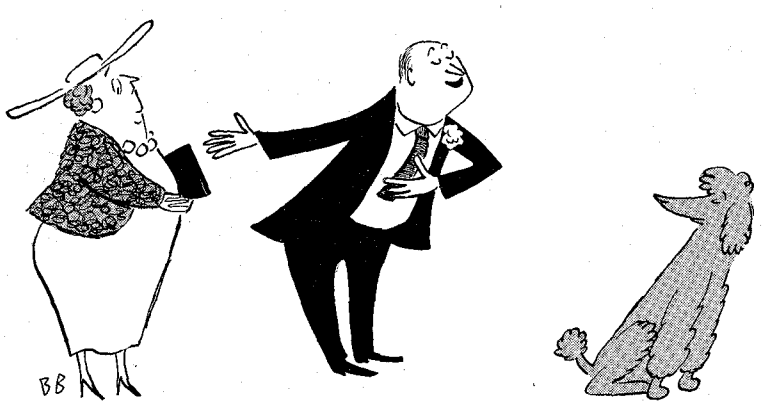
Nonetheless, it was the South's political leaders who, before the Councils were organized, began the resistance to desegregation. So early as 1952, South Carolina, upon the advice of Gov. James F. Byrnes, repealed its constitutional requirement that the state maintain a free public school system. Since then, sometimes prodded by the Councils, legislatures have enacted more than 120 laws to circumvent the Supreme Court decision—laws forbidding the expenditure of state funds on desegregated schools; laws authorizing a three-school system, one for whites, one for Negroes and one for any who chose to mix; pupil-assignment laws to enable school boards to assign Negro and white students to different schools, though ostensibly not on the basis of race. No fewer than 130 lawsuits have been filed, and one man has said, "The court's decision was the greatest thing that has happened to the legal profession since the invention of the ambulance."

Most politicians have joined the Councils and nearly all have declared agreement with them. A few have opposed them—and most of these are out of office or going out. And some politicians, like Gov. J. P. Coleman, of Mississippi, have simply gone their own way.

Governor Coleman, a tall, young-looking man of forty-three, soft-spoken, pleasant, direct, able, said recently, "I am not a member of the Citizens' Council and never have been. I believe that a governor of the state should act purely on what he believes to be right as governor and not because of any organization." Coleman was elected in 1955, the year of the Emmett Till case. Coleman's opponent conducted the usual Southern White Supremacy campaign. Coleman "never mentioned nigger in his campaign," as one expert has said. When the Citizens' Council invited all candidates to a meeting, the others praised the Council movement highly; Coleman said nothing about it, one way or the other. He made it clear that he was opposed equally to desegregation and violence.

Awhile back, sitting in his paneled soft-lit office in the State Capitol, Governor Coleman said, "I took office the seventeenth of January, 1956. We did not have a single racial incident in the state in 1956. I regard that as the Number One accomplishment of this administration." He leaned forward. "I'm a lawyer. I've spent my life in the judiciary. I've never called the Supreme Court of the United States corrupt or Communistic. I do not agree with the court's opinion. I have no intention of complying with it. But I do not make it a practice to fight the Civil War over. My grandfather was worth two hundred thousand dollars before the war. After the war he plowed with a mule the rest of his life for his daily bread." Coleman has opposed extremist legislation. He resisted pressure to outlaw the N.A.A.C.P. "We're doing all right. What do we want to stir it up for?" He vetoed a bill intended to cripple FBI civil-rights investigations. He criticized the press, radio and television for playing up racial news and said everybody ought to "quiet down." Political experts believe that Governor Coleman will run for Senator Eastland's United States Senate seat in 1960. Eastland probably would make an all-out White Supremacy campaign; the Citizens' Councils would try hard to elect him. Coleman has said, "Riding the niggers is no longer a political asset in Mississippi. This is not to say that the people don't believe in separation of the races; you and I will never live to see the day that integration will take place in this state."

Roy Wilkins, of the N.A.A.C.P., is a soft-spoken, slender, brown-skinned, mustached Negro of fifty-six. Born in



The Perfect Squelch

The pet shop was crowded. The only salesman on duty found himself monopolized by a large and pompous lady. She talked for nearly fifteen minutes about her need for a dog. It had to be a very well-mannered dog, she indicated, because she herself moved in high society and the best-mannered pet was none too good for her social circle.

Politely the salesman showed her a pedigreed pet whose behavior and appearance seemed perfect. While the other customers waited, the lady asked to be reassured that the dog really was a superior one. "What about his pedigree?" she demanded. "Are you sure of it?"

"Positive, madame," the salesman replied wearily. "Why, if this dog could talk, he wouldn't speak to either of us."

Jean Barcroft

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St. Louis, educated at the University of Minnesota, he has spent his life in this work. Wilkins had been surprised by the South's resistance. "I expected the politicians to be active. Even the Klan spirit. But I didn't expect murders, nor the petty cruel persecution of ordinary Negroes who signed school petitions. This is the Hitler pattern, the Soviet Russia pattern. This is meanness personified. But I don't hate white people, I don't hate Southern white people. I believe if the politicians and the professional pro-segregation groups would let the South alone, the people of the South would try to comply in some fashion. It might be piecemeal at first, a checkerboard pattern, it might not be a hundred per cent like I would want it. But I wouldn't insist on that. The important thing is to get started. Some of my people think I'm too soft; I don't get out and rant and rave and condemn. But you've got to prevent bitterness after the inevitable happens. These people still have to live together. That's what I'm after. We lose sight of the fact, when we're busy thinking about this strategy or that—we forget about the children in the schools. That's what we're fighting about. It's the Negro children who've been cheated all these years. We also have in mind the welfare of the white child. If he grows up in a segregated school, he's poorly educated for life in this world. A little girl at Clay, Kentucky" (where the National Guard was sent) "said, 'I'd rather grow up to be an idiot than to go to school with niggers.' She is a tragic figure. The segregated school system has already ruined her."

The N.A.A.C.P. filed no new school suits in the Deep South in 1956. Instead of fighting segregation, it was fighting for its life in the Deep South. What its future strategy will be it would not say. To Council leaders it appeared that the N.A.A.C.P. was hitting buses in one state, schools in another, voting rights in a third. That the N.A.A.C.P. had a strategy gave it an obvious advantage, since, in the nature of the struggle, the resistance could only resist.

Wilkins thinks his side won a round in 1954, the resistance won in 1955, and 1956 was a stand-off. The South had made headway with its plea that the North was bullying it. "But essentially they cannot conceal the naked oppression in the South. The fact that they are conducting a war on people because they're black. When you boil it down, that's what it amounts to. This is a shameful flag to be raising in 1956. I don't know what's going to happen in the Deep South, except I feel very certain they will be able to hold out only so long. All the trends are against them—the international trend, history, the world trend. Only in South Africa is segregation holding. In Cyprus, Morocco, Egypt—people are rising up everywhere. And it is inconceivable that in a country like the United States, so overwhelmingly dedicated to freedom and liberty, that this will persist."

At the outset, the resistance in the Deep South probably was buying time. Not today. And they believe they have desegregation stopped. This is not a few loudmouth, rabble-rousing politicians. Nor is it a few maundering old men—much of the Council leadership is young. This is all but unanimous white opposition. Not a single large newspaper in the Deep South today favors immediate desegregation. Churches at national convocations favor desegregation, but few Southern *ministers do. Not a single new organization* has arisen to promote desegregation. Liberals once spoke of "the Silent South," a body of opinion that was imagined to oppose segregation and was only awaiting a rallying point. The Silent South scarcely exists, and certainly has not rallied. People exist who favor segregation, but nevertheless feel the price of all-out resistance is too high, but they, too, are lying low.

In recent months, resistance has been hardening in the Middle South—Virginia, North Carolina, Arkansas and Tennessee. A few cities there may soon desegregate voluntarily—Charlotte and Winston-Salem, for example—and four are under court order to do so—Little Rock, Norfolk, Newport News and Nashville. But in large sections of the rural mid-South the prospects for desegregation are poor. In the Deep South, such cities as Columbia, South Carolina, and Atlanta, Georgia, probably could desegregate today without violence if they were not in South Carolina and Georgia, but since they are, their schools would be shorn of state funds. Elsewhere in the Deep South there is no prospect of school desegregation in the foreseeable future.

A liberal editor said regretfully, "It's gone now. The segregationists moved too fast. Never? Never is a long time. But for so long that I can't see when."

The Supreme Court decision raised the crucial problem of jurisprudence: How to get compliance with an unpopular decision. Despite recent hullabaloo about civil-rights legislation in Congress, the segregation crisis has moved out of the legislative domain; it rests with the courts and the Executive.

The courts are moving cautiously in ordering desegregation. But already they have begun to overturn evasive state legislation, such as some varieties of pupil-assignment laws. The South's best lawyers are fighting every step of the way, but most experts believe the courts will upset all devices except those providing for no education at all. When the courts finally draw the noose tight, the Deep South will close the schools. What then? Nobody knows. Surprisingly, nobody but a few ancients talks seriously of secession.

The Executive could force compliance with Federal troops. But will it? If it did, a wholly new situation would have arisen—civil war or something close to it. "To me," said Simmons, of the Citizens' Councils, "it is inconceivable that the rest of the country would stand for the South to be put to the sword." It is even doubtful that the National Guard will be used again; photographs of tanks in an American town, Clinton, caused a national revulsion.

The Executive could force compliance with economic sanctions. If it canceled all Government contracts in the South, closed military installations and cut off entirely the flow of Federal money, it could swiftly bring the South to its knees. As one South Carolinian has said, "Look at the Charleston Navy Yard. Where'd we be if that payroll was cut off? No one would have fired on Fort Sumter if that payroll had been there." The price, of course, would be terrible—wreckage of the Southern economy.

The price—in the long run that is the question. How high a price is the South willing to pay to maintain its peculiar institution? Unsettled race relations may keep industries out of the South. Can it afford this? Strife may drive farm Negroes north. Can the South afford to pay white labor? The South may close the schools. Can it afford private schools or illiteracy?

Some who favor desegregation think *the court should* have ordered immediate compliance. To have done so would have risked violence. In retrospect, it appears the South might have surrendered without a struggle. Certainly it used the

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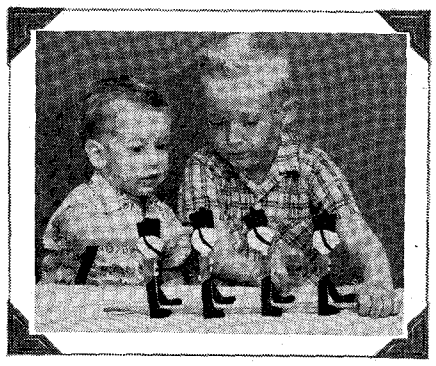

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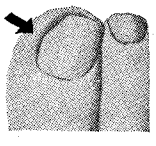

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one-year grace period to rally resistance. During that year no governor, senator, legislature or the President offered leadership in implementing the decision peaceably. Nor does anybody now. And time is running out.

The law is on the Negroes' side. And they have other weapons—a Biblical patience; Northern liberal pressure. But the resistance has powerful weapons, too—virtually all the Southern press, much of the Southern church, all political power, all the jobs and other weapons of economic power.

Will the whites leave the South? By and large, no. Southern whites feel a mystic tie binding them to the South. And the land is theirs.

The Negroes are already leaving. Chicago's Negro population has jumped by 197,000 since 1950, and today 19 per cent of its total population is Negro. Most come from Mississippi; Negroes migrate straight North.

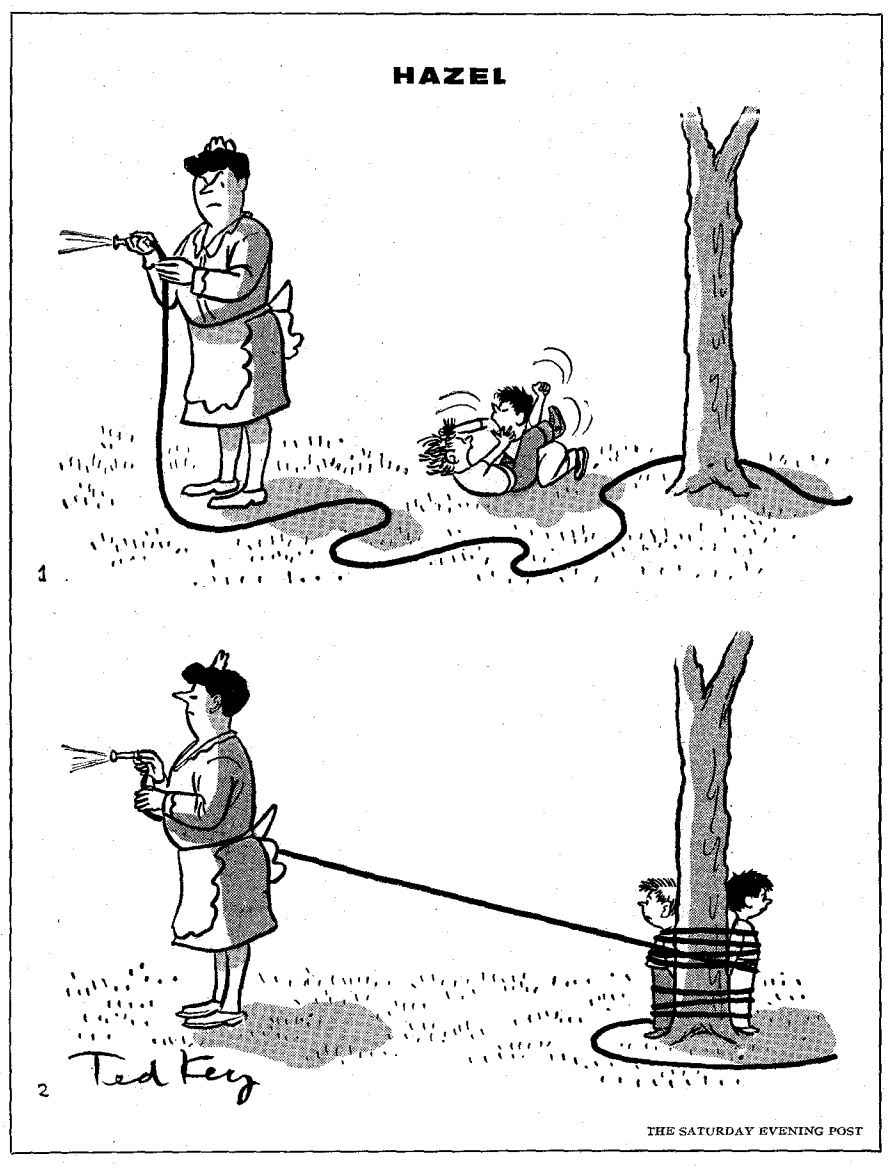
Segregationists say the court's decision set the Negroes back years. It is true that people who were trying to help the Negro have been silenced and interracial activities stopped, but how much they were accomplishing is debatable. Unquestionably, however, the races have drawn farther apart. A South Carolinian says, "In my town we always had a troop of Negro Boy Scouts in the parade for the Community Chest. They came last in line, but they strutted and the white folks always applauded. This year they passed in utter hostile silence." At cotton-picking time, when Negro preachers solicit contributions, many white men nowadays refuse. There is less extralegal miscegenation today than ever before. A doctor says, "There aren't any yellow babies being born these days."

Today the South exists in uneasy truce. The risk of serious trouble is great if Negroes try to enter a Deep South school. Small wonder; though the Citizens' Councils do not advocate violence, they have helped create an atmosphere where violence is immanent. Buses are nothing compared to schools. School is more than a place for education; it is, especially in rural areas, the neighborhood social institution, where fish fries and political rallies are held, and dances on Saturday night. And school involves children and the emotions of parents. Feelings on both sides are tense. A Mississippian says, "When you get a banker—a banker, mind you—saying, 'I'll go to jail for this,' you know they mean business." And a Negro woman from the North, now leader of the N.A.A.C.P. in Atlanta, said, "I never go by any of these wooded bayou areas in the South that I don't wonder how many bodies of Negroes are in the creeks or have been hung from those trees." An expert says, "The one thing I don't understand about all this is that, so far, the South has undergone no blood bath. Of course, there could be one any time."

Three forces are revolutionizing the South. Urbanization, by bringing Negroes to the city and breaking down the feudal plantation pattern, may make desegregation easier. Industrialization may make it harder for a time, since it puts Negroes in competition with whites for factory jobs; in the long run it may make it easier, since Negro labor will be needed. Farm mechanization should make it easier, since it will drive Negroes North. A few years ago, liberals predicted that out of these revolutions would emerge a New South, more liberal, less set in its ways, clinging less firmly to the ancient institution of segregation. This New South has now all but emerged, and its incarnation may be taken to be Senator Talmadge, of Georgia.

Herman Talmadge is a big, hearty, free-swinging, loose-jointed, long-striding, easygoing man of forty-three, given to smoking large cigars and wearing a wide-brimmed hat. He has a heavy, oblong face and a wide mouth. He was born on his father's farm in South-Central Georgia. At the University of Georgia, he was something of a playboy. He spent his young manhood in the shadow of his father.

His father, Gov. Gene Talmadge, became almost a caricature of the Northern idea of a gallus-snapping, tobacco-chewing Southern rabble rouser. "Mr. Gene" had been an honor-society member in college, but few people knew it; people knew him rather as the hero of the "wool-hats back at the branch heads" who would not campaign in Atlanta or in any county that had a streetcar in it. Mr. Gene was vulgar in speech, crude in dress, and he kept pigs on the lawn of the Executive Mansion. He was a White Supremacist supreme. He always said he was not a member of the Klan, but he sympathized with it and "I used to do a little whippin' myself." As governor, he nearly wrecked the state-university system, nearly bankrupted the state, and once called out the National Guard to protect the treasury with guns.



His son, Herman, began his own political career in a similar fashion. He was elected to the governorship in a White Supremacy campaign that would have done credit to Mr. Gene. But, re-elected in 1950, Mr. Herman settled down and made an excellent record as governor. His father never had been able to win election to the United States Senate; Talmadge did, in 1956; and in winning by the biggest majority in history, 80 per cent of the popular vote, he carried every county in the state, including Atlanta's. Businessmen, small and big, like him. So does labor—even though as governor he backed a sales tax, a right-to-work law and an anti-picketing law.

He controls the county courthouse gangs throughout the state. The wool-hats adore him. Young people have flocked to him.

An associate has said, "Mr. Gene would walk a mile to get in a fight. Mr. Herman would walk a mile to stay out of one." Mr. Gene used to "talk nigger" on statewide radio; Mr. Herman talks about "state's rights." He has his father's ability to harangue the red-necks at the crossroads at noonday, coat off, shirt collar unbuttoned, necktie flying, sweat pouring down his heavy face; but that evening in the city he can don a custom-made suit and deliver a cool, closely reasoned defense of the Southern position on segregation that will greatly impress an audience of Northern newspaper editors. In this sense, as in others, Talmadge is in tune with the New South—the South no less determined to maintain segregation than in its fathers' time, but using press agentry and economic pressure instead of the fiery cross and lash. The New South is much like the Old.

Had Talmadge been born and raised in Chicago and come to Democratic leadership there, it is not inconceivable that he would be a zealous liberal, adored by Negroes and labor. But being Georgian, he seized the segregation ball the moment the Supreme Court threw it, and he has been running with it ever since. Talmadge's tight political control makes desegregation as unlikely here as anywhere in the South. And it probably has kept Georgia freer of racial violence than Mississippi and Alabama. On the national stage Talmadge may eclipse Senator Eastland as the pre-eminent segregationist. Indeed, he is a new force to reckon with on any question. Though he denies it, he seems to be abandoning traditional Southern internationalism, a viewpoint long represented by the senator he replaced, Walter George. Talmadge is for the Bricker amendment, against "giveaway programs" of foreign aid, for high tariff protection for Southern textiles, and so on.

Talmadge lives in a big old white farmhouse with pillars on the porch and two brick chimneys, built about 1830, twenty-five miles outside Atlanta, in rolling hills. He is a man of considerable charm. When the Supreme Court decision was announced and Northern newspapermen began telephoning him, as governor, for comment, he answered the phone in his paneled den for an hour or so; then, wearying of the game, told his wife to tell the next reporter who called that the governor could not be reached at the moment, for he was outdoors reviewing Confederate troops. She did.

One afternoon awhile back, slouched in a big leather chair, one leg slung over the arm of the chair, a big cigar in his mouth and a lock of hair falling over his forehead, he expressed his views on segregation. Would Georgia close her schools if ordered to desegregate? She would. "I sponsored a constitutional amendment to enable the General Assembly to close the schools at its discretion and to pay a subsidy to children, both white and Negro, out of state funds to enable them to go to private schools." Was this constitutional? "If the courts follow the law, it will be upheld. There is no requirement for a public-school system—we changed that in November, 1954." Was all this an attempt to buy time? "No, sir. When we changed the constitution we meant for it to be permanent." He held up his cigar, studying it.

What had been the reaction in Georgia to the Supreme Court decision? "Ninety-five per cent of the people of our state were extremely shocked. Lawyers thought it was a judicial rape of the Constitution, a view in which I concur." He leaned over the arm of his chair and spat into an enormous gobboon. "The feeling was unanimous then and it is now getting stronger. You saw what happened at Clinton. And there aren't any Nigras there to speak of. Down here they couldn't send enough bayonets to compel the people to send their children to school with Nigras." What did he expect to do on civil-rights legislation in Washington? "Vote against it," he said, and spat.

In running for the Senate, had he campaigned for White Supremacy? "My opponent and I both talked segregation. But they felt like he wouldn't stand up in a pinch and I would." When his opponent had announced, Talmadge had said, "The N.A.A.C.P. has a perfect right to run a candidate if it desires."

He walked around his house, proud of it. His "daddy" had given it to him, together with 2500 acres. He is well-to-do. "When we remodeled the house we dug a few old Minié balls out of it. I'm told that the only reason it was not burned was that Sherman occupied it." He pointed out the wood-pegged construction, the hand-hewn timbers, the carved wooden mantelpiece. He went outside. His small son, Bobby, and a Negro child were sitting together on a scooter. Talmadge, standing on the porch and looking over the rolling land, said, "They fought the battle of Lovejoy's Station around here. I'm told"—waving an arm—"that around here was the last organized resistance in Georgia. After that it was just mobs."

Editors' Note—The concluding article of this series will appear next week.

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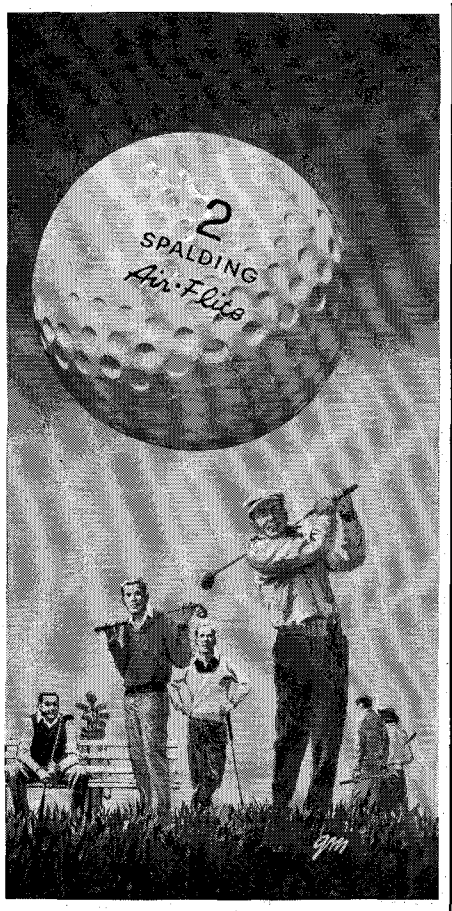

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Keeping Posted

Is That a Fact, Dr. Seuss?

Bob and Pat Cahn: their favorite relaxation place is a tennis court.

Before Robert Cahn, page 17, interviewed Ted Geisel (the Dr. Seuss whose fanciful brain-children enthrall human children everywhere), Cahn knew that Geisel was such a confirmed tall-tale teller that an interviewer might have an awful time separating fact from outrageous non-fact. At first Geisel—as if he had taken the pledge—adhered grimly to obvious truth, and Cahn began to drop his guard. But one day when the telephone interrupted them, Geisel answered it thus: "Hello. . . . Yes. . . . Fine, thank you. . . . I'm very sorry, but would you mind talking to my wife, Helen, about it? I have a friend here who's just leaving for Ethiopia and I'm briefing him on how to kill snakes. . . . Helen!" Geisel fell off the truth wagon after that snifter of strong fancy. Example: one day when the two men were debating a legal point, Geisel exclaimed, "But my opinion is supported by the famous law firm of Grimalken, Drouberhannus, Knalbner and Febb!" Cahn reflects dazedly, "Who was I to dispute this? Why, I couldn't even spell the names."

Well, Cahn got the facts, being an old pro at the word vocation. He was a senior editor for Collier's in Los Angeles when that journal expired, and now he and his wife, Pat, are headquartering there and, as he words it, "gypsying to wherever stories are."

Life Among Three Authors

Athanas on safari.

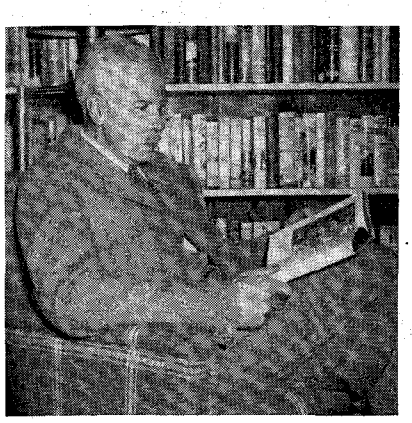
Current publication of **Lewis Nordyke's** book, John Wesley Hardin—Texas Gunman (Morrow) brings to mind that his Texas hoss-swapping article in the June 22 Post (Bargain Bonanza) was suggested by the book—a switch on the routine of books evolving from articles. The Amarillo, Texas, author thinks maybe he is hamming it a bit in the picture, yet from that instrument he really can extract unsophisticated arias.

Paul Healy, of the New York News Washington bureau, wrote his page 26 piece at home with a man staring and staring at him through a window beside his desk. He complains that this sort of thing can get your goat. "The man was painting the house, and no doubt he sensed that I had to finish the article, successfully, before he finished painting, or he wouldn't get paid." Healy finished first, successfully.

Lewis Nordyke and friend Pooh.

In the picture over leftward **Verne Athanas,** page 20, of Ashland, Oregon, is returning from safari on the farm of a friend who has many squirrels. Adds Athanas, "He still has them."

Report on Far-Away Places



Harold Lamb.

Harold Lamb, Post fictionist who has done much journeying and adventuring in lesser-traveled regions of the Near East, tried out the highlands of Turkey, Iraq, Pakistan, Afghanistan and the Caucasus last year, "and I can testify that the notorious Khyber Pass is as orderly as the Boston Turnpike and a lot safer." He says that the hillmen still wear rifles, but that the only brigand his car encountered jumped out from behind a shrine and held up the severed head of a statue to sell for a souvenir. "A free and easy country," Lamb comments. And in the Caucasus, locale of the page 31 story, Lamb became very ill of a fever; there a friendly Russian, appointing himself Lamb's caretaker, brought him around very effectively by feeding him nothing but cognac and fermented mare's milk for a week.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"They Flew With Terror"

One arctic night a deadly cargo of explosive jet fuel flooded an Air Force tanker and turned it into a flying time bomb. Don't miss this spine-tingling true story!

Printed in U.S.A.

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